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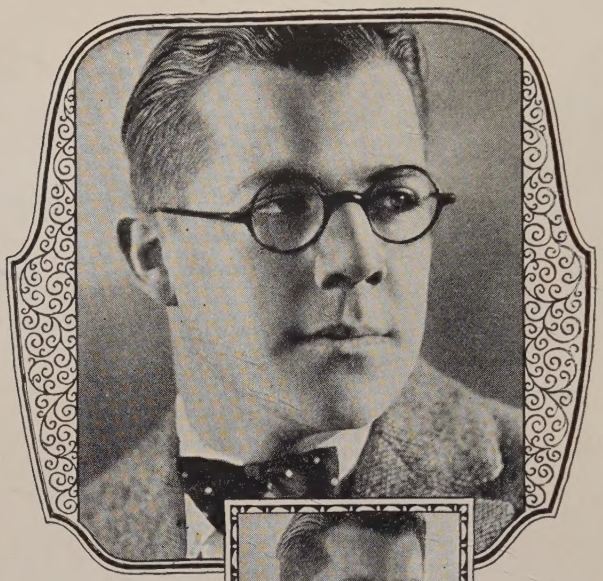

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

GLENN FRANK, *Editor*

VOL. 104 — CONTENTS *for* JULY, 1922 — No. 3

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In the

AUGUST CENTURY

AN OPEN LETTER TO BERNARD SHAW *by A. E. Wiggam*

George Bernard Shaw differed from the many distinguished scientists who approved Albert Edward Wiggam's "The New Decalogue of Science" in the March issue. He called it a "fearful mess." Mr. Wiggam replies and the result furnishes much information, edification, and entertainment.

A REPUTATION *by Richard Connell*

The author of "Mr. Pottle and the South-Sea Cannibals" again indulges in whimsical satire.

RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES *by Mary Austin*

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THE TREE *by Walter de la Mare*

A strange and compelling short story.

ON THE SENSE OF SMELL *by W. H. Hudson*

The second paper in a notable series by the great English naturalist.

ADMIRAL HORTHY *by Eugene S. Bagger*

What about Hungary? An answer in this interpretation of the arresting figure of her dictator.

JERRUP *by James Hopper*

The story of a dog — but not the usual dog story.

WHAT IS PREVENTIVE MEDICINE PREVENTING? *Anonymous*

The second of a series of papers on "Our Medicine Men."

A short story by Bernice Brown, and more of "The Wind Bloweth" by Donn Byrne, an interesting art feature, and other important articles.

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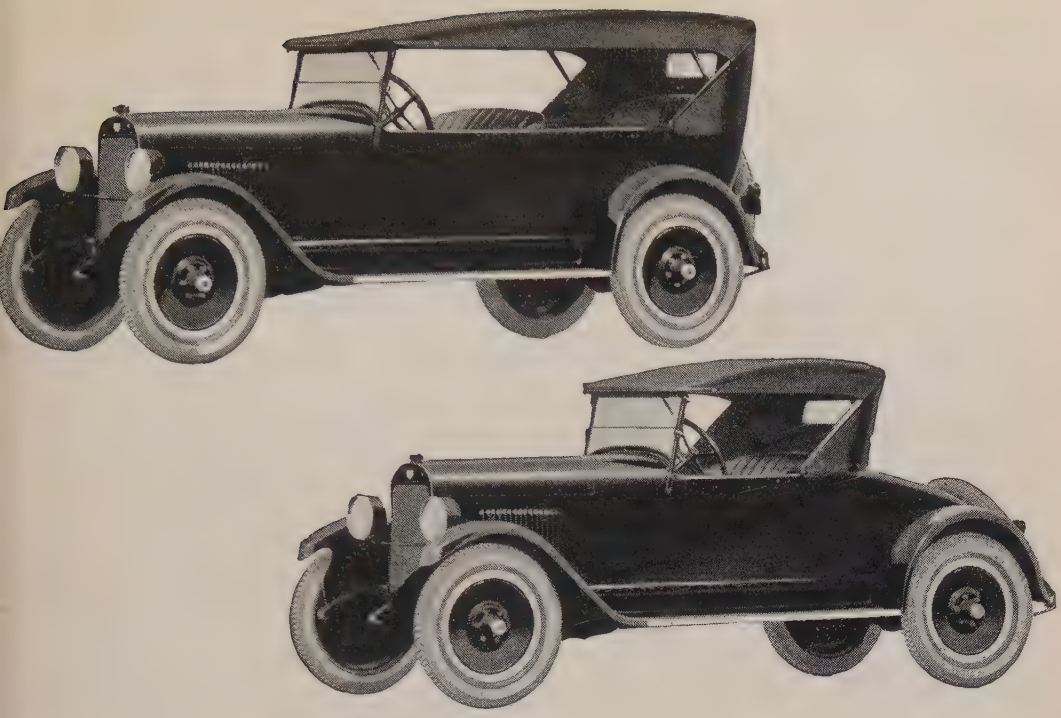

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GEORGE SILL LEONARD
Art Editor

Among Our Contributors

Charles J. Finger ("My Friend Julio"), like W. H. Hudson, writes of South America from intimate personal knowledge, for he wandered alone and on foot in Brazil, Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego for five years, during which time he worked as a sheep-shearer, a gold-digger, and as a guide for a Franco-Russian expedition. He went with two other men around Cape Horn in an open boat. He has lived with the Indians, known the inside of South American prisons, and, in his own words, "seen such things and experienced such things that I cannot write them because they look improbable." When Mr. Finger returned to this country he was engaged for some time in railroad work as an executive. Two years ago he broke away from that to write. He is now editor of "All 's Well," published in Fayetteville, Arkansas. His first stories appeared in this publication, and were of such marked distinction that they immediately attracted wide attention. It is interesting to know that each of Mr. Finger's stories has been "starred" in Edward J. O'Brien's annual list of the best American short stories. The appearance of this story in the same number with Mr. Hudson's paper recalls a sentence from an earlier letter of Mr. Finger's, which we ran in this column in March, when "The Shame of Gold" appeared in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. "It was Cunningham Grahame and W. H. Hudson and Judson Harmon of Ohio who urged me to write."

Concerning **W. H. Hudson** ("A Hind in Richmond Park") very little is known, chiefly because of his own avoidance of publicity. The son of English parents, he grew up in South America, close to the native life of the pampas. "With the age of fourteen," he has said, "all the interesting portion of my life was ended." It was at that time that he left South America, and went to live in England. "Of all living authors," says John Galsworthy, who is a warm admirer of Hudson and his work, "now that Tolstoi has gone, I could least dispense with W. H. Hudson. . . . I would that every man, woman, and child in England were made to read him, and I would that you in America would take him to heart. . . . As a simple narrator he is well nigh unsurpassed; as a stylist he has few, if any, living equals." Mr. Hudson's best known work is his romance of the tropical forest, "Green Mansions." "Afoot in England" has just been published here, and is considered by many of his admirers as one of Mr. Hudson's finest works. Other well known Hudson books are "Tales of the Pampas," "Birds and Man," "A Crystal Age," "Idle Days in Patagonia," "The Purple Land," "A Naturalist in La Plata," "Far Away and Long Ago."

J. D. Beresford ("Epilogue in a Puppet Show") is one of that group that we used to speak of glibly as "the younger English novelists." He was born in 1873, the son of an English rector, and came up to London when he was eighteen to study architecture. His great passion, however, was for literature, and he was soon writing for publication. His first novel, "Jacob Stahl," appeared in 1911, and has been followed by more than a dozen others, numerous short stories, critical articles, and several plays. "Epilogue in a Puppet Show" belongs to a small group of fantasies in which Mr. Beresford is at his best, short pieces which are "instinct with that touch of oddness, that sense of difference, which is the real mark of imaginative literature."

It is especially fitting that Tony Sarg should do the drawings for Mr. Beresford's story, for he is, as well as illustrator and cartoonist, a creator of puppets. Mr. Sarg is a true cosmopolitan: he was born in Guatemala, was educated in Germany, lived for many years in England, where he won his first laurels with his humorous drawings for the English comic papers and his unique posters, and now makes his home in the United States.

As an illustrator, and especially as the inter-

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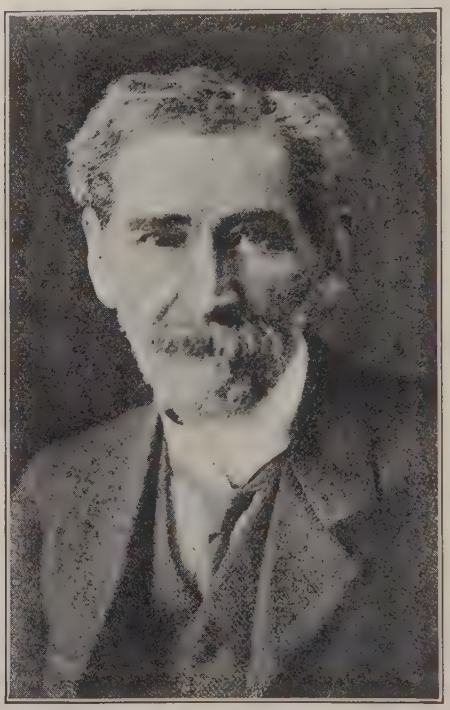
preter of Irvin Cobb, Tony Sarg's remarkably individual drawings are well known to the American public. He is a born humorist. Even in the most charming of his marionette productions the note of humor is never absent, appearing in sublimated form in the grotesquery of the faces, expressive hands and feet, and slightly exaggerated proportions of his puppets.

To Tony Sarg belongs the credit for the revival of the ancient art of the marionette stage in America. In his London studio (which, by the way, was the "Old Curiosity Shop" made famous by Charles Dickens) the artist, who had become fascinated with some ancient puppets which had strayed into his very elaborate collection of toys, decided to create some marionettes of his own, more flexible and more charming than the primitive dolls. His trained eye at once recognized the possibilities of the marionette, and his first puppet-play, given in the studio for the pleasure of his friends, was an artistic sensation, and the forerunner of the marionette productions that have delighted children and grown people throughout the country.



W. H. Hudson

Charlotte Perkins Gilman ("Vanguard, Rear-Guard, and Mud-Guard"), has been a frequent contributor to The Century Magazine for the last year. The present article grew from a talk which Mrs. Gilman gave before the Query Club of New York during the winter. Having vigorous convictions about certain shortcomings in modern life, particularly as related to the younger generation, Mrs. Gilman did not hesitate to speak very plainly. Spirited discussion followed, and did not cease with the end of the evening. The Century Magazine, having been present in the person of one of its editors, persuaded Mrs. Gilman to put the thing down on paper, in order that it might reach a wider audience. The present article is the result.

Of **Haniel Long** ("The Professor of Dreams") one of his most intimate friends writes us:

Haniel Long is about thirty years old. He was born in Rangoon, was graduated from Harvard, and has been professor of literature at the Carnegie University at Pittsburgh for about eight years. He is a prolific poet of a rare, delicate, and impassioned lyre. These poems have been appearing in the magazines for years, and a small book of them has been published. His stories have been described as "bright fugitives from another time and clime." They are distinguished by a fantastic humor, an exquisite precision of style, and an "outrageous imagination." The one we present is from a series in which the great god Pan appears in modern life with astonishing results and agitations in the minds of the inhabitants.

Rose O'Neill, whose drawings illustrate Mr. Long's story, we wrote of at length in this column in January when a group of her drawings formed a feature of that number.

The intimate revelation of what goes on in the mind of a man like **Eugene V. Debs** ("Behind Prison Walls") while in prison is of deep interest whether the reader is friend, enemy, or merely psychologist. Mr. Debs's career needs no restatement here. He is now at his home at Terre Haute, Indiana.

Boardman Robinson, whose portrait of Debs appears with Mr. Debs's article, is an American artist of the first rank, who is comparatively little known or talked of outside of the art colony in New York. He was a member of the staff of "The Masses" from the time of its inauguration until its suppression during the war and since then he has from time to time contributed to its successor, "The Liberator." For four years Mr. Robinson was cartoonist for the New York "Tribune," and during the war the "Metropolitan" magazine sent him to the Balkans with John Reed. The volume which they produced between them is an admirable piece of creative reporting and a delight to the picture lover because of its many sketches and illustrations. Mr. Robinson received his artistic training in Paris where for five years he worked in the studios "always avoiding the instructor whenever possible." Then,

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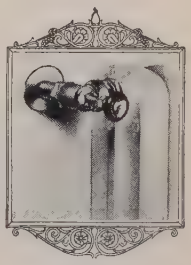

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although he was admitted to the Beaux Arts he never worked there but came back to the United States and set about making a living as a cartoonist. Meantime, of course, he was doing his other work and just after the Armistice, Knoedler's New York gallery held an exhibition of his portraits, Biblical drawings, and sketches. In a very short time Mr. Robinson is sending to Paris and London an exhibition of representative work which he has done in the past five or six years.

Katherine Anne Porter ("Where Presidents Have No Friends") is a journalist and writer of fiction who has also been interested in writing a number of ballets for Pavlowa and other dancers. It was to secure material for a Mexican ballet, in coöperation with Adolphe Best-Maugard, the well known Mexican artist, that Miss Porter went to that country about two years ago. But while there her journalistic leanings overcame her interest in the ballet, and her project was abandoned to accept the editorship of a new magazine in the City of Mexico. During her two years in Mexico Miss Porter became personally acquainted with a great number of the political leaders, and in this way was able to secure the first-hand information which she has used to advantage in her article. Miss Porter returned to New York a few months ago with an immense amount of colorful material for articles and fiction, and had settled down to a year's hard work when she was suddenly called back to Mexico by her appointment by the Mexican Government as director of the national art exhibition to be shown in the United States. To this work she is now giving all of her time.

Tony Sarg

Winold Reiss who illustrates Miss Porter's article, came here from Europe in 1914, and was one of the founders of "M. A. C. Magazine" which during its short life of two years brought out some of the finest color printing ever seen in this country. Mr. Reiss, working for this magazine, was among the first to introduce to America the six color process of printing which had already been used with so much success in Germany. After the failure of the "M. A. C." Mr. Reiss turned to other kinds of work and found congenial employment in the decoration of various theaters and restaurants, notably the Apollo Theater in Chicago, the ball-room of the Sherman House there, and the Crillion Restaurant in New York. During a stay in Montana, Mr. Reiss painted a series of Indian portraits which was afterwards exhibited in New York and sold immediately as a complete group to a single collector. Two years ago he went down into Mexico where he found the simple types which delight him not only in the Mexican Indians, but also in the Mexicans themselves. The collection of Mexican pictures, some of which we have used in this issue, will probably be exhibited in New York next winter. One exhibition of Mr. Reiss's work has already travelled all over the country and received a great deal of favorable attention especially when it was shown at the Art Institute in Chicago.

Lorna Moon's "The Sinning of Jessie MacLean" is a sequel to Miss Moon's first story, "Silk Both Sides," which appeared in the Christmas number of The Century Magazine. When Miss Moon sent it to us she wrote: "I wonder how 'The Sinning of Jessie MacLean' will strike you; I think it is as good as 'Feckless Maggie Ann,' although not as unusual, perhaps. Anyway, I *had* to write it, because Jessie's empty arms have reproached me ever since 'Silk Both Sides.'"

Extracting biographical material has been for some reason a difficult matter—Scotch modesty, perhaps. However, every new story by Miss Moon brings such a flood of letters from readers (the last story brought more than fifty), that we finally persuaded her to tell us something about herself. She writes:

Taking it for granted that your request for biographical material means: "How did you get that way?" rather than, "When were you born," I have to admit that I must have been born "that way" because the villagers in the little Scottish town where I was born tabulated my three sisters and me thus: "The big one,

the little one, the bonnie one, and the queer one." I was the queer one.

I came to America ten years ago, and realized almost at once that the stork had made a mistake twenty years before. I 'm glad he did, because my girlhood in Scotland is a lyric dream from which I draw all that is good in what I write.

For years I wrote syndicated editorials for the daily papers; perhaps that is why each story of mine carries a philosophy.

A few years ago C. B. DeMille and I started to call each other names through the mails. I picked on his pictures, and he picked on me; he dared me to come and write for him; I took the dare. The battle raged for about a year. He won. Fully convinced that I was an idiot, I crept out of the firing-line for a few weeks and counted my scars. Then I began to realize that the scars were not a total loss, and that I had learned something from each of them. I went back to write for Mr. Lasky; the public likes what I have written, and so does Mr. Lasky.

Kenneth Macgowan ("Back to Shakspere") is a dramatic critic on the New York "Globe," where he followed Louis Sherwin several years ago. While he was in Harvard, Mr. Macgowan was the assistant to H. T. Parker, dramatic critic of the Boston "Transcript," and in 1910 went abroad with Mr. Parker to study the Continental theater. He has written many magazine articles on the theater, and one book, "The Theatre of Tomorrow," which was published this spring. He is now in Europe with Robert Edmond Jones, studying the Continental theater and gathering material for a book on it.

Clarence Day, Jr., who illustrates "Our Medicine Men," is much better known to the world at large as an author than as an artist—which is a title he does not claim for himself. "I 've never had any lessons," he admits cheerfully. "I have just been sketching little things for my own articles, just drawing a line around an idea, as it were." He has contributed many articles to the "New Republic" and some fiction to "Harper's" Magazine, besides having published two books written in a delightfully satirical vein, "This Simian World" and "The Crow's Nest."

For the benefit of those who have not read the first three parts of Donn Byrne's novel, "The Wind Bloweth," we append the following synopsis:

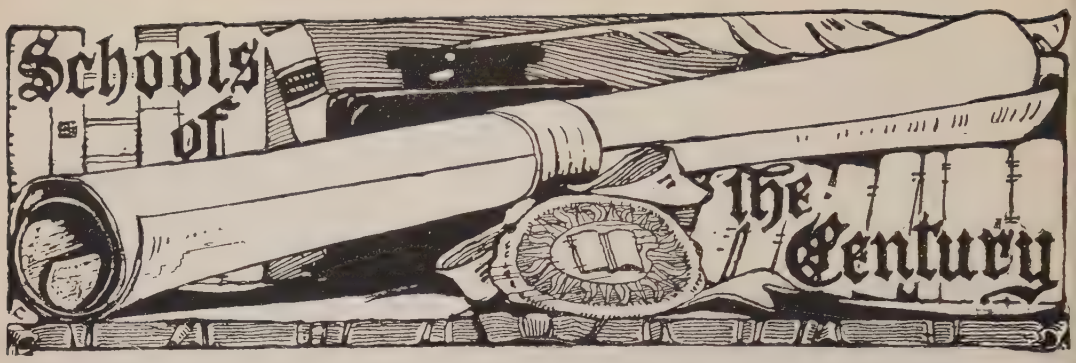
Because it was his fourteenth birthday, they had allowed wee Shane Campbell a day off from school, and he went alone up to the top of the Mountain of Fiona, and suddenly as he climbed he saw Dancing Town high in the air, swinging between his Ireland and Scotland across the sea. Later he met a sailor, a Raghery man, who told him about Dancing Town, which he called "Fiddlers' Green." Together they went to Shane's Uncle Robin to ask that Shane may go with the sailor to learn the trade. But five years at sea, as apprentice and navigator, had shown his eyes much and his heart little, so that when he met Moyra Dolan, it was love and not a matter of sweethearting. He had followed his dream of coming home from the sea to a swept house and a gracious, kindly woman until he was old and their sons sailed the sea in his stead. But the real house was cold and strange, and his wife was cold and strange until sudden death had come to her while she was beating Shane's faithful old hound. For six years after the death of his wife women were alien to Shane Campbell until he met *la Mielleuse* on the road to Aix. But later, when he asked her to marry him, she would not. Seven years too late, she said, and now they can only cheat destiny for a while, a sweet while. Nor would she go on a voyage with him. He was to sail his ship from port to port, then back to Marseilles, and come up the garden path in the dusk and call, "Claire-Anne!" But once when he came back he was bruised and hurt. The consul had said something about Claire-Anne, had got himself knocked down for his talk. But she said it was no lie of the consul's, and she told him how she had lived before she met him. But Shane asked her again to marry him, and again she would not. He must leave her to her appointed end, to be an old light woman, beside a little fire of straw sticks in an archway. She spoke of Shane's dagger, of how she wished she had the strength to set herself free, but she knew she had not. So when Shane climbed aboard his vessel again, the dagger was left behind, its work done. Never again would he see *la Mielleuse*. His decision was irrevocable, but right, of course; right.

Leonora Speyer ("Migration"), in a delightful and characteristic letter, in answer to one in which we had asked her to give something about herself for this column, writes:

One is not apt to remember much when young, and when old one forgets! I do remember that I was born in Washington, D. C. in 18—. Well, anyway, they say I look younger than that! I also remember that I was a professional violinist as a girl, playing all over the United States and making appearances with Anton Seidl's orchestra, and with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Nikisch. My name then was Leonora Von Stosch. I began writing in 1915, and have done little else since. I have one published book of verse and another in preparation; also I have written several short stories and articles. I lived many years in London, studying music in Brussels, Paris, and Leipsic; but Washington Square is my best teacher and my favorite spot on earth.

Llewelyn Powys ("Percy Bysshe Shelley") is of English birth, but has lived in America many years. He is a brother of John Cowper Powys. He is known chiefly for his critical writing.

The seventh of **Joseph Pennell's** "Adventures of an Illustrator" is presented in this issue under the title of "Getting Arrested." This delightful series of reminiscences has aroused widespread interest on the part of CENTURY MAGAZINE readers, and this seventh paper presents an additional adventure over the six we had originally intended.



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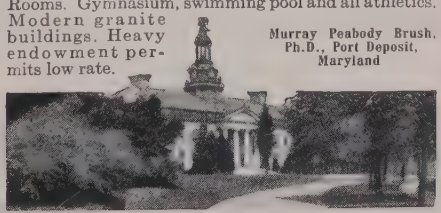

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A Review of Century Publications

JULY, 1922

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THE GREAT SECRET

By Maurice Maeterlinck

How shall we gather together all of the confusing, various evidences which the past few years have given us of the reality of spiritualistic phenomena; how crystallize our unordered impressions; get them into a body of thought which can be grasped—and mark for ourselves the real advance of mental boundaries? Where shall we find a mind that, controlled neither by scepticism nor credulity, will give us that backward glance at old occult beliefs which we are beginning to suspect they merit? How shall we, without wandering in morasses of fantasy, rediscover and reëstimate the truths which were known to the seers of India, of Egypt, of Chaldea, of early Greece, of Alexandria—by the gnostics, the neo-platonists, and even the alchemists of the Middle Ages? Maurice Maeterlinck has turned his peculiar genius for making crystal clear the most abstruse and difficult subjects to the task of gathering into one current of thought—purified of appalling rubbish—the answers of all the ages to man's ultimate questioning. In "The Great Secret" (The Century Co.: cloth, $2.00; leather, $3.00), he examines spiritual beliefs, relates them to modern knowledge, sums up their significance. Below is part of a chapter in which he discusses some recently demonstrated phenomena.

IT remains for me to explain in what a curious and unexpected fashion a somewhat recent science has succeeded in recording, investigating, and analyzing some of these physical manifestations, and to inquire how far these observations increase the probabilities of the survival or the immortality of the identical personality, which after all may very well be the essential and imperishable portion of our ego.

I have just explained how far the investigation of hypnotism and mediumship has enlarged the field of the subconscious. Hitherto, in accordance with the school to which the investigator belonged, the phenomena established have been attributed either to suggestion, or to a fluid of unknown nature, examination having as yet been confined to recording their amazing results. Matters were in this position, and the disputes between the "suggestionists" and the "mesmerists" were threatening to become permanent, when about fifty years ago—to be exact, in 1866 and 1867—an Austrian scientist, Baron von Reichenbach, published his first papers on "odic emanations." Dr. Karl von Prel, a German scientist, completed Reichenbach's work, and, being gifted with a scientific mind of the first order, and intuitive powers which often amounted to genius, he was able to deduce all its consequences. These two writers have not yet had full justice done to them. . . .

Reichenbach really discovered the universal vital fluid, which is none other than the Akahsa of the prehistoric religions, the Telesma of Hermes, the living fire of Zoroaster, the generative fire of Heraclitus, the astral light of the cabala,

the Alkahest of Paracelsus, the vital spirit of the occultists, and the vital force of St. Thomas. He called it "od," from a Sanskrit word whose meaning is "that which penetrates everywhere," and he saw in it quite correctly the extreme limit of our analysis of man, the point where the line of demarcation between soul and body disappears, so that it seems that the secret quintessence of man must be "odic."

I cannot, of course, describe in these pages the innumerable experiments of Reichenbach, von Prel, and de Rochas. It is enough to say that in principle the od is the magnetic or vital fluid which at every moment of our existence emanates from every part of our being in uninterrupted vibrations. In the normal state these emanations or effluvia, whose existence was suspected, thanks to the phenomena of hypnotism, are absolutely unknown to us and invisible. Reichenbach was the first to discover that "sensitives"—that is to say subjects in a state of hypnosis—could see these effluvia quite distinctly in the darkness. As a result of a very great number of experiments, from which every possibility of conscious or unconscious suggestion was conscientiously eliminated, he was able to prove that the strength and volume of these emanations varied in accordance with the emotions, the state of mind, or the health of those who produced them; that those proceeding from the right side of the body are always bluish in color, while those from the left side are a reddish yellow. He also states that similar emanations proceed not only from human beings, animals and plants, but even from minerals. . . .

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Moreover it is almost certain, although the experimental proofs are in this case less complete and more difficult, on account of the scarcity of subjects, that it is the same odic or odylic force that intervenes in the phenomena of materialization; notably in those produced by the celebrated Eusapia Paladino and by Madame Bisson, which latter are far more conclusive and far more strictly controlled by the medium. It probably draws, either from the medium or from the spectator, the plastic substance with whose help it fashions and organizes the *tangible* bodies which are called into existence and disappear in the course of these manifestations, thereby giving us a very curious glimpse of the manner in which thought, spirit, or the creative fluid acts upon matter, concentrating and shaping it, and how it sets about the business of creating our own bodies.

IT has further been experimentally demonstrated that this odic or odylic fluid may be conveyed from place to place. Any material object may be filled with it. The object magnetized, into which the hypnotist has poured some portion of his vital energy, all possibility of suggestion being set aside, will always retain the same influence over the sensitive or medium; that is, the influence desired by the hypnotist. It will make the medium laugh or weep, shiver or perspire, dance or slumber, according to the purpose of the hypnotist when he emitted the vital fluid. Moreover, the fluid appears to be indestructible. A marble pestle, magnetized and placed successively in hydrochloric, nitric, and sulphuric acids and subjected to the corrosive action of ammonia, loses nothing of its power. An iron bar heated to a white heat, resin melted and solidified in a different shape, water that has been boiled, paper burned and reduced to ashes, all retain their power. Further—to prove that the detection of this force is not dependent on human impressions—it has been shown that water which has been magnetized and then boiled causes the needle of a rheostat—an instrument for measuring electric currents—to deviate through an angle of twenty degrees, just as it did before it was boiled. It would be interesting to know whether this vital force, thus imprisoned in a material object, can survive the hypnotist. I do not know whether any experiments have been made in respect of this detail.

. . . We have . . . seen that this vital principle may be transferred to a given object, and there, despite all physical and chemical treatment of the object, it will maintain, indestructibly, the will of the hypnotist and the sensibility of the hypnotized subject. May we not at this point ask ourselves whether . . . this vital fluid does not survive the destruction of the body?

The Busy Air

By Raymond Francis Yates and Louis Gerard Pacent

The once-empty air is invaded to-day not merely by air-planes but is thick with the messages of radio. Radio has become the rage of the hour: concerts and speeches, news and messages trivial or of great import, are noiselessly, invisibly proceeding through almost any patch of the quiet air to which we raise our eyes. Daily newspapers have established radio sections and supplements; magazines are devoting space to it. There is about this newest annihilation of time and space that which appeals to the imagination as did the first wonders of the planes, and as radio has become popularized, a frequent and ordinary feature of daily life, more and more people wish to understand the how and why of it. To meet this desire "The Complete Radio Book" (The Century Co., $2.00) has been prepared by one of the best-known writers on popular science—Raymond Francis Yates, Radio Editor of "The Evening Mail," and Editor Emeritus of "Popular Science Monthly"—in collaboration with an experienced radio engineer, Louis Gerard Pacent. This book is popular, readable, thoroughly illustrated, complete; it gives the history, scientific basis and practical facts regarding radio, from every angle of interest in the subject. Below is a bit from a chapter on Radio on the Farm.

WE can picture in our mind's eye a cozy little farmhouse nestled between the snow-covered hills of northern Wisconsin. The smoke from its fireplace is rising lazily into the wintry night, and the ruddy glow in its windows tells of the cheeriness within. In days gone by this little home and its occupants were entirely isolated from the busy centers of the country. Now the farmer and his family can sit and listen to the grand opera in Chicago or to the late news that would otherwise take two days to reach them. The market and weather reports come humming to their ears. The invisible link of radio brings the whole world to their fireside.

. . . . . .

Radio really means more to the farmer than to the city man. It is not only a part of his entertainment and education but a part of his business as well. Every farmer is a business man. He has to be. He not only tills the soil, but he must develop and use his business sense in disposing of his produce. With market prices changing rapidly, the farmer in the past has always been kept at his wits' end to know when to sell. Often he would lose no small amount by selling a day or two sooner than he should, and in some cases he would lose by selling too late. It was not his fault. He simply had to gamble. The market information of the United States Department of Agriculture constantly preached to the farmer, "Know your markets."

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To-day the radiophone is the farmer's stock-ticker. It should be just as important to him as the stock-tickers are to a broker in his Wall Street office. The Bureau of Markets now has in operation a radio market news service that covers a band of territory from six hundred to eight hundred miles wide, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

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. . . The reports are literally in the air and just as free as the air, and it is the business of the farmers to pull them down and make use of them. The Department of Agriculture has gone to a great deal of trouble and expense in making this news available to the farmer through radio, and it is nobody's fault but his own if he continues to lose money on the sale of his wares through ignorance of market conditions.

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The farmer with a radiophone outfit has the added advantage of learning the weather forecasts almost as quickly as they are formulated. . . . and there are many operations on the farm that depend upon impending weather conditions.

The Hunt

By Gilbert Frankau

In notices of "The Love Story of Aliette Brunton" (The Century Co., $2.00), the English critics (who call the novel variously: "a notable achievement," "undeniably thrilling," "very interesting and very well written," "most poignant," "vigorous and convincing," "a daring story of modern life," and "an exceptionally good story, well told") call especial attention to the hunting scene. Aliette has just met the man who becomes her lover. Their instinctive recognition of each other as unique and important is instantaneous. Both lovers of the hunt, they have such a ride to hounds as neither has known before. It is only possible to give a few paragraphs of this absorbing account, which conveys with immense skill both the actuality and the symbolism of the racy, characteristic scene.

"BETTER make for the ford, Mrs. Brunton," called the Colonel. He and Ross Titterton galloped off.

They were alone again: two ordinary orderly English folk, a little dumb in each other's presence, both moved by very extraordinary thoughts, thoughts to which they were quite incapable of giving exact expression.

Aliette's red lips had pursed to stubborn determination. 'I hate funking things,' thought Aliette. To her, subconsciously, it was as though the water typified something more than a mere obstacle encountered in the day's hunting. She knew Miracle could jump it. Neither she nor Miracle would 'funk things.' Then why the thought? 'Because,' some voice in her gave clear answer, '*he* might.'

"It isn't as bad as it looks," said the voice of the man at her side. "I 'll give you a lead over."

And at that the voice in her began laughing. She felt unaccountably comforted. 'But why should I mind?' she thought.

Beyond the brook, . . . a hound gave tongue . . . Aliette saw Ronnie take his gray short by the head, ram his spurs home, and ride straight at the water.

Miracle raced after the gray, catching up with every stride. Side by side, they galloped the fifty yards to the brook, rose at it, glimpsed it deep under them, flew it, landed. . . .

Landing, she knew him safely over. Racing on, she heard the thud of his horse-hooves behind. Her heart thrilled to the horse-hooves; it seemed, suddenly, as though some string had snapped in her heart. The pack in front was utterly mad: she heard a burst of hound-music from behind the bull-finch, knew that they were running a breast-high scent, running clean away from her. She gave Miracle his head, shielded her eyes with her crop-arm, crashed through the hedge, heard the gray crash through behind her. . . .

Now she saw the hounds again, a close ripple of black, white and tan, eight hundred yards away across post-and-railed common land. Miracle went after them, drawing up stride by stride, steeplechasing his fences. But the man on the gray would not be denied. A rail smashed behind her. He was following, following. He must n't catch up with her—must never catch up with her. . . .

The ground rose. Not very far ahead she saw a dark-red dot making for the gorse-clad hills. She heard Will Oakley's "Holla! Holla!" as he capped hounds on. They ran nearly mute now, sterns straight, hackles up. The fox vanished from view as they raced up-hill; reappeared again. . . .

But Aliette was no longer aware of the chase. She could barely realize that hounds were running into their fox, that the two pink coats twenty yards ahead of her were whip and huntsman. All her conscious mind was at her left shoulder, listening to the horse-hooves behind. Could it be that she herself was the quarry of those thudding hooves, quarry of the man who drove those thudding hoof-beats onward? He must n't catch up with her! He must never catch up with her! And yet, could it be that some instinct in her, some instinct earth-old and primeval, wanted to be caught? . . .

That same instinct had been at work in the man on the fiddle-headed horse, the man who rode with his hands low and his teeth clenched, sitting down to his job as if he would go through Oxfordshire and out the other side in pursuit of Aliette. He had been aware of it, dimly, as they waited by the brook; aware of it, furiously, as he jumped. But now, instinct was blurred by the actual chase. He had come out for a 'good gallop'—he was having his gallop. His feet were jammed home to the hunting-heel, his hat rammed to his head. His eye took in and loved the whole scene—the sky clouding blue-gray above them, the shadows skimming green turf below, the

speeding pink of the hunt-coats behind the speeding black, white and tan of the pack. . . . .

Yet always, as he galloped, the man knew an urge stronger than the mere urge of the chase; knew that there was some dim reason why he had waited at Parson's Brook on a strange horse instead of going full split for the ford; why he must ride on—on and on—ride as he had never ridden before—ride the gray's shoes off rather than lose touch with that black-habited figure in front. God! How well she went. How magnificently she went. . . .

Eamon de Valera

Arthur Griffith

Michael Collins

THE HOPE OF IRELAND

By Francis Hackett

In a history of Ireland, "The Story of the Irish Nation" (The Century Co., $2.50), dramatic, colorful and thrilling, its every page instinct with that love for the dear tragic land which every Irishman knows, Francis Hackett has expressed the hope of those who watch her today. He understands those who distrust the treaty, yet the leaders, he says, "will be judged above all by their unity as Irishmen for Ireland."

FOR Ireland, much more than for England, the present treaty is a problem. The wise Irishman knows that this treaty forces him into an undesired association with England. He also knows that many peoples have lost everything they desired because they could not read their fate.

Beneath these modern nations, his own and England's, there still lurks the savage Northman, the savage Celt, the barbarous Briton or Saxon, only a few hundred years out of his cave. In those few hundred years, by the trembling light of reason, in the search for the good life, men have gained a little security and civilization. But the process is slow, and the war-mind distorts it. For a thousand years Ireland has been afflicted by the war-mind. Would it now be wise to engage solely in the slow, laborious, rational processes of peace and consent?

Is the poem of Seumas Cartan still worth remembering?

The Irish nation has suffered. It can blame conquest, theft, tyranny, for much of its sufferings. But in this world of half-savage, half-reasonable, wholly human beings it can only expect its absolute rights if it forgets its own humanity.

As Ireland purges itself of the war-spirit, understanding its enemies as well as fighting them, it will see its way to accepting or rejecting the imperfect measure which its agents have wrought.

Perhaps even that imperfect measure may help it to stride to a new and happier history. So its agents hoped. And Ireland's history can scarcely continue to be so incomparably unjust and tragic. It is destined to be free, and to belong to the whole world. For everywhere there are hopes that attend Ireland. Men look especially to those who have served the Irish nation in its worst crisis—de Valera, Griffith, Collins, the men and women of the Dial Eirann. These men and women are responsible to something deeper than names and phrases. They have a positive, creative task before them. They will be judged by their charity, their wise tolerance, their divination. They will be judged above all by their unity as Irishmen for Ireland.

Chinese Condottieri

By E. Alexander Powell

The Great Wall

In a recent book—"Asia at the Crossroads," by E. Alexander Powell (The Century Co., $3.00)—one of the most extraordinarily gifted and experienced of journalists and war-correspondents, a veritable "Keneu the Great War Eagle" of real life, has not only etched the most effective and realistic pictures of the Far East of the almost immediate present, but has given to his readers an insight that has not been afforded by any other writer, so far, into the actual, unveiled and unvarnished facts concerning the state of affairs in the whole of the Far East. The recent "war" between North and South China could hardly have had more illuminating comment from a spectator than this, written before the latest outburst and forming part of a section on China in his book which is probably the clearest contemporary picture of China that the West has had.

NOR should you get the idea that the North and the South are seriously at war. More than that, there is no longer any serious pretense of vital difference between them. The only real warfare now being waged in China is the interminable struggle for place, power, patronage, and pelf between the "ins" and the "outs," which has gone on, almost without interruption, since the dawn of Chinese history. Despite all the talk about patriotic ideals, constitutional government, and parliamentary reform, it is, in the last analysis, a sordid and purely mercenary conflict. The "governments" at Peking and Canton ("misgovernments" would be a more fitting term) consist of groups of predatory, self-seeking officials who are far more concerned in strengthening their own positions and, incidentally, in filling their own pockets than they are in pulling China out of the slough of despond, setting her on her feet, and giving her an honest and efficient administration.

Overshadowing both the northern and the southern governments, and still further complicating a political situation already confused almost past understanding, is the tuchunate—the system of *tuchuns*, or provincial military governors, who are the real rulers of China. In theory, each *tuchun* represents the central government in his respective province, being responsible to Peking for the entire local administration—political, judicial, fiscal, and military. *In theory*, I have said. For in practice he is accountable to no one but himself and obeys the orders of Peking or Canton—depending upon whether he is a supporter of the North or the South—only when it suits him to do so.

. . . . . .

As a result of this anomalous situation, conditions in China are comparable in many respects to those which prevailed in Mexico, when Villa was dictator of the North and Zapata held sway in the South, both of them completely ignoring

the mandates issued by the central government from the City of Mexico.

Perhaps the closest parallel to the *tuchuns*, however, is to be found in those leaders of mercenaries, known as *condottieri*, who for nearly three hundred years held medieval Italy in their grasp. As the great mass of the Italian peasantry took no part in the wars of that period, contenting themselves with the rôle of onlookers, war was not merely the trade of the *condottiere*, but also his monopoly, and he was thus able to obtain whatever terms he demanded, whether money payments or political concessions. Precisely the same holds true of the *tuchun*. The *condottieri* were always ready to change sides at the prospect of higher pay. So are the *tuchuns*. As the *condottieri* were to a certain extent bound together by the bonds of a common profession and by a common contempt for the civilian population, and as they realized that the enemy of to-day might well be the ally of to-morrow, their battles were often as bloodless as they were theatrical. A similar lack of bloodshed usually characterizes the clashes between the forces of the *tuchuns*.

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There are to-day more than a score of such private armies, totaling, it is estimated, not far from 1,200,000 men. Thus is presented the astonishing paradox of China, the weakest of all nations, having under arms more soldiers than any other nation in the world.

THE LADIES OF THE KIA KIAS

By W. F. Alder

W. F. Alder, the American explorer who penetrated to the interior of New Guinea with his small party, finding that the natives respond well to decent—but firm!—treatment, decided to live in a village enclosure for a time in order better to observe their customs. He found the place littered with skulls and plenty of traces, even recent rumors, of cannibalism—but, expecting no treachery to friends, was more interested in the domination of the Kia Kia women, who "bossed" the men: they could make them do anything but work! In "The Isle of Vanishing Men" (The Century Co., $2.00) he says:

OUR first visit has turned out so well and the natives seem so friendly that there seems to be no reason why we should not move camp so as to be near them and thus save a long hike through the jungle every time we wish to see them. A walk through the jungle is the occasion of a fight with mosquitos, particularly at this time of year, February, which is the beginning of the rainy season. With the assistance of several of the younger men we transfer our belongings from the beach to the kampong and settle down for a long visit. This kampong is as good as any to study the natives in. . . .

Our tent is placed, this time, between two of the large family shacks, and after a day or two we begin to feel quite at home. The natives do not interfere with us, and as we are careful not to impose upon them, all is well.

. . . . . .

On an afternoon, shortly after the heat of midday, the men gather in the shade of the cocoas back of the kampong to discuss the latest scandal or politics. Inasmuch as the kapala kampong, or chief, holds his position solely by the sufferance of the others, or possibly because of some trait of natural leadership inherent in him, changes in administration frequently occur. These are in the main caused by the chief's forming a liaison with the wife or daughter of another influential member of the tribe without giving sufficient remuneration. Then the fight is on. It takes the form of lengthy diatribes by the injured party and much muckraking. The daily papers (the ladies) drop in to listen at first and then monopolize the conversation, as is the general custom elsewhere. They settle the argument, for they get in the last word. Here in Kia Kia Land the women literally "run the ranch." It behooves the aspirant for leadership to stand well with them, for in the end it is their will that is done. The only thing that the women have not been successful in is to make the men work. They often make them fight, but it is much easier for them to do the chores themselves than to try to force the men to do them. . . .

As the heat is almost intolerable under our tent, we, too, withdraw to the grateful shade of the fringe of the jungle, and they clear a space for us most genially. There is a little group of them sitting on our left. What they are doing is

very interesting. They are eating dried mud. That 's it,—just plain dried mud. We hardly believe it when first it comes to our notice, but upon close examination—and invitation, too, to join them—we find it to be true. The dirt is a sort of heavy yellow clay, of which they have several large chunks. From time to time one or another of them breaks off a portion and crumbles off pieces the size of a thimble which he munches with apparent relish. The dogs, of which there are many, sit within the circle of the group and with hungry eyes watch the proceedings. They refuse the clay if it is offered them, but continue to gaze at their masters just as though they thought the men were fooling them and were in reality eating something palatable to the canine taste.

The clay is washed down with copious drafts of cocoanut water taken a pint at a—well, "irrigation" is the only word that seems to suit the process. In response to our stumbling inquiries as to why they eat dirt, they indicate that it is "bagoose," or good for them. We come to the conclusion that it must supply some mineral substance otherwise lacking in their diet.

SHOULD RAILROADS ENCOURAGE TRAVEL?

By Edward Hungerford

A new book about America's railroad problem, "Our Railroads Tomorrow" (The Century Co., $2.50), has a very different point of view from that we have been accustomed to meet in the vast amount of discussion which has milled about the subject. The author leaves questions of finance and of regulation somewhat aside, and in the forefront of his treatment are: first, the intricate moral and physical problem of creating an efficient and nationwide transportation system which shall be a system and not an anomaly of competing fragments; and, second, he goes deep into the human problem. Edward Hungerford has studied railroads and written about them for sixteen years—articles in high-class magazines and a book some ten years ago which ran through five American editions and was published in England as well. His present book is decidedly stimulating and suggestive; it "holds no brief" for anyone but the nation as a whole, while its practical qualities are vouched for by Mr. Hungerford's long experience in railroad lore of every sort—from analytical statics to the grumbles of shop-crafts workers—and by the fact that this very readable book was prepared after consultation with people representing every phrase of contact with railroads, from financiers and presidents to engine-wipers and track-walkers, and from the man who ships a hundred car-load lots to the woman who does up one express package. Mr. Hungerford believes in salesmanship as an element of good transportation management, and one of his minor suggestions in this connection, based upon the experience of a foreign country with this scheme, is given below.

WE have seen a good deal in the public prints in the last few years about the prime necessity of nationalizing the railroad in the United States in a far more thorough fashion than has ever before been even attempted. One of the potential dangers which forever faces a land as physically great as ours is the inherent possibility of its falling apart through its sheer size and weight. Under certain circumstances it might not be particularly difficult for us to disintegrate as a nation into groups of separate States, in fact if not in name—groups of States not particularly sympathetic or coöperative. We have had in our history already one very tragic instance of this very sort.

In order that this ever-present potential tendency may be overcome it is highly important that every possible measure be utilized toward binding the country more and more closely together. Transportation—railroad transportation in particular—forms an ideal binder. Utilized to its fullest degree it means that New England will know California better, and California New England. And each, knowing the other better, will understand better, sympathize better, coöperate better. If Minnesota goes to Louisiana and Georgia to Montana, each becomes more understanding, more tolerant, more closely bound, in almost every conceivable fashion.

Passenger traffic, brought to a high degree of development, will make such understanding possible. Little else can do it half so well. Freight traffic will not do it—not at least to any particularly large degree. A better circulation of national periodicals will help; this ever-present problem of encompassing our perplexing problem of

nationalization, of making a group of forty-eight separate states, separate in climate, in soil, and even to a perceptible degree in racial and language characteristics, into a more coherent and closely-knit state, was one of the most potent arguments advanced against the introduction of the postal zone system in this country.

But even the national circulation of publications will not accomplish quite as much as travel. The Easteners who journey to the west coast each winter are to-day full of understanding of the problems out there—what the Japanese question really means to the Californians and the whys and the wherefores of most of the lesser questions that perplex them. If there were as attractive rates from Los Angeles to Boston and New York as there used to be from Boston and New York to Los Angeles, the Californians might in turn be a little more tolerant at times of the political situation in Massachusetts or in New York. It is intimate knowledge that makes for real understanding.

To make my point even clearer let me take you far overseas with me—to Italy in the days before the coming of the World War. The Italian Government even then saw a most imminent necessity for far better national thought and understanding. How by practical planning could it best accomplish such a thing? A little study quickly enough showed how: by not only letting Italians see every corner of their land but by urging them to do so.

So a most attractive ticket plan was developed. In practice it worked somewhat after this fashion. A resident, let us say, of Milan, in the great high plains of the north of Italy, might have business which called him to Florence. When he went to Milan Union Station—or whatever it is that passes for a union station in Milan—the ticket-agent, who was well schooled in the active art of selling transportation, attempted to beguile him into buying a little longer ticket—to Rome, perhaps. His bait, his selling ammunition, if you will, was a rate per-mile from Florence to Rome much lower than that prevailing between Milan and Florence.

Very well, suppose that our resident of Milan was prevailed upon to go down and spend that long-promised week-end in the city by the Tiber. Bargain-sales have always spelled attractiveness, to men as well as to women.

"If only you would continue on to Naples," suggested the ticket-seller, "you would find the supplemental fare so slight as to be a mere nothing to your purse."

Very well again. Date the pasteboard up to Naples. Perhaps it would be a little warmer, a bit more balmy down there anyway than in old Rome.

"From Naples to Messina, it is a mere nothing, and the climate is still lovelier, and the supplemental fare much less per mile than that even from Rome to Naples."

With the final result that the prospective traveler at Milan would probably find the Italian state railways about ready to make him a present of the island of Sicily if only he would have the graciousness, and the very good sense, to extend his voyage to and around that fascinating place.

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My friend, the old railroader, snorts at this suggestion:

> "What do you think that the California railroad commission is going to say about some fellow from Boston riding all over their State at a cent and a quarter a mile, simply because he bought a ticket from South Station down to Providence, and had it extended once or twice?" he asks. Then adds: "I don't *think;* I *know.* They will say, 'Very good, Mr. Southern Pacific, if you can afford to carry him at a cent and a quarter a mile, you carry the man in Stockton, who wants to go up to Sacramento or to Marysville, at the same identical rate per mile. That 's fair, and it 's our business to make you be fair!'"

At first glance it would seem as if the venerable traffic man is right; a second and third one however will show the possibilities of his being quite considerably wrong. If the railroad commission at Sacramento has one half the advertising sense that the rest of the Californians possess it is going to recognize that here is the way to popularize its States—in the best and broadest sense of the word, to nationalize it. Moreover, it will know that the man who buys a ticket from San Francisco or Stockton to Sacramento or Marysville will have his own opportunity to extend it, in just the same way and upon exactly the same basis. He can go riding all over Cape Cod at a cent and a quarter a mile, while the people around about him will be paying their 3.6 cents. *Quid pro quo;* turn about is fair play, and all the rest of the fine copy-book maxims of our boyhood days.

Now we are dipping into the edges of a fascinating topic indeed, and one that recently has sunk into a rut in the United States—transportation salesmanship. In these late years the traffic managers of our railroads have either become glorified rate clerks or else trained special pleaders before . . . regulatory bodies.

"We Call This a Bully Story"

Quoting a Review

A novel of which H. L. Mencken wrote to its publishers, after reading an advance copy, that it "looks like a best seller to me" has justified the critic's estimate. "Caravans by Night," by Harry Hervey (The Century Co., $1.90) has been received with joy by both critic and reading public. It is romance; exceptionally well and happily written, with a "feel" about it as if the writer had known joy in the making of it. "As absorbing a tale as has come from the press for many moons," says the "Philadelphia Public Ledger." "Indicates unqualified success for the author in his future work if he runs true to form."—"Boston Globe." "Will quite certainly inspire a demand for more stories of its class from its clever author."—"New York World." "He knows how to tell a tale. . . . I commend 'Caravans by Night' to your attention."—H. L. Mencken in "Smart Set." The review which follows is from the "New York Herald."

FOR a first book this romance of Mr. Hervey's is an astonishingly fine performance. It is something of a test for an old hand at novel writing to sustain a reader's interest through a book that runs to 400 pages, but when an author can do this in his first essay at anything longer than a short story he may be looked upon as something of a literary wonder. It is also a part of this striking twelve by Mr. Hervey that his style is as romantic as his story, shot with phrases that bring out the hot color of India's days and the myriad dusky beauties of its tropical nights. And, to crown all the rest, he is intensely personal, writing without memories of Kipling or any one else whose fame is connected with the novel of the Briton in India.

The theft, on a single night, of many of the state jewels of a dozen native Indian rulers begins the tale, the substitution of an imitation pearl necklace of great value and beauty centering the interests of the two Englishmen who serve as the chief figures in the tale along with Dana Charteris, an American girl newly come to India, and of the Swaying Cobra, Mr. Hervey's vampire. The swaying Cobra . . . leads by roundabout ways to Thibet, all this serving as a pathway over which the author can trail romance and vivid descriptions of Indian city and jungle life.

But it is when he reaches Thibet that his power of colorful description has full play. Landor gives the reader of his narrative of his famous journey into the Forbidden Land the impression that it was a drab and dirty country. But to Mr. Hervey it is gorgeous in color and costume and ceremonial, as much so as one of our most elaborate pseudo-historical movies. True or not to actuality, it is romantic and fits in with the recovery of the jewels and the tragic exposure of the Thibetan messiah, who the reader may or may not believe was the mysterious M. Chavigny of the substituted necklace. In addition to admiring the persistency of Major Trent in his search, the charm of Dana Charteris, the wiles of the Swaying Cobra readers will find particular satisfaction in the resourcefulness of Euan Kerth of the Intelligence Service, who is a close relative of Mr. Kipling's famous Strickland. We call this a "bully story."

Samarkand, in California, Where Harry Hervey Is Writing His Second Romance

A PERSONALITY PAGE

One of the interesting things about Gilbert Frankau (author of "Peter Jameson" and a number of other novels), whose "Love Story of Aliette Brunton" was published here in June, is that his *Julia Cavendish* of the new novel is more or less a picture of Julia Frankau, his mother, well known in England and America under her pen name of Frank Danby.

Like the mother of the hero of his book, "Frank Danby" was a prolific novelist. The character of the book is a strong and a touching one, which has been singled out by the English critics for especial praise.

When Harry A. Franck was lecturing in San Francisco, Frederick O'Brien introduced him to his audience, but, so Mr. Franck charges in a letter to his publishers, disappeared somewhere about the middle of the lecture. "I suppose," comments Mr. Franck, "he could n't stand it. He had some feeble excuse about catching the last ferry-boat." However, Mr. Franck forgave him everything, and appreciated his beautiful Sausalito home, at which he just caught him, as he was leaving within a few days for the Jack London Ranch to get "Atolls of the Sun" in shape for publication next fall. Mr. O'Brien is now confidently believed by his publishers to be conscientiously at this work, while Mr. Franck is, at this writing, somewhere on the Pacific, on the way to Japan.

Of Harry Hervey, author of "Caravans by Night," H. L. Mencken says: "He is, in romance, the most promising neophyte in many years." With all due thanks to Mr. Mencken for "them kind words," Mr. Hervey's publishers feel that it is right to state that Mr. Hervey is hardly a neophyte, unless Mr. Mencken means to intimate that, with "Caravans by Night" the young author entered on a new stage or state of initiation: he has, as nearly as is practicable for the human young, always written, and what he has written has invariably been romance. He has been learning to write since he was nine years old, or less—at least, he produced a tragedy at nine, and from then on until his first acceptance at the age of sixteen spent a good deal of his time in writing. Since that first success, he has been writing hard. He has had fifty short stories and novelettes published in magazines. And we may add that at the present time he spends five days a week, from nine o'clock to four, in writing.

It is told of Louis Gerard Pacent, radio engineer and one of the two authors of "The Complete Radio Book," that when a boy he was required by his drawing instructor to submit a sketch from memory. Much to the dismay of the drawing master, the work submitted by young Pacent was a design of a variometer, a device little known even to radio experts. While still a boy, Mr. Pacent had dabbled in all the wireless devices then in use. Now, as a man, he has been practically everything in the radio field: student, amateur, technician, inventor, instructor, author and manufacturer.

He is to-day president of the Pacent Electric Company, engaged in the manufacture and distribution of his own inventions on a national scale. Strangely enough, practically the same variometer which the youthful Pacent designed at school is shortly to be added to the varied line of radio essentials which he now manufactures.

H. C. Fuller, author of "The Story of Drugs," wrote his book largely in reaction, he says, to innumerable questions which came to him as an expert (he is one of the members of the Industrial Research Laboratories, Washington, D. C.) from friends and acquaintances. "The tendency of the lay mind," he declares, "is gradually assuming a phase of inquiry, of not accepting abstruse propositions offered in unintelligible terms with the admonition that they be dogmatically accepted. One realizes the receptive state of the national mind by the countless questions which a scientist is asked by his friends outside his limited professional group.

"The assembling of the material occurred during the summer of 1921 and the work was done under very pleasant circumstances at Glenwald, an old Virginia plantation estate some ten miles from Washington. No more fitting environment could have been chosen, for in the two-hundred-odd acres making up the estate are found growing naturally many of the important indispensabilities of the American materia medica and in the cleared fields were under cultivation some of the exotic drugs."

INFORMAL TALKS ABOUT THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

FROM Major E. Alexander Powell, whose interesting article, "A Modern Magic Carpet," was a feature of the June number, comes this letter from the Near East, where Major Powell is gathering material for two new books:

"A few lines, before bidding *au revoir* to civilization and plunging into the wastes of western Asia, to let you know where I have been and what I have been doing during the past month. We left Paris on March 27 by motor, Ladew and I, and three weeks and three days later rolled across the bridge that spans the Golden Horn, the first time the trip has been made in more than eight years. It was as full of excitement and adventure as an Oppenheim novel. While traversing the Black Forest we were lost in a snow-storm, nearly capsized in a snowdrift, and it took four horses, three men, and a boy to get us out. Owing to the obstinacy of a frontier guard at the Czecho-Slovak border, we were compelled to spend a night in a Bohemian hamlet; and take my word for it, they are not at all as they are depicted on the stage!

"We spent four days in Vienna, where the only thing cheap is caviar. We dined every night at Sacher's, and, as Mme. Sacher evidently approved of our looks, they gave us a table in the little room at the left usually reserved for archdukes and princes. Two people can get quite an excellent dinner there, including wine, for eighty thousand crowns, or about ten dollars. At the Ritz, in Budapest, on the other hand, we were never able to spend more than $1.20 for a meal.

"From the moment we entered Rumania until we left it again we were pursued by spies and secret-service agents, who dogged our footsteps, peered in our windows, and tried to overhear our conversation in the restaurants. In Klausenburg we were summoned to the police station to be interrogated because, seeing a detective watching us in the restaurant, we discussed Trotzky and Lenine. On Easter Monday, the car having broken down near a village in Wallachia, we joined the simple villagers in their dances on the village green, and then stood treat to the entire population. We bought forty-two bottles of native wine at a total cost of $7.40, and by nightfall that village was a roaring Bedlam. President Wilson never received such an ovation as we did when we left.

"As, late at night, we were leaving Bulgaria, we were nearly shot by a frontier guard, and ten minutes later we nearly lost our lives through our ignorance of the fact that the Greeks had blown up the bridges in Thrace to prevent Bulgar raids. We spent a memorable night in a mud-walled, dirt-floored hut on the Thracian border, rats frolicking all night long in the straw-thatched roof. From Adrianople to Rodosto, on the Sea of Marmora, is 150 miles, and for 120 miles there were no roads at all—just a cart-track across the rolling prairie. The last day was the worst, for when halfway from Rodosto to Constantinople, we became bogged in the sands beside the Sea of Marmora, with the tide coming in! The entire village turned out to help us, and with the assistance of the local Greek garrison and a fifty-foot chain we were hauled to safety after three hours of hard work.

"Our arrival in Constantinople created a sensation, as ours was the first car to cross the continent since 1914.

"We are sailing Friday afternoon for Smyrna and Beirut; thence to Damascus and Aleppo, where we shall start on our motor journey down the valley of the Euphrates to Bagdad; thence across Persia to Teheran, coming out via the Caspian, the Caucasus, and the Black Sea. Every one agrees that it should prove a highly adventurous expedition, as the Arabs are making trouble in Trans-Jordania, the Kurds are raiding the caravan roads in Syria and Mesopotamia, and the Georgians are holding up trains in the Caucasus. The Soviets operate a so-called de luxe train from Baku to Batoum, known as "the Speculators' Special." It is held up about every other trip, the passengers being relieved of their luggage, their valuables, and even their shoes.

"Taking it by and large, this is one of the hardest trips I have ever undertaken. But it 's a great life if you don't weaken."

In the June Contributor's Column we inserted a brief comment on the death of Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, whose story "Luck" appeared in that issue. Three other stories by her, published in

the year, "The Man They Pitied," "The Black Hand," and "The Saga of Kweetchel," had already made her known to CENTURY MAGAZINE readers as a writer of unusual artistry. Nine years ago, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE published two of her earliest stories, "Mannering's Men" (July, 1913) and "Friends," (March, 1914). Several of her poems also appeared in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE about the same time. If we may judge from the response in letters from readers, editorial comment in newspaper reviews of the magazine, and word-of-mouth criticism, few writers whose short stories have appeared in our pages have aroused greater enthusiasm and interest. Miss Pickthall was a poet of fine achievement; in fact, it was through the publication of her poetry in England that she won her earliest recognition. Her novel, "The Bridge," was published by the Century Company this spring, and has been very favorably received.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

Miss Pickthall was born in London in 1883, and came to British Columbia with her family as a child. Her first work was published in a Canadian newspaper when she was fifteen. In 1912, following the death of her mother, she went to England, where her first volume of poetry, "The Drift of Pinions," appeared a year later. "The Lamp of Poor Souls," another volume of verse, followed a year later. During the war Miss Pickthall remained in England, busying herself with war work. She returned to Victoria, British Columbia, two years ago, to enter on a prolific period of writing, to which belong the dozen or more short stories that have appeared in that time, her novel, "The Bridge," and enough poetry to form a third volume, which is to be issued soon. There are also a posthumous novel and several unpublished short stories, some of which we hope to secure.

Sir Andrew MacPhail, editor of the "University Magazine" of Montreal, which had published a number of Miss Pickthall's poems, recently gave to the Canadian papers her last poem, sent to him just before her death. We quote it from the Toronto "Mail and Empire":

CHRIST IN THE MUSEUM

Bronze bells and incense-burners, and a flight
Of birds born out of iron, and fine as spray;
A dial that told the longest Summer day
How sure, how swift the night;
And o'er the silent treasury, so high
No lips have kissed, no grieving hands have clung,
Numbered and ticketed, the
Christ is hung.
The many pass Him by,
Nor pause. Here come no
agonies, no dreams;
Nothing is here to hurt Him
nor to wake.
Year after year the golden
iris gleams
A little paler by her lacquered
lake,
And slow dust gathers on
the hands, the side,
The thorn-set head of Love
the crucified.

Not long ago in this column we quoted the letter of an aspiring young author who wrote, asking our advice as to whether editors, at least the editors of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, preferred to have letters sent with manuscripts, or merely the name in the upper left-hand corner; and, if letters, whether anything more than the "stamps-inclosed" formula. We thought that by this time we knew all the possible variations on that "stamps-inclosed" theme, but the other day along came this brand-new one, which we hasten to share with other editors, aspiring authors, and readers.

"Dear Editor:

"Here is a suggestion for a grim horror story.

"*Situation:* Aspiring author meets editor; she likes him; he likes his wife. She has written a very special story, but she pities editors pursued by aspiring authors.

"*Conflict:* Editor has voiced cry for stories. Aspiring author has written one 'she knows he 'll like.' But in her heart she knows that all aspiring authors think likewise.

"Oh, darn it! Inclosed find stamps—and a story."

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE NOTES

FROM the raising of the flag at sunrise by the boy and girl on the cover, to the last page of text, the July ST. NICHOLAS is a patriotic number. It is filled with that spirit of patriotism, born one hundred and forty-six years ago, that sturdy quality which enabled our Revolutionary forefathers to fight through long years of defeat and disheartenment to final victory and freedom. It was the same patriotism which stood the test in those years of misunderstanding between two sections of our common country and which finally healed the wounds of that conflict. It stood the test again when we went overseas in 1917. ST. NICHOLAS has always lent its pages to the furthering of sane regard for country—a patriotism based on good citizenship, knowledge, and independence of thought and action.

In this July number our three great wars—the one for freedom, the one for union, and the one for the world itself, are represented in three stories.

The opening story is "How the American Army Was Saved by a Dinner and a Song." This is an authentic incident of the Revolution —how Mrs. Murray of Murray Hill, New York, entertained the British generals, Lord Howe and Sir Henry Clinton, at dinner, and thus halted for a time their pursuit of Washington's army. Mrs. Murray's young ward, Katharine Ball, also had an important part in the detention of these officers, as the author tells. John Wolcott Adams has made some excellent old-time illustrations for this story.

In "The Coverlid" we have the story of Americanism that did not know sectional lines, even in those days of the Civil War when they were drawn so markedly. This daughter of the Confederacy wins her way with a Northern colonel and is able to restore to her neighbor (a transplanted Yankee) her dearest possession.

The illustrations for this story were drawn by Oscar Schmidt, who, you will be interested to know, is a veteran of the A. E. F., having served with the artillery in a battery equipped with the famous French 75s. Mr. Schmidt had the duty of observing from an advance post the destructive work of his battery. He came out of the war without a scratch, and set out for the South Sea Islands, whence he has recently returned with a notable collection of paintings, which have been exhibited in New York. He says the South Sea Islands are a paradise upon earth whose beauty could not be exhausted in a lifetime.

"The Last Laugh" is a story of the Great War written by Lieutenant Harry S. Aldrich, who saw service with the First American Flying Corps Squadron. He who laughs last in this case, as in all, according to the old adage, has the best one, and *Stubby*, whom you may remember from "Stubby Noses Down" published in the March 1921 ST. NICHOLAS, stands the taunts of the "Grizzly Bear" fliers and fighters with good grace.

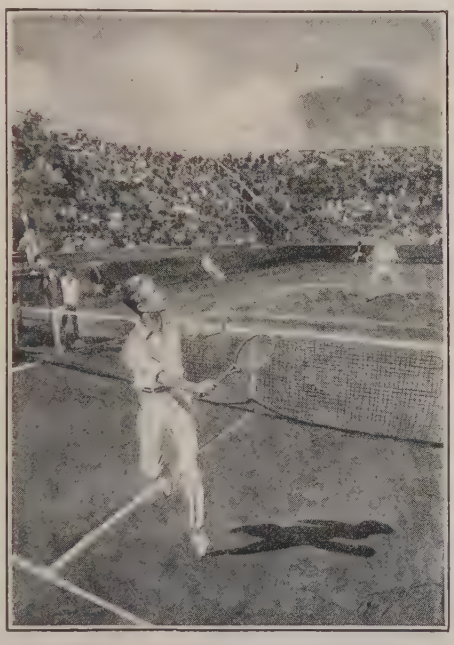
William T. Tilden, 2nd, the world's cleverest man with a tennis-racket, substitutes for this famous weapon of defense and offense, the fountain-pen. Since the pen is mightier than the sword, one might suppose it would oust the racket as well, and it does temporarily, for Mr. Tilden shows a noteworthy skill at fiction in the "The Pinch-Quitter" in the July ST. NICHOLAS,—a story full of good sportsmanship, patriotism, and championship tennis. The background for the story is drawn from the last Davis Cup matches in Australia, so that Mr. Tilden is well acquainted with his locale and his contestants. Charles M. Relyea has made the illustrations, one of which is reproduced in the opposite page.

In the fairy tale of the Far East, the magician is equipped with a lamp and when he rubs the metal the genie appears and one's wish is fulfilled. So it happened with *Statira Brooks* in "The Pot o' Magic." She used a simple recipe for polishing silver, made a great discovery for a friend, and found her own wish about to come true.

Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley, who is probably as well known for her song "America the Beautiful" as for any of her other work, has contributed to ST. NICHOLAS a stirring poem, "Drake," which does full honor to England's great seaman. Her verses have been beautifully set off by four pages of pen-and-ink drawings by W. M. Berger.

In the July number "The Hill of Adventure" reaches its concluding chapter. The several episodes in the life of the *Deems* family have been interesting reading. *Nancy* and *Beatrice* reluctantly make ready for their return from their summer in the West, and we are certain that our readers will bid them farewell with lingering regret.

Those who look for real stirring adventure need go no farther than page 977 of the July ST. NICHOLAS, for that is the place where the seventh instalment of "The Inca Emerald" begins. Samuel Scoville, Jr., is a fine naturalist, and, what is more, he can combine natural history with hair-raising episodes. In this chapter, members of his bushmaster-and-emerald expedition are overtaken by a party of Maya man-hunters. How they meet them and come away alive is a breathless bit of adventure. Charles Livingston Bull, with his drawings, adds a touch of authenticity to the descriptions by Mr. Scoville, and the illustrations are based on actual observations which Mr. Bull made on a trip through the Amazon country.



THE GAME

Drawn by Charles M. Relyea for "The Pinch-Quitter" by William T. Tilden, 2nd. See the July St. Nicholas

It is sometimes disconcerting to find that some of our early instruction was faulty. In the matter of the Fourth of July, we always thought that all the delegates signed on that day and date, and that, when the last one had affixed his name, a boy ran to the foot of the stairs and called to his grandfather to ring for liberty. It seems, upon a closer examination of the facts, that the Fourth is not the day on which all the delegates signed, nor was the historic document first read on that occasion. Gardner Teall has unearthed some facts which bear on this subject and has incorporated them in an interesting paper, for the July ST. NICHOLAS, entitled, "How the Declaration of Independence Was First Made Known to the Public." It is illustrated by prints which are also of historic interest.

Other articles of unusual interest are: "The Destroyers," by Archibald Douglas Turnbull; "A Visit to Drake's Bay," by J. Smeaton Chase; and "The Washington Elm," by William H. Bertenshaw.

Are you listening in on ST. NICHOLAS stories now being broadcasted by the Westinghouse Stations at Newark, N. J., Springfield, Massachusetts, and Chicago, Illinois? W. J. Z. at Newark has given over the 7 P.M. period on Mondays to a ST. NICHOLAS short story, and W. B. Z. at Springfield reads one every Wednesday night.

We, who are "listening in" at the editorial end of ST. NICHOLAS, hear a great many things that make us feel our work is really appreciated. We have a loyal audience, and one that is very responsive. Some of our readers write us such hearty approval of the magazine that we feel at times we ought to give greater range to their glad voices. Perhaps that would be rather presumptuous on our part, but just the same we are going to give you a sample letter or two:

"You were a present to me two years ago, and I cannot say enough in appreciation of the many happy hours spent with you.

"Last week each one in my class in school was asked to write on something that interested us. I chose for my topic 'My Favorite Periodical,' and of course it is you.

"When I have read you from cover to cover, I pass you on to several of my friends, and at last you are returned to me. I wish every boy and girl could have you."

"It seems only just to voice my appreciation of you after all these years that we have taken you, let me see—nine years. That seems a long time to us, but I suppose it is short compared to your many years of delightful service. We have a large stack of you accumulated upstairs, to be bound when some kind friend makes us a present of money to be used as we wish."

"I see so many praises sung to your honor that I doubt if very much can be added. However, I must say that in my estimation you are the best magazine on the market. I have received you for three years now as a Christmas present from a friend of mine. Last year she inquired of me whether I would not rather have something else for a present, but I replied *no* emphatically."

NOTES FROM THE AMERICAN GOLFER

POSSIBLY none of the numerous observations, epigrammatic and otherwise, recorded on the game of golf apply more aptly than that of Mr. Walter J. Travis, that it exposes to others the weaknesses a man is at so much pains ordinarily to conceal. In other words, if you indulge in golf, be sure that your sins will find you out; also that these sins will surely be discovered to others.

The above facts are well enough established. They need no substantiation. Any golfer can tell you of some member of his club who is a pusillanimous old poke, who habitually arouses the ire of every other member of the club by his dilly-dally tactics on the course. He takes ten preliminary waggles on each swing, or assumes the posture of a lizard to verify the line of the shortest of putts, or does any one of a number of other things that provoke the wrath of others who happen to be playing back of him. And his number is legion.

But did it ever occur to you that, after all, this fellow may be deserving of sympathy, in a sense, rather than censure; that he is a victim of a certain mesmerism into which he has led himself, and from which he now finds it exceedingly difficult to break away? In a recent article in THE AMERICAN GOLFER, entitled "Has Golf Hypnotized You?" the editor offered this theory as an explanation of much of the dilatory practice found on the courses of the country. The theory has enlisted enthusiastic support, as witness the following letter to Mr. Rice from Herbert S. Griggs of Tacoma, Wash.:

> "Altogether the best thing you have ever done for golf is your 'Has Golf Hypnotized You?' in your issue of May 6. It should be circularized in some way among the million or so golfers in this country, most of whom have been hypnotized in one way or another not only to their own undoing, but much more important, to the suffering of all the rest.
>
> "If you do not put it into a record which can be used for broadcasting by radio, you should have it printed and furnish a copy to every golf club in the United States. You owe it to golf to pass this suggestion on to the officials of the national organization, and see if they do not see the emergency as I see it, and agree themselves to have it printed and circularized.
>
> "You might in that case make it a little stronger, the injury to the rank and file and to the game of golf from this hypnotic trouble. I know one man—a fine golfer too—who taps his driver back of his ball at least six or eight times, and often as many as twenty, once running up to twenty-three in order, as he explains, to settle his nerves.
>
> "I know another who works to a frazzle the patience of those who play with him and all who follow him by the meticulous care and ridiculous posing and sighting and reposing (?) on the putting green. There is n't a single golfer in our million or more who does not miss a lot of short putts because of this hypnotism, and then make the same putt over again with an easy care-free stroke, often with one hand, *and sink it.* I have the same trouble; we all have it, and we all need a good hard jolt on the courtesy side of golf, on the hardship this habit of ours works on every one else."

As pointed out in the foregoing letter, this trouble applies alike to good players and bad. Without a doubt, as is also remarked in the letter, the trouble not only annoys others but becomes a positive handicap to the player himself. Once acquired, these habits of overcautiousness are not easily shaken off. However, merely calling attention to the trouble may bring to golfers generally a clearer realization of just how injurious and obnoxious habits of this kind can become.

ATTENTION was called some time since to certain unsatisfactory conditions relating to the rules under which golf is played in this country, or—possibly a better way of stating it—to the unfortunate situation which permitted certain variations in the rules. It is interesting to note that but recently one important step has been taken which augurs well for improvement in this respect. Reference is made to the recent action of the Western Golf Association in restoring the stymie as a part of the game. The stymie has been one prominent shoal on which the bark of uniformity on golf rules has come to grief. There are one or two other points in debate, but with the stymie matter settled, prospects are brightening for full accord all along the line. THE AMERICAN GOLFER is watching these developments with keen interest.

The CENTURY FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

THE purpose of this department is to help CENTURY readers to avoid investments in which they are likely to lose money, or in which the risks involved are greater than the circumstances surrounding the investment would justify the individual in taking; and to assist them in the choice of sound investments that meet their requirements. It is hoped that inquiry will be made regarding securities and dealers before funds are invested rather than afterwards. Questions will not be answered in regard to purely speculative operations. Return postage should accompany each inquiry.

In addition to this Readers' Service, THE CENTURY will publish in this part of the magazine each month the announcements of reliable banking or brokerage houses that it can recommend. No house will be permitted to use these pages until it has been carefully investigated, and every effort will be made to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable houses.

Address all communications to READERS' FINANCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Investment Questions and Answers

Bond for Long-Term Investment

ILLINOIS.—*Q.* I have $3,000 savings which I wish to invest conservatively. I want to take as little risk of loss as possible and yet get a good return and possibility of enhanced value later. I realize of course that the bargains of a year ago are not available now but I believe present prices will look good a year hence. I am considering a $1,000 bond each of the following:—N. Y. Cent. ref. 5's 2013 at 94½, Pacific Gas 5's 1942 at 90, Consumers' Gas 1st 5's 1936 at 92 (Chicago Company). Kindly advise if you consider these all safe. And in addition will you kindly include a list of six or eight long-term, non-callable, fixed interest bearing securities that appear to be the best "buys" on to-day's market?

A. We are glad to inform you that the three bonds which you have in mind seem to us as good selections as you can make. They all look to us attractive and we believe they will sell higher as interest rates still seem to be going down. Other long-term, non-callable, or bonds that are not likely to be called, which seem attractive are:

American Smelting & Refining 5's, due 1947.
Atcheson, Topeka & Santa Fé adjustment 4's, due 1995.
Pacific Gas & Electric first and refunding 6's, due 1941.
Utah Power & Light first 5's, due 1944.
C. & O. convertible 5's, due 1946.
St. Louis-San Francisco prior lien 4's, due 1950.

French Internal Loan Bonds

Q. I would be pleased to receive some information on French Loan 4's issued 1917 due January 1943, now selling around $60.

A. The French 4 per cent. loan of 1917 is not due 1943 but is redeemable at par at the option of the government on and after that date. It bears quarterly interest coupons due March 16th, June 16th, September 16th, December 16th, payable in New York free of charge at the rate of exchange for francs on those dates. The bonds are issued in denominations of 1,000 francs and upwards. There is no established market for these bonds in this country, but there are several houses dealing in them and you should have no difficulty in purchasing them, although you might have some difficulty if you later wished to sell them.

Bond to Yield 6 to 7 Per Cent.

MISSOURI.—*Q.* What bonds now netting from 6% to 7% do you consider safe from the standpoint of paying interest and capital when due? I would be glad if you would suggest some specific issues.

A. To get between 6 and 7 per cent. on your money at this time, the best bonds seem to us to be the foreign government issues such as the French 7½'s, or, better still, the Dutch East Indies 6's, due 1952, on a 6.35 per cent. basis; and public utility bonds such as the Utah Power & Light First Lien and general 6's due 1944 on a 6 per cent. basis; Penn Public Service first and refunding 6's, due 1922, on a 6.50 per cent. basis; and the Toledo Edison first 7's, due 1941, on a 6.55 per cent. basis.

Recommending Investment Houses

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Q.* Ill health necessitates the disposal of my business. In order to support my dependents, I must invest the proceeds in some way to insure *safe* and *steady* returns. I have had little experience along this line and will greatly appreciate your advice as to some reliable concern with whom I can *safely* do business and whose judgment in the matter of investment I can *thoroughly rely on.*

A. In reply to your letter asking for the name of an investment house, we are glad to say that there are many reliable concerns, such as those that are permitted to advertise in THE CENTURY; but whether you should absolutely rely upon the judgment of an investment house regarding your investments or not, is another question. Most houses have issues of various degrees of safety, and occasionally an enterprising salesman will sell to a client of a house issues which do not possess as high a degree of safety as he should demand. If you state your case clearly to the house, however, outlining fully the conditions that will surround the investment, and make it evident to them that safety, and not a high return, is your chief requirement, you should get recommendations of securities that will fit your requirements. If we can help you further in making your choice among various offerings, we shall be glad to do so. As a rule the rate of return is a good index of the security of an investment.

INVESTMENT & BANKING

By JOHN K. BARNES

Convertible Bonds

NEARLY every corporation would rather do its financing by the sale of stock than bonds. Then when a poor year comes it could discontinue dividend payments on the stock and there would be no disastrous results to the company. On the other hand, if it had sold bonds and the time came when it could not pay the interest on them, it would very likely be thrown into the hands of receivers and the property might be sold at foreclosure. Bonds, however, can usually be sold bearing a lower rate of return to the buyer than has to be promised on stock and for that reason most large corporations have both bonds and stock outstanding, the interest on the bonds being no more than the corporation has been able to earn with a good margin in bad times and good, the stock being of sufficient amount to cover the risk of business fluctuations. Oftentimes a preferred stock is put in between the bonds and the common stock. It can generally be sold for more than the common for it has the first call on earnings for dividends after interest has been paid on the bonds. Frequently the dividend on it is made "cumulative" and if it is not paid in any year it has to be made up in future years before payments can be made on the common. Unless it is a "participating" preferred stock the dividend on it is limited to a fixed rate as is the interest on bonds.

An example of an industrial company that has a well-balanced financial structure is the United States Steel Corporation. When this corporation was organized in 1901 and took over the Carnegie Steel Company and other companies, Andrew Carnegie was paid in $303,450,000 bonds having a first call on the earnings of the new corporation. There is an issue of $200,000,000 bonds that come after these, and $360,281,100 of preferred stock and $508,302,500 of common is now outstanding. Interest on the bonds has been paid regularly and large amounts of both issues have been retired by the corporation through sinking funds. The 7 per cent. cumulative dividend has also been paid on the preferred stock from the start and this stock has sold from as low as $50 a share in the early days to well above $100 a share in every year since 1904. The common stock, which sold below 10 in 1904 and above 136 in 1917, has received annual dividends ranging from nothing up to 16 per cent. during the war.

In the railroad field the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé presents one of the best financial structures. This road has $283,716,000 of bonds outstanding, $124,173,700 of 5 per cent. non-cumulative preferred stock and $224,715,500 common. When this road was reorganized in 1895, following the receivership incident to the 1893 panic, (which sent many roads into receivers' hands), the reorganization was based on a large issue of general mortgage bonds, a smaller issue of adjustment mortagage bonds and on stock. The interest on these adjustment bonds is not a fixed charge like most bond interest but is only payable if earned. It has been paid regularly, however, is now "cumulative," and there is such a wide margin of earnings over and above it that one now never thinks of this "adjustment" feature. The way in which the Atchison management built up its large equity in property value back of its bonds is an interesting study in railroad financial management.

Railroads in this country, to keep pace with the growth of the country, have had to expand steadily. This has taken money, which has meant new financing—the sale of securities to the public. Atchison did much of this financing by the sale of bonds that could be converted by the buyers into stock. Bonds could usually be sold at a better price to the road than stock and by the efficient expenditure of the money thus secured the earnings of the road were made to grow so that dividends could be paid on the stock and the advance in its market price from below $10 a share in the first years following the reorganization to above par in each year from 1906 to 1917 made it profitable for the holders of many of these bonds to convert them into stock. This has placed the road's finances in the well-balanced shape that they are today.

(*Continued on second page following*)

THE ENGINEER thinks below the surface—knows that foundations must be well secured—knows the relative strength of all the building material he recommends. His technical knowledge gives weight to his opinion which the layman accepts without debate.

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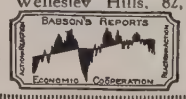
MEMO

For Your Secretary

Write Roger W. Babson, president of Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, 82, Mass., as follows: Please send me Booklet G-62 *"Getting the Most from Your Money"* and copy of recent report—gratis.



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(*Continued*)

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(*Continued on page following*)

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INVESTMENT AND BANKING

(*Continued*)

speculative profits along with the investment. The certainty, or uncertainty, of such profits of course depends upon the course of the corresponding stock in the market. Today some people, believing that the stock market will go still higher before the present upward swing is over, are turning their attention to convertible bonds. They realize that the phenomenal advance of from ten to fifteen points in practically all bonds within a comparatively few months cannot be expected to recur; the only possibility of it lies in a fortunate choice among convertible issues. The writer has been asked by readers of THE CENTURY to name such bonds that possess good investment qualifications yet hold out possibilities for advance in price due to their conversion features. In reply to these inquiries he has been glad to give descriptions of the few convertible bonds of strong companies that are available on an investment basis, but without making any predictions as to their future. It may interest other readers to call attention here to the two most interesting issues in this list.

(*Continued on page following*)

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INVESTMENT AND BANKING
(*Continued*)

They are the New York Central convertible debenture 6s due 1935 and the Chesapeake & Ohio convertible 5s due 1946. The New York Central bonds were issued in 1915 in connection with the consolidation of the New York Central system and the adoption of a new financial plan. For years the Central had been financing its requirements by the sale of short term notes at the expense of frequent commissions to the bankers. Under the new plan worked out in conjunction with J. P. Morgan & Company it issued some consolidated mortgage bonds, some refunding and improvement mortgage bonds and these convertible debenture bonds. A "debenture" is simply a promise to pay without any mortgaged security back of it. With $100,000,000 of these 6 per cent. bonds outstanding which can be converted any time prior to May 1, 1925, into stock at $105 a share, the present improvement in earnings creates an interesting situation. Earnings are sufficient to make possible the payment of more than the present 5 per cent. dividend on the stock. It would place New York Central's finances in a much better balance to have these bonds exchanged for stock. It now has $736,000,000 of bonds outstanding, including this issue, and only $250,000,000 of stock.

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My Friend Julio

By Charles J. Finger

Drawings by C. B. Falls

Julio and I were fourth-form boys together at Winchester. He came from Chile and was one of those who always talk in a cheery way, who accosted his fellows with a freedom in which there was no insolence and gave the general impression of having led what may be called a spacious life. He talked English well, had a gentle, aristocratic manner about him, and his eyes were bright and shining, for he was always eager, always full of astonishment and vitality. So we became fast friends.

When I was leaving for Frankfort, packed up indeed and seated with my bags and things about me within an hour of starting, he rushed in to bid me good-by. While we talked, it began to rain, but we did not notice the weather, engrossed as we were in plans to meet in some indefinite future. Then he waved a hand at me and darted out, to return in a couple of minutes.

"Raining cats and dogs," he said. "Sorry I came without an umbrella. Very silly, you know. If you don't mind, I 'll borrow your mackintosh." And he disappeared. That was quite typical of him. Years after, I met him in Montevideo, but it was only for a day, he leaving that night for Valparaiso overland, and I for Punta Arenas by steamer; and the next I heard, he had gone to Peru.

I pass over a period of travel in Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia to come to a day when, sitting at a window in Mulach's saloon with a glass of wine before me, I found it amusing to watch a certain Rosita returning from mass with her new lover. She has nothing to do with the story directly, but in a way started the whole affair. The fact is that she had slighted one Blomgren a day or so before, and he had taken the matter very seriously indeed, going on a glorious spree, then, at the close of day, rowing out to the coal hulk to spend the night with his friend Tom, the cook. But his host he never saw, for, stumbling along the deck, he tripped and fell into the hold and so broke his neck.

But so complex are human activities, in so extraordinary a manner do things fall out, that I, the amused spectator, idly seated at the door of my own unfoldment and anticipating nothing more than a trip to the Andes presently, was snatched up as by a whirlwind,

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twisted and tossed and swept along willy-nilly by strong currents into new and strange channels.

It was this way. Blomgren's death having been reported, his schooner, *La Chilota,* was sold publicly in the plaza the next day at noon. I, lounging idly, bought the boat for a mere song, as I thought, not that I needed a vessel, but because Captain Ruiz, governor of the town, who acted as a kind of self-appointed receiver in the matter, owed me some fifty-odd dollars, and it seemed to me that my sole chance of balancing the account lay in the possibility of deducting the amount due me from the purchase price.

Now, this Ruiz was a puffy and heavy and pallid kind of man, one ordinarily slow to act; but he showed emotion when I explained the matter to him pleasantly after the sale. Indeed, he seemed to put it aside as a something too painful to dwell upon and passed to the consideration of other matters by no means pertinent. So, in his room adjoining the *cuartel,* he and I sat awhile over a bottle of wine, as is the custom of the country, and I think that we talked almost an hour about mutton and the best way of cooking it. It became a kind of academic discussion, and I spoke with passing indifference, but diplomacy called for some show of interest on my part. Still, it struck me presently that he seemed depressed, so I, though itching to get at the matter I had in mind, spoke of his health.

"It is," he said musingly, "my heart. True, I am but an instrument, a machine, a little part of the Government, but I have my feelings." He laid his finger-tips on his Adam's apple for a moment, then, with his eyes fixed on me, pulled a folded bunch of papers out of his pocket. "For you I grieve. This Blomgren fellow— By the law of the port, you as buyer of his property are liable for the cost of the funeral."

It struck me then that there was a curious modified zeal about him, but I affected light interest and said:

"But why not? It is doubtless just."

There was a little pause, and it seemed no business of mine to urge him.

"Also, there are sales dues," he went on tenaciously. "Doubtless that is satisfactory."

"Such things must be," said I, airily, both to mollify him and, if possible, to shorten the catalogue, for his mood seemed best met by a show of sympathy.

"The sales dues go to my office, and, what I did not before mention, anchorage dues also. In all—" and he went on to name a sum that was truly astonishing, and I gulped, seeing that the purchase price bade fair to become a very oratorio, as it were.

"I should have expected—" I began, continuing to humor him; but he interrupted, putting up a hand to stop me, and observing that laws were wonderfully framed; said that each day's delay increased the expense. At that, I thought, his eye brightened.

"I have here the full details," he said a little solemnly as he opened a bundle of papers. "Would it please you to have them proved and a fair copy made?" He poured out a glass of wine with great care, then added, "I imagine that you would, in the interest of business."

"It would but unnecessarily add to the costs," said I; and at that he nodded sympathetically, and emptied his glass. Then, speaking quite calmly,

he told me that much as he loved me, he loved his country and her laws more, and could not, in the interests of friendship, deaden his patriotic conscience; so that it had been with grief most keen that only that morning he had ordered my horses impounded as security.

"Of course," said I, gulping very hard. But a sinister shadow had fallen about me, and my sense of cosmic humor became edgeless; yet our parting had every appearance of cordial friendliness.

§ 2

I had some difficulty in paying the *vigilante* who called about bedtime to collect the poundage fees and the cost of fodder, nor, considering the latter, could I but fail to be struck with the evidence of a voracious appetite that my horses seemed to have developed since their withdrawal from active service.

So, next morning, as I sat by the little round table and drank my coffee, I had within me something of the feeling of one to whom had come a king's magnificent gift, which I could in no way maintain, and it was with no friendly eye that I beheld my little ship riding at anchor.

Like a rift of sunshine, then Julio came, and he was gay and debonair and all in white, with a bright scarlet sash about his hips and a red rose at his coat lapel. I was a little startled, supposing him to have been in Valparaiso instead of in the Magellan country. Upon my so saying, he looked radiant, and said, "And I must return north soon," and bade me drink his health. So he went on to tell me things, as a man in love will do, singing the virtues of his sweetheart, a girl, as he said, tall and deep-chested, with soft, dark hair that lay low on her forehead; whose face was tanned and whose deep-set eyes were blue, and who was silent and self-possessed and of good family. His theme was *crescendo*, but he fell to a sudden *pianissimo* and said:

"We are to marry, and the day is set. I am here to settle up a few things."

I murmured congratulatory words, though I was very weary with his tale, and passed swiftly to matters of closer concern, telling him of my ship purchase and of my plight. He regarded the matter lightly; then, in his large and opulent way, said that it was all most fortunate.

"For," said he, "we are surrounded by coincidence. I have time to kill. You have a ship. We will settle these bills and cruise north. Up the channels, you know—Concepcion Strait, Tres Montes, Ancud, Valdivia, a mere thousand miles. Or, being in ill luck, we hail a passing steamer. Moreover, you may sell the boat at a gain. Fate favors us indeed."

He had hurried on, giving me no time to talk, and taking it for granted that all would fall out well. While I somewhat doubted, yet the way out looked fair to me. Still, I did not entirely assent without putting up some feeble defenses for him to knock down, such as the provisioning of the ship, the getting of two safe men by way of crew, and so on. But he brushed all aside, and, presently, we waited upon Captain Ruiz, who seemed glad to see us.

"Alas!" said he with great dignity, after all was paid and many papers signed, "I had no power to do otherwise for our excellent friend," indicating me with a little sweeping motion

of the hand in which he described a kind of recumbent "S" in the air. "It grieved me. Sleep I lost. In my heart lay grief and anxiety. Here my friend, there my country—a dilemma most vexing."

Though remembering the fifty-odd dollars still due me, I forbore to say anything, thinking that countercharges in the way of release expense might be imminent. Then it came out that we purposed to make the northern trip, and on our preparing to leave, Ruiz insisted that we should stay to a light meal, the more, he said, because the captain of the soldiers would be interested.

§ 3

There were nine or ten at the little supper, each representing some arm of government, and I find it hard to recall the main outline of things. The fact is that Ruiz kept the bottle moving in so lively a manner that my memory speedily became irregular. I have a dim impression of a long, low room, a revolving book-case, and some soldiers who seemed to appear from nowhere; but there is nothing very clear-cut. A man named José Maria Lopez detached himself from a haze presently, and I remember being aware of his steady, gray eye watching me, and I found that the company seemed to be expecting my assent to something.

Julio leaned forward and said quite gravely, "You assent, of course," and I raised myself into a sitting position; for I seemed to have been lounging very far back in my chair.

I got a clue next morning when Julio told me that the ship had been commandeered, and that we were to take José Maria Lopez and another down to Ooshia and deliver certain silver bars to a steamer. Indeed, most wonderfully, we had become involved in the Chilean civil war and were loyal Balmacedistas. In the meantime we were to pay all the expense and to be wonderfully rewarded when Montt was defeated.

"It 's no end muddle," Julio said. "Circumstances to be overthrown and all that kind of thing. Besides, she is of the Montt family. Obviously, something must be done. To go south would mean that I would not be on time for the wedding, and that is paramount. Day 's set, you see."

We were seated in the hollow of a sloping cliff, and at our feet was a great concave opening to the sea. Up the great green bowl, borne on a soft, cool wind, came the faint sound of the summer waves. Sunshine and silence, sea and sky, and the green earth. Julio had chosen the place for our talk, because there would be eyes and ears and tongues in town. Then he outlined his plan.

"But it 's absurd," I objected.

"So is life," he said. "It may seem supremely silly, this proposition of mine; but if you consider it, it is order in muddle. And the glory of laying the treasure at her feet! Think of it!"

"But what about the crew?" said I, still objecting.

"It is done already. Safe men—Bill Potter and Rip Nelson." Then he stopped suddenly, and I watched him, listening intently. "Say no more. Here comes José Maria Lopez himself. Mind you, he 's a decent fellow."

Lopez came down the slope, greeting us pleasantly enough, so we fell to talking of theaters, of the divine Sarah, of women and feasts, and, as we talked, idly pitched little pebbles down the slope.

So we started one day at noon, and there was a great fuss. The populace observed the day as a *fiesta*, and the town was flag-dressed. The band played patriotic airs, and there was a parade to the mole, where there were speeches, and the changes were rung upon all the familiar phrases of political oratory with flamboyant boastings and resonant sentences, and, in parenthesis as it were, queer mechanical bursts of applause. With all the paraphernalia of dignity the strong boxes containing the ingots were placed aboard, and the two officers followed. Then, anchor weighed and sails hoisted, the town fell away, and the hill behind vanished into blue haze; the shoreline straightened, and we were outward bound under a cloudless sky, with a breeze that was disagreeably chill to me. So we crouched as best we could in the narrow hatchway, and Lopez opened a bottle.

"To the health of Balmaceda, and success to *La Chilota* and the good cause!" he said; and arms stretched out and glasses clinked.

"To the good cause!" repeated Julio.

§ 4

Now, it took us two days to get to Axton Island, which is in altogether an opposite direction to Ooshia; but that neither José Maria Lopez nor his companion knew, for what with the cramped and crowded quarters, the battering and plunging of our little ship, and the intolerable air below, with the coarse food at the start, for they partook of nothing but a first meal, they were very seasick. Nor was I in much better case, poisoned as I was by too much idleness and eating and drinking ashore.

We dropped anchor in a little cove at the foot of high hills, although there was a gap in which the woods came down to the beach, almost in the manner of an evergreen shrubbery. Then our passengers came on deck, and, as they looked about them, very glad to see land, Potter, at a sign from Julio, slid the hatchway across the opening. That did not escape José Maria Lopez, who asked very pleasantly:

"Is it Ooshia?"

"No," said Julio, suavely. "You will pardon us in time, I trust. There are certain exigencies. You will do me the favor to land here."

"I do not understand," said Lopez.

Julio was all politeness.

"Will you be good enough to go ashore? Necessity demands. It is a quiet island, and it will be only a ten-day stay, for the *Gulf of Akaba* must touch here and anchor. They will take you off. It is true that there may be slight inconveniences, for which I am sorry; but doubtless you would rather suffer inconvenience than that a lady suffer mortification."

José Maria Lopez looked serious.

"But it is incredible," he said. "I had accepted as a fact our doing as was planned."

"One remembers the instability of accepted facts," said Julio. "There will be no inconvenience suffered by you that I can foresee or forestall. A tent will be erected. There will be provisions, blankets, all that can be necessary."

"As for the slight hardships, they are as nothing," said Lopez. "I am not unfamiliar with camp-life. But what you propose is unheard of."

"I regret what must be, but there is a matter that is imperative; nor do I see an alternative," said Julio.

There was a pause.

"And the silver—" began Lopez.

Julio laughed a little, very low.

"We will doubtless meet again, and I will account for it."

"You amuse yourself," said Lopez, sternly. "I should counsel greater care."

"Let us, then, drop the subject," said Julio. "It is not, in the main, a matter of money or of reward or of patriotism. I should have taken you south in honor, as you say; but there is a larger honor. A lady—the queen of a city—a day is appointed, and she must not sit sad on a rose-twined balcony because of the unseemly quarrel of two men. Further, her banner is the banner of Montt and not Balmaceda. And so, *basta!*" Then, immediately sorry for his brusqueness, he made apology.

"Then," said Lopez, "it would seem to me that a meeting—an encounter on the sands—" and stopped after flinging his half-finished challenge. Julio looked at him, whimsically, and made swift reply.

"That, señor, is your right, and I thank you. But it is now impossible. I trust the next time we meet—wherever it may be. But just now a greater honor must be sought."

"*De l'audace, et encore de l'audace,*" said Lopez. There was a change in his manner. He drew himself up proudly, and there was the Castilian air of mastery. "We wait, señor. Have your men prepare things for us."

So the amazing affair was settled, and five hours later we set sail again, and the little tent on the beach rapidly shrank to a white dot.

"Good riddance to them Dagoes," said Potter, but Julio curtly bade him hold his tongue.

Things went merrily, and we scudded through Mozier Channel before a half-gale. It was exhilarating to watch the foam-tipped waves and the slow, ever-changing picture of the mainland, with its black, jagged points, its cones of snow, its blue glaciers, and the strong, sweeping line of the Andes marked on a lurid sky. Later, massive clouds piled up against the dark blue, and across them black, ragged sheets of vapor were rapidly driven. Toward evening the skies became grayer, and thick clouds rolled down the mountain-sides like threatening wraiths, and there were distant thunderings.

§ 5

As we shaped our course to round Japan Point and I saw the waste of water ahead, my heart fell within me. Out to the west the spars of a great ship, laboring heavily, were outlined against a patch of angry sky, and the hull of her sank in mighty heaves. Yet she was not far distant, for our horizon was narrowly limited by the sheets of spray borne by the wind, and the sea itself was like a dreary, snow-patched plain, upheaved by hidden giants.

The gale catching us, we being out of the shelter of the island, a great sea broke, washing us from stem to stern, and everything movable went by the board. The *Chilota*, trembling at the shock of it, for a moment refused to obey her helm. A copper-colored cloud was rushing at us with amazing speed, and the wind smiting us with renewed fury, our little ship seemed to leap and bound from sea to sea. Then, as the sheltering headland of the outermost island fell away and the Andes sank, we staggered into a new fury,

where two winds battled, and there was a short, quick, angry sea, so that the waters were lashed into ungovernable fury. It was a sea of heaving, writhing, screaming demons who fought with demons of the air. A wave struck us like a battering-ram, and the ship heeled over, the foaming waters rushing up the deck, even to the foot of the masts.

Julio swung past me like a gymnast as I, with jaws fast clenched, hung to a stanchion, praying as cowards pray, and it cheered me in my utter misery to see him work his way aft to Potter at the wheel. I caught sight of Nelson at the mainsail halyards, and he had a knife and seemed to be motioning to me; but I was unable to move.

There came a wild, snapping sound and fierce slashings, and the world seemed to spin. The jib fluttered a moment, fluttered with cracks as loud as pistol-shots, then disappeared, and

a moment later we were climbing up lofty slopes, to slide, after a tense agony of doubt in a welter of frantic white, down into the depths, with the world hidden. And after us leaped monstrous black, roaring masses moving at a prodigious rate. Ages passed, ages of paralyzing expectation and fear. Then up loomed a mighty cliff whose head was shrouded in black—a waiting giant that roared. A lightning flash revealed the narrow strip of beach and the lashing white of rock-split wave.

A crash, a tearing sound, and a rending of timbers, and our boat was picked by an invisible hand, held a moment, and dropped. The shock of it tore me from my hold, and the masts and the splintered booms swept past me, and, stunned, breathless, crushed, I found myself jammed in the angle of the bows, with swift white waters all about. Sea after sea swept us, and the solid mass of each water-wall pressed me in my corner. Nor could I pierce the dense obscurity. Once I tried to work my way aft, for in my fear I needed fellowship, but was flung back savagely and with a vicious jerk.

Of a sudden it was easier. Things no longer bruised, and a peace filled me. How could it be? No noise. No buffetings. Then I was swimming somehow, and the dark was rent with sudden lightnings. Once came a flash of insufferable light, but I was swimming.

A dull shock awoke me, and it was pain to come to life—life, pain, and battle, whereas I had been at peace. Then, vividly, I knew that I was being dragged back, and at that dug my hands into the unstable sand. Yes. I had gained, but not enough, and must rest. And the black waters reached me again, reached and overwhelmed. Then came fury and fierce anger. This thing that tugged should not conquer. Should not! Should not!

Once I saw dimly, and, looking like a long, gray snake, the line of land above high water, and at that a great hunger for life seized me. Fierce then was desire—the desire for life and the firm land; but my legs were heavy and numb, and when I had almost touched the yellow sand, the sea demon dragged me. And then came the rock. It crawled to me, crawled up from the waters, and the crawl became a fierce rushing, so that it was as if it split the sea into a white froth to get at me. It struck me so that my body was bent about it, and though the sea fiend tugged and strained, it held me fast, and to feel the sharp-edged mussel-shells cut and stab was life and almost joy. It held me and bore me onward, onward and up the beach. Fast and secure it held me, and I loved it, clung to it. So came a breathing space. Then came the pursuing, tenacious wave again, then a lull. Now to dash on! No! Too late! Again a wave, this time flinging my coat about my head, so that I was almost smothered. Another lull and a fierce scramble, with foot braced against the protecting rock, and the yellow strip was gained. Then a new dash, and the sea demon scarcely touched me, though the breaking spray was like a hail-shower. And the world seemed to reach out a hand, so that I grasped something firm and lay awhile. And then my ears were opened, and I heard once more—heard the wild wind-wail and the cracking thunderings and the tumult of frenzied furies at war.

My whole body was vividly awake and my mind active, though I lay un-

able to move a finger. My brain was tortured with the burning idea of things to be done, huge tasks, vast problems. It seemed incumbent on me to keep a whole world of anxious faces alive, and I made frantic efforts, but was swept into a hollow void.

§ 6

The noise of a falling mass of earth and brush awoke me, and I found with vast astonishment that I was stretched out at the foot of a huge cliff, down which a man was clambering cautiously, but whom I failed to recognize as Julio for some moments. So I sat up to see the open gulf, the laughing sea, and a clear, unclouded sky streaked with filaments of silver. I threw myself flat again, for I was stiff and weary, but Julio urged me, and, on my refusal to rise, dragged me to my feet with convulsive force. Awhile he stood looking at me, biting his under lip. His expression, one of bewilderment, changed slowly.

"We may as well go," he said gently, laying a hand on my arm.

"Where?" I asked, quite dazed and a little angrily.

"North, of course," and there was a swift contraction of his brow "I came back for you. I walked over the ridge. The *Chilota's* gone. Probably got adrift on the tide."

"The devil!" said I, only partly comprehending. "But the others? Potter and Nelson."

His frown deepened as he made answer.

"Drowned," he said, and at that my brain reeled, and a vague fear possessed me. "Unlucky chap," Julio went on; "a good animal he was, Potter. But he lost less than he lost in life. Let 's go."

"And Nelson?" I asked weakly.

"Went overboard just before we struck," he said. "Both knew how to obey. Had you gone for'ard when he called, we might have made it. You did not respond. And the jib went."

He walked off as he spoke, and I followed mechanically, and nothing more was said for a long time. Coming to a little stream, he threw himself at full length on the ground, his feet in the water.

"We 're on an island," he said presently. "It 's Isla del Refugio. A couple of days more and we 'd have made Ancud. This island 's three miles from the mainland and uninhabited."

While the gloom had settled deeply on my spirit, yet what he said seemed to put a hopeful complexion on the matter, and some of my misery evaporated. Still, I was very faint and weary, and my tired feet were stiff, so that I limped. We struck inland across the island, and an hour's climb brought us to the ridge. Almost at our feet lay the strip of water that separated us from the mainland, and beyond that, at the end of a narrow bay, was what seemed to be a small house. So we descended the eastern side of the hill, and came to the narrowest part of the channel, where it must have been nearly two miles from shore to shore. I was deeply discouraged and spoke of the distance. He said it was well it was no worse.

"What troubles me," he went on, "is that there is so narrow a margin to prepare for the wedding, and, besides, I want to be at the ball if possible. Her ball." At that I was well nigh dumb with amazement. Then he turned on me sharply. "You swim well enough, of course."

"Yes," said I.

"You were washing around in the surf last night. I gave you a hand," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "Anyway, when it is low water, the distance will be less." At that he hollowed out a place in the dry sand under the lee of a rock, and prepared to sleep. Presently, with closed eyes, he said, "If you can't manage it, I 'll see that help comes to you," but to that I made no answer.

Aching and trembling in every limb, not so much with physical suffering as a kind of inward fever, I tried to compose myself, but in vain. So it was in a semi-unconscious state that I passed the hours, my body but slowly recovering from the strain it had endured, until the dusk of the evening came, and the black rocks showed the fallen tide. Mightily though I tried to steel myself, things that were trifles in themselves assumed a vast importance. The cold chill on entering the water, the probable strength of the tide, the unknown things that might befall on the other side, if indeed it should be reached—these things loomed fearsomely.

"On!" said Julio, leaping to his feet and preparing to take off his clothes, seeing which a new fear assailed me; for that I must land well nigh naked on a strange shore had not occurred to me. I had to hurry matters, to drag off my boots, to tear at my coat, to rush down the bank swiftly and plunge in to outrace my fears.

Thanks to the turn of the tide, we made the farther shore in better condition than I had dared to hope. Merely to touch the grass after the experience was intense delight. I said something of the sort, and Julio made remark to the effect that a mere dog or a Tierra del Fuegian savage did similar things every day. That annoyed me much.

It was a good half-mile to the little house, and, weary as we were, it was an exhausting effort. Only once we sat down, but immediately got up and struggled on. Short though the distance, it was an hour's weary work to compass it over the loose sand, for we kept to the water's edge, our feet, cut and blistered, shrinking at the grass. Now and then disturbed water-fowl set up a noise, but otherwise all was quiet.

The sorry house was a one-roomed affair of corrugated iron and a floor of beaten earth. Its owner, a hairy, bearded man, was a Chilean shepherd whose lonely life had set its mark on his face. I knew the sort, and knew the pity and derision with which they were regarded. Though startled at our appearance and plight, he did what he could for our comfort, bustling about in bare feet and drawers to kindle a fire and prepare a meal of boiling hot coffee and fried mutton. After the meal we sat naked before the stove, fired to a cherry red, while our shirts and trousers dried. There was desultory talk, and it came out that the shepherd had a small boat with mainsail and jib, and Julio was all for borrowing it; but no persuasion could make the fellow part with it. Indeed, the very notion of putting to sea in such a craft seemed to terrify him, for he had only used it on the bay for fishing purposes. I made some appeal to him, promising much in payment in good time, but I seemed to see a threat of latent anger in his face, and when I had finished, he roared out a refusal, swearing by the Virgin that nothing could move him, and his voice was a voice to shake the hills.

"You must not howl like a wild

beast," said Julio. "Without that your refusal is annoying. How am I to get to Ancud without a boat? I have an engagement."

"What care I for your Ancuds?" was the reply, and the shepherd grinned and regarded us sidelong, his beard on his shoulder. Then, without more ado, threw himself on his bed, pulled the blankets close about him, and said no more. At that, our clothes being dry, we dressed, piled sheepskins on the floor, and slept soundly enough.

Again in the morning I tried to soften his flinty heart, but without success.

"It is unfortunate," said Julio as we sat at table, "but my affairs are pressing. It is an affair of the most ultimate and a promise to a lady. I must reach Ancud to take steamer from there north, and obviously I cannot fly. So I must have your boat whether you please or not. Further, the boat must be provisioned, and we must have something in the way of clothes and blankets. There is no more to be said. So you may prepare the boat. In time you will be well repaid, as my companion has said."

"Then," said the shepherd, blandly, "if you talk thus, you talk as a robber and a thief; for I will in no wise sell, nor will I lend."

"*Amigo mio,*" Julio said almost kindly, "much as I regret the necessity, yet it is imperative. True, you cannot comprehend, for to you there is no completeness, no system, no organization in all this. Nor, I fear, will explanations suffice. Of such spirit was Domingo, who for silver delivered up Juan Moreira to his enemies. Still, if you hope to dissuade us, let that hope die. And so, *Basta!*"

Certainly, for a moment, the shepherd was filled with inexpressible bitterness, and he twisted his beard and chewed the end of it, but the mood soon passed, and there was a note of both resignation and defiance in his tone as he made reply, saying, "Only once does a man die." The native dullness of him disappeared, and his eyes grew astonishingly bright and piercing, and there was a peculiar air of softness and determination in him as he sat cross-legged like a Chinese idol on his doorstep, facing us.

"Now that," broke in Julio, emphatically, "is what I like," and, so saying, he took a turn or two about the little room, then stood, his feet a little apart and with his hands on his hips. "A man after my own heart are you. So hear what I have to say, and bear in mind, too, that it is in strict confidence and as one man of courage to another."

Then there was sheer brute lying, picturesque lying, dramatic lying. A story was told of crime, and a vein of sentimentality woven into it, for, as Julio always held, if cant is but added to crime, the crime seems lessened in the eyes of the ignorant. Yet what was told all seemed lucid and simple. There were patches taken boldly from the lives of criminals; there were pickings and stealings from the romances of *Juan Moreira,* of *Robin Hood,* of *Dick Turpin,* of *Cartouche,* of *Jack Sheppard,* of *Captain Kidd,* of *Jesse James.* There was a touching story of a brutal governor "over there," a ravished home, an abducted sister, a mythical father dying in defense of some wrong, and all subsequent misfortunes seemed to depend upon that. Always Julio was the suffering hero, and I, the faithful servitor, was often called on for confirmation. Somewhere, too,

was indicated an indistinct figure, one of high family, a charming and cultivated youth who loved to distraction a shepherd's daughter, and while apparently the evil machinations of a government official had resulted in the outlawing of Julio, yet his great sense of rectitude, he said, impelled him, and, in virtue of a great oath, an oath worth the oath of twelve men, he must do the task that lay before him.

At the beginning of the tale the shepherd looked bewildered, but, as it went on, he sat open-mouthed, sometimes ticking off on his fingers the catalogue of crime of this character or of that, and as the history proceeded, he rose to his feet facing Julio, and looked at him with unmoving eyes, his face pained and wrinkled.

"By Santa Maria!" he then said, crossing himself, "your pardon, señor. Henceforth I am with you. A marvelous tale is this that you have told. And now, though dangers befall, I stand henceforth with you; for we must see this to an end. The boat will hold the three of us, the saints protecting."

"Brave heart!" said Julio, kissing him. "No stouter friend or follower could I wish. But greater things I ask of you. Well is it said, wisely, too, that whoso waits, also serves. It is indeed the greater task. Our pursuers follow close, and you alone can put them off the track."

"As you will," said the honest soul, thoughtfully, but with a fallen countenance. For a brief moment he hesitated, struggling with himself, then, his voice cracking with indignation, he showered curses on all governments, on all officials, on all authorities everywhere, swearing by his patron saint that the house and all it held were ours. Then followed some talk of high principles and abstract theories, of an aristocratic society in conspiracy against the poor, of guilty thieves in high places, of uniformed despots and rascally governors, and of masters who stripped men of their dignity.

All that morning the shepherd helped us good-naturedly, meanwhile laboriously explaining his motives, and soon, provisioned and clothed, with water aboard, we hoisted the little sail, which a gentle breeze filled, and after the misery, the excitement, and the exertion of the last few days, it was intense rest for both body and mind. The listless waves lapping at our bows made silvery music, and the slender filaments of white cloud and the rise and fall of the little boat as it rode the wavelets lulled me to unconsciousness, so that while physically awake, I mentally slumbered. The shore was a dozen miles behind, a blue cloud indeed, before I took the tiller, and Julio stretched himself out and dropped asleep as if he had been dead.

The night was soft and warm, and the southwest breeze moved us rapidly, nor was there change the next day; but at dusk, when the southern headland of Chiloe Island, all wooded to its ridge, rose against the sky, we saw, headed our way, a small bark. She burst upon us suddenly, a living thing of grace, standing against a sky of blue and green and purple, over which the setting sun had laid a light gold, and she moved along a rose-tinted path, a path that was a sheen of light. The black hull glistened, and at her bow was a thin line of moving silver that curved like a plume.

We hailed her, and were taken aboard.

§ 7

At Concepcion—for we were there in a couple of days—I told Julio that his frailty was fastidiousness. There was reason, too, for he insisted on going from the dock to the Hotel Londres in a barouche, and, being where he could have his checks honored, kept bell-boys, servants, valets, and messengers on the move.

He talked as he tried the effect of different ties, standing before the cheval-glass.

"It is not fastidiousness," he said. "I have a profound dislike to being interfered with. Not necessarily people, but chance things, odd things, a tricksy fate, a *spottgeist.*" Then he went off into absurdities. "These annoying obstacles, now—shipwreck incidents, objecting shepherds, and so on. The fact that we are here in time for the ball is most interesting, and the moral is simple when you come to look at it. Of course there 's a certain amount of tosh about ethics of conduct. Really, one helps himself, and everyone helps him. One must avoid the appearance of weakness and know when enslavement begins. But, Carlos, *amigo mio,* I rant."

He regarded me with an air of critical proprietorship.

"Dress suit becomes you better than that cross between Buffalo Bill and Walt Whitman that you affected down south. You may as well stick around

in the city a little and enjoy things. We 'll have a few functions to get the right kind together, though of course, after we are married, it will have to be Europe for a time, I suppose. That silver business went wrong, and might look awkward if it came out. José Maria Lopez is a good chap, and it 's too bad that he had to be discommoded. I like him."

We sat and smoked then, and from the palm-garden there floated up through the open window the music of harps borne on the merest whisper of the summer air, and, bending over, I saw the host of well clad men and women, heard the soft confusion of conversation and the ripple of laughter, and it carried me back to another garden, where I walked with a companion, and I felt again the thrill of inexpressible delight when her soft, warm lips met mine.

"Give me the pampas and the free life," I lied, for I was very comfortable.

"*Chacun à son goût,*" he replied, with a shrug. "For me the finer things, the sunshine, love, music, pleasure, and nights all silver and dark blue and silent. I want to live forever."

"Sentimentalist!" said I.

"Calvinist!" he retorted.

§ 8

The scene in the ball-room, the very uselessness, the superb superfluity of it, all took my fancy. We had not stood many moments when a young man in uniform, a fellow with the air of a fine, slender harrier, saluted Julio in a plangent tenor: "Ah, Julio, we began to fear you would not come." That was our welcome and our passport. So there were introductions and engagements, and I found myself dancing with a girl with olive complexion and large blue eyes, a pair of soft, parted lips, and dazzling teeth. And music, incredible music, golden music, came from behind a screen of ferns—music of rich, dark colors, fine-spun webs of tone; music so glorious and faint that I shivered as I recalled the harshness of accordian and the raucous voices of the pampa and the *boliche*. She took me to her mother, a blond, loquacious, welcoming elderly lady, who greeted me with warmth and made me sit by her side; then, discovering that I was a friend of Julio, told me that he was superb, and began questioning me as to our recent doings, rapping me with her fan the while.

So, with new friends, I forgot Julio until nearly midnight, when I caught sight of him dancing with his love. I was following them with interest when the young officer who had first greeted us beckoned to me very courteously and asked the indulgence of a private word. So we withdrew into the conservatory, where he led me to a palm-hidden corner. There was a seriousness in his tone that hurt me like cold steel.

"It seems," he said, in answer to my inquiry, and with a solemnity altogether out of keeping with the surroundings, "that you are of good family, though things have happened that are most unfortunate."

Puzzled and perplexed, for having seen Julio only five minutes before, it seemed impossible that he could be concerned, I begged for particulars, to learn that not only was José Maria Lopez in town, but also at the ball, and that he and Julio had met. Indeed, they had come together, each begging the favor of a dance from the same lady, but, "happily neither had permit-

ted the señorita to guess that anything untoward was afoot." But the dance being ended, they had again met, and severe things had been said, which Julio resented, and a challenge had followed.

"A challenge?" said I, amazed.

"A duel," was the reply. "And to-night."

Then my mind leaped to conclusions. I saw the significance of things, the prospect of arrest and disgrace, a charge of piracy, perhaps, but certainly of treason. So it was with a strange sense of vagueness that I went about that which I had to do, under the direction of my fellow-second, who seemed strangely businesslike. I found myself in the garden, and there was a thin moon, and the bushes were turned to black velvet, and there was a careful pulling of blades of grass to signify weapons, rapiers or *facones*. I shuddered that the *facon* had fallen out to be the weapon, for the terrible long knife, keen and lithe, seemed peculiarly hateful. It was incredible that so sickening a business should come to pass while the diamonds of the Southern Cross blazed overhead, and while the perfumed air throbbed with unseen music. But the two men, still in their evening attire, seemed unconcerned.

"Sorry I got you into this, Carlos," said Julio. "Very silly, you know; but it must be faced."

I could say nothing, but I heard very plainly the music of harp and violin, and a girl's golden laugh rippling somewhere, and from out in the harbor the diapason of a steamer's horn.

As each divested himself of his coat and wrapped it about his left arm by way of guard, I was impelled to rush in and stop the fantastic business. A moment later I did not consciously breathe. Warily, half-crouched, each as lithe as a cat, they circled about each other. Lopez made a slashing cut, and Julio leaped aside. Again Lopez slashed, and Julio parried his blow. Harder then he pressed, movements incredibly swift, and Julio but barely escaped, only preventing a cut at his neck by catching the blow on his enwrapped left arm. But Lopez pushed on, and at a moment the snake-like blade of Julio touched him, so that his jaw-bone and teeth were bared in all their hideousness. In his agony of pain he whirled in the air, and Julio, seeing the bloody business, flung his knife to the ground.

"God! Lopez, forgive me!" he said, and stepped forward, hands outstretched. But Lopez, his senses fled, saw nothing, heard nothing. His scream was a scream of agony, and his rush the rush of a mad tiger. Straight at Julio he leaped, while his second ran forward to stop him. By an inch Julio missed the blade, and I saw him grasp the sword hand of Lopez in both of his. But of that Lopez knew nothing. Fiercely he dragged back the knife, dragged it through Julio's bare hands, who, faint with the pain and the horror of it, fell to his knees. Again Lopez rushed and leaped. I saw Julio, with his bleeding hands pressed to the cool grass, his face upturned, and when I looked again, my friend was prone, his body a sheath for the other's knife, and Lopez, moaning most terribly, as a shadow among the shrubbery.

A Hind in Richmond Park

By W. H. Hudson, *Author of* "Green Mansions," *etc.*

Occasionally when in London I visit Richmond Park to refresh myself with its woods and waters, abounding in wild life, and its wide stretches of grass and bracken. It is the bird life that attracts me most, for it is a varied one, although near to the metropolis, and there are here at least two of England's few remaining great birds, the great crested grebe and the heron. The mammals are of less account, but I have met here with at least two adventures with the red deer that are worth recording. Stags are aloof and dignified, if not hostile, in their manner, which prevents one from becoming intimate with them. When walking alone late on a misty October or November evening I listen to their roaring and restrain my curiosity. A strange and formidable sound. Is it a love-chant or a battle-cry?

One afternoon in late summer I was walking with three ladies among the scattered oak-trees near the Pen Ponds when we saw a hind, a big beautiful beast, rearing up in her efforts to reach the fully ripe acorns; and on my plucking a few and holding them out to her, she came readily to take them from my hand. She invariably took the acorn with a sudden violent jerk; not that she was alarmed or suspicious, but simply because it was the only way known to a hind to take an acorn from the branch to which it is attached with a very tough stem. To her mind the acorn had to be wrenched from me. My friends also gave her acorns, and she greedily devoured them all and still asked for more.

While we were amusing ourselves in this way, two ladies, accompanied by a little girl of about eight or nine, came up, and looked on with delight at our doings. Presently the little girl cried out, "Oh, mother, may I give it an acorn?" And the mother said, "No." But I said, "Oh, yes; come along and take this one and hold it out to the deer." She took it from me gladly and held it out as directed. Then a sudden change came over the temper of the animal. Instead of taking it readily, she drew back, looking startled and angry; then slowly, as if suspiciously, approached the child and took the acorn, and almost at the same instant sprang clear over the child's head, and, on coming down on the other side, struck violently out with her hind feet. One hoof grazed the child's cheek and dealt her a sharp blow on the shoulder. Then it trotted away, leaving the child screaming with pain and fright.

For a few minutes I was amazed at this action of the hind; then I noticed for the first time that the child was wearing a bright red jacket. "Oh, unseeing fool that I am," exclaimed I to myself, "not to have noticed that red jacket in time!" I think my hurt was as great as that of the child, who recovered presently and was duly warned by her mother to feed no more deer.

I have seen the effect of scarlet on various other animals, but never before on deer. It affects animals as a warning or a challenge according to their disposition, and if they are of a fiery or savage temper, it is apt to put them in a rage.

In the other adventure with a hind there was no sensational or surprising element, but it interested me even more than the first. Seeing a hind lying under an oak-tree, chewing her cud, I drew quietly toward her and sat down at the roots of another tree about twenty yards from her. She was not disturbed at my approach, and as soon as I had settled quietly down, the suspended, vigorous cud-chewing was resumed, and her ears, which had risen up and then were thrown backward, were directed forward toward a wood about two hundred yards away. I was directly behind her, so that, with her head in a horizontal position and the large ears above the eyes, she could not see me at all. She was not concerned about me; she was wholly occupied with the wood and the sounds that came to her from it, which my less acute hearing failed to catch.

Undoubtedly, the sounds she was listening to were important or interesting to her. On turning my binocular on her, so as to bring her within a yard of my vision, I could see that there was a constant succession of small movements which told their tale: a sudden suspension of the cud-chewing, a stiffening of the forward-pointing ears, or a slight change in their direction; little tremors that passed over the whole body, alternately lifting and depressing the hairs of the back—all of which went to show that she was experiencing a continual succession of little thrills. And the sounds that caused them were no doubt just those which we may hear any summer day in any thick wood with an undergrowth: the snapping of a twig, the rustle of leaves, the *pink-pink* of a startled chaffinch, the chuckle of a blackbird, or sharp, quivering little alarm-notes of robin or wren, and twenty other sounds besides.

It was evident that the deer could not see anything except just what I saw—the close wood two hundred yards away from us on the other side of a grassy expanse; nor did she require to see anything. She was living in and knew the exact meaning of each and every sound. She was like a dog, as we are accustomed to see it in repose, lying down, with chin on paws, seemingly dozing, but awake in a world of its own, as we may note by the perpetual twitching of the nose. He is receiving a constant succession of messages, and albeit some are cryptic, they mostly tell him something he understands and in which he takes a keen interest. And they all come to him by one avenue—that of smell; for when we look closely at him, we see that his eyes, often half closed and blinking, have that appearance of blindness or of not seeing consciously which is familiar to us in a man whose sight is turned inward, who is thinking, and is so absorbed in his thoughts that the visible world becomes invisible to him. The dimmed eye in the reposing dog and the absent-minded philosopher is in both cases due to the fact that vision is not wanted for the time and has been put aside. The resting, but wakeful, deer and dog differ only in this, that the first is living in a bath of vibrations, the other of emanations.

To return to our listening hind. The sounds that held her attention were inaudible to me, but I dare say

that a primitive man or pure savage who had existed all his life in a state of nature in a woodland district would have been able to hear them, although not so well as the hind, on account of the difference in the structure of the outer ear in the two species. But what significance could these same little woodland sounds have in the life of this creature in its present guarded, semi-domestic condition—a condition in which the herd has existed for generations? It is nothing but a survival, the perpetual alertness and acute senses of the wild animal, which are no longer necessary, though still active and shining, not dimmed or rusted or obsolete as in our domestic cattle, which have been guarded by man since Neolithic times. But, as I have seen on the Argentine pampas, these qualities and instincts, dormant for thousands of years, revive and recover their old power when cattle are allowed to run wild and have to protect themselves from their enemies.

§ 2

A lifelong intimacy with animals has got me out of the common notion that they are automata with a slight infusion of intelligence in their composition. The mind in beast and bird, as in man, is the main thing to me. Man has progressed mentally so far that, looking back at the other creatures, they appear virtually mindless to him. Their actions, for example, are instinctive, whereas in the case of man reason has taken the place of instinct. How funny it is to find these hard and fast lines still set down by some modern biologists! Alfred Russel Wallace maintained that there were no instincts in man. The simple truth of the matter is that our instincts have been more modified and obscured, as instincts, in us than in the lower animals. But though the instincts of animals are less modified and obscured, they are also interwoven and shot through or saturated with intelligence. In what do the ordinary occupations of hunting, fishing, shelter-building, rearing and protecting the young, and so on differ in the animal and the savage or primitive man? There is mind stuff, or, let us say, intelligence in both; neither beast nor man could exist without that element, although, no doubt, the man in a state of nature has somewhat more of it than his four-footed neighbors.

My only reason for touching on this question is that I want to say that I recognize a mind life in animals similar to, though much lower in degree, than that of man. And the subject was suggested by the behavior of the hind during the whole time, which was not far short of an hour, while I sat there intently watching her with interest and with surprise as well. And the surprise was at the intense interest she, on her part, was taking in the little sounds coming to her from the wood. These sounds, as we have seen, were of no import in the creature's life. It can even be said or supposed that she knew they were without significance, since there was no fear of any danger from that direction; and so wholly free from fear was she that even my presence at the tree's root behind her was disregarded. Surely thus in her listening she was experiencing a sort of mind life, amusing herself, we might say, in capturing and identifying the series of slight sounds floating to her. Or one might compare the animal in that state in which I watched her, resting after feeding, chewing the cud,

and at the same time agreeably occupied in listening to the little woodland sounds, to the man who, after dining well, smokes his cigar in his easy-chair and amuses his mind at the same time with a book—a fascinating story, let us say, of

> "Old unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago."

The last paragraph is pure speculation, and if any sober-minded naturalist (and they are virtually all that) has already said in reading it, "You are going too far," I agree with him. The poet Donne has said that there are times when we, or some of us, think with our bodies, and it is truer of the lower animals than of us, perhaps; but the small outward manifestations are not enough to show us the mind, and the gentleman in his easy-chair, smoking his postprandial cigar and enjoying his novel at the same time, may be on a very different plane from the deer chewing its cud and catching little flying sounds in its trumpet ears, or from the dog dozing in the sunshine and capturing winged scents, even as the garden spider, while peacefully reposing, captures small gilded flies in her geometric web.

But what follows is plain fact. This same hind gave me yet another surprise before I had finished with her. After sitting there for a space of fifteen or twenty minutes, sufficiently entertained by watching all those minute motions I have described, it came into my head to try a little experience, and I emitted a low whistle. Instantly the ears, which had been pointed forward all the time, were thrown back, and remained in that position about a minute; then, no further sound being given, they went forward again. Then the whistle was repeated, and the ears came back and remained a longer interval, but finally went forward again; and the whistle and movement of the ears was repeated five or six times. Then came the surprise. When I whistled next time, one was laid back while the other continued pointing forward at the wood. It was as if the hind had said, for she no doubt knew the whistling came from me, "I 'm not going to be cheated out of my woodland sounds any more; I shall keep on attending to them, and at the same time keep one ear on you to find out what this whistling means."

The surprise was that she was able to do such a thing. I had not known that an animal with trumpet ears could use them in that way, receiving impressions from two sources, taken in and judged separately and simultaneously, as a bird receives sight impressions through the eyes, placed, as in most birds, at the sides of the head, each with its own distinct field of vision. Or as the chameleon, with eyes mounted on rods, is able to keep one eye on the movements of an insect in its neighborhood, while the other looks at some other object.

I soon found that by refusing to whistle as long as an ear pointed back at me, it would at last go forward once more to assist the other; and when this happened, and I then whistled again, the one ear—always the left ear—was instantly thrown back again, the other always keeping steadily on the wood.

This went on until the hind got up, shook the dust and dead leaves off, and slowly sauntered away without even a parting look at the person who had interfered with her pleasure by behaving in that eccentric manner. But she had taught me much. Did the

hind, I wonder, with its beautiful trumpet ears suggest the ear-trumpet? Watching how this deer moved her pair of live trumpets about to catch passing sounds, it amused me to recall an old lady I used to see in a Hampshire village church who sat in a pew before mine during the Sunday morning services, and the deft way in which she manipulated her trumpet to capture the preacher's precious wingèd words. His manner in preaching was curious, if not unique. He would begin each sentence in a quiet natural tone, then raise his voice, then higher still, then let it drop back to the opening tone. Thus there were four changes in tone fitted to the four clauses composing each sentence, and there were also four bodily attitudes and movements to correspond. Thus the first clause was delivered standing in a stooping attitude, the eyes fixed on the manuscript. In the second he rose to his full height and fixed his eyes on his congregation. In the third the upward movement culminated by the preacher standing up on his toes, supporting himself by placing his finger-tips on the pulpit, and then having launched the words of clause three in his most powerful tones, he would sink back to the lower attitude, downward bent eyes and low voice. The difference in the man's height when he delivered clauses three and four must have been about nine inches, which would of course make a very great difference in listening to the sermon by a person hard of hearing. There the old lady's ear-trumpet came in. There were four changes in its direction for each sentence, from the first and last, when it was directed straight before her, to the second and third, when it rose, automatically as it seemed, and at the third it would appear like a crest above her head.

I was told, if I remember rightly, that he had been vicar above a quarter of a century and had always preached in just that way, and that the old lady had attended the church for many years with her ear-trumpet; long practice had made her so perfect in its use in following the sermon through all the preacher's bobbings up and down, that she could almost do it with her eyes shut and never miss a word.

§ 3

The subject of the hind and her ears set me thinking about the outer ears in man, and how they compare with those of other mammals, especially with the trumpet ear.

The ears in primitive men were free, hinged, not nailed, to the head, but never so free as in the deer, horse, and many other animals, which are able to point forward, backward, and sidewise. They were built on a different principle, though it may puzzle us to know why a long, narrow head, as in the horse, or a broad head, as in foxes and other animals, should have ears placed like pinnacles on the top, while man's are against the sides of the head. One can only say that it is so because they grew so, or they happened by chance to come in that position.

The ears in early man were also undoubtedly very much bigger than ours; and by ours I mean the ears of the refined, cultivated races of man, the higher classes, who with little "shell-like" ears flat against the head always exist side by side with those of a less improved type, who have big ears standing out, and their correlatives, big hands and feet. I dare say the Palæolithic man's auricle was about

the bigness of a tea-cup half-saucer, and being hinged, it could lie back flat against his head when listening to sounds from the sides or the rear; or, as in other mammals, to express anger. The other movement was forward; it could stand out, as in the elephant, at right angles to the head to catch sounds coming from the front. Judging from the position of the ears in new-born babies, one might suppose that the ears ordinarily stood out from the head like the two opposite handles of a round pot.

No doubt there have been instances of atavism in the human ear observed from time to time, just as in the case of the twitching-muscle. There are those who have this twitching power all over the head instead of in the forehead and muscles of the face only; so vigorous is it in some instances that the man is able to throw or shake off his hat by a sudden violent movement of the head-muscles, like that of a dog shaking himself. I also suppose that primitive man had the teeth-gnashing faculty, as I have known one man who had it as powerfully as it exists in the dog, peccaries and pigs of all kinds, and other fierce mammals. This man was a Spanish Basque, a workman, and as he was musically inclined, he had utilized his wonderfully strong teeth and teeth-gnashing faculty by turning his mouth into a musical instrument. Planting an elbow on the table and resting his chin on his hand, he would start the performance, and go through a number of marches and martial airs far in advance, as music, of any performance on the bones I have ever listened to; and while the teeth were grinding, rattling, and crashing together, the lips were rapidly moving to soften, deaden, and louden the sounds. It was an astonishing kind of music, but not agreeable to me on account of an apprehension I felt that at any loud crash or finale the teeth would fly into pieces all over the room, like two large china vases brought violently into collision.

We know that the earliest man who has left traces of his life and mind in the holes he inhabited was an artist, that with rock and bone to work on he was able to express the sense of beauty and wonder in him, and to leave pictures of the wild life of his day, deer and mastodon and wild horse in flight, which move the admiration of the ameliorated man of over a hundred centuries later. Doubtless he had his music, too, his composers, and "instruments of unremembered forms," and it is highly probable that, like my friend the Basque, he used his large powerful teeth and the teeth-gnashing faculty in his winter evening concerts, when the family sat round the fire in Wookey Hole or Kent Cave or King Arthur's Cave and other dens where they had their homes and hearths.

I have never come across any one with a free or movable ear, but I once met a man who, when conversing with another person sitting by him or walking in the street, would always draw down the upper part of the ear on the other side of the head and hitch the curve of the top lobe over the lobe at the bottom, thus closing the passage to sound from one side.

The question I am concerned with just now is to what extent does the outer ear in its present condition, glued to the head and diminishing in size, help our hearing? Some physiologists have said that it helps us not at all; that but for the look of the thing, we should be just as well off if

our ears were all removed in infancy.

The light of nature or experience shows us that it is not so; that when we listen intently to sounds difficult to catch we almost instinctively put up a finger and push the ear a little forward; and it is possible the movement *is* instinctive and dates back to the far time when the ear began to lose its freedom of motion. Thus, in "Adventures of an Atom," we read: "Soon as Gotto-mio stood up every spectator raised his thumb to his ear as if it were instinctively," a good observation worth rescuing from the dullest as well as the obscenest "classic" in the language. We have also the habit of holding an open hand behind the ear when listening. The hand, thus held open, and the fingers curved forward to make a hollow pan, is a substitute for the primitive ear, when it was swung forward to listen to sounds from the front. It would not be difficult to ascertain by experiments just how far the outer ear does help us in the hearing. Thus the ear could be done away with by sinking it in and covering it smoothly over with wax, leaving the passage free. And it would perhaps be an agreeable experience to face the wind for the first time in this virtually earless condition, to find that it had lost its sound, though still possessed of its full fury.

The noisiness of the wind when it blows in our face is a defect in us. Has it not been made so or aggravated owing to the ear having become fixed? Our ears, which we are incapable of moving at will, are like the iron guttering, the loose tiles, the slates, and the weathercock on the roof of some high exposed house on a windy coast. The wind beats unceasingly on the exposed roof with a succession of blasts or waves which vary in length and violence, causing all the loose parts to vibrate into sound. And the sounds are hissing, whispering, whistling, muttering, and murmuring, whining, wailing, howling, shrieking—all the inarticulate sounds uttered by man and beast in states of intense excitement, grief, terror, rage, and what not. And as they sink and swell and are prolonged or shattered into convulsive sobs and moans, and overlap and interwave, acute and shrill and piercing and deep and low, all together forming a sort of harmony, it seems to express the whole ancient dreadful tragedy of man on earth—man and the noble, intelligent brutes he warred and preyed on—a story told in a symphony by some unearthly Tschaikovsky or wandering spirit of the air, so fascinating that one can lie awake long hours listening to it, as I have on many nights in rough winter weather.

But there is no fascination in the noises made by the wind in our ears when it beats upon the loose cartilaginous slates and tiles and gutters attached to our heads and sets them vibrating. It is a pure annoyance, a *flap-flapping* as of flags; murmurings and rumblings mixed with sibilant sounds; also a good deal of thunder. It hinders hearing, and to get rid of it we turn the head aside.

I take it that all animals with large ears are in some degree subject to this annoyance. It could not be otherwise, since their ears must vibrate in the wind like ours, and more than ours, and so create sound; but I also think that they are able to minimize the annoyance by slight voluntary, or perhaps automatic, movements of the ears to change the angle at which the wind strikes them.

Epilogue in a Puppet Show

By J. D. Beresford

Drawings by Tony Sarg

Mr. Punch thoughtfully scratched his head with his stick and stared philosophically at the four limp corpses in front of him.

"People may blame me," he reflected, "but what else could I have done? It is not as if these creatures had any real existence outside my own imagination. And surely I may be permitted to change my mind?

"Here, for instance, is all that remains of my idea of Judy. Once she was my notion of a wife—a notion that I cherished as long as could reasonably be expected from a person of my imagination. She was a romantic conception, I am afraid, but for a time amusing. But I am too versatile to take delight for long in any one type of dream. The changes are too few, and as they become familiar, they begin to weary me. A man cannot live on a perpetual diet of sugar and cream. And Judy—well, it may have been in part my fault, but it seems to me now that the sugar lost its sweetness and the cream turned sour. No doubt my palate was cloyed.

"But why do I speak in this metaphor? These creatures are those of the imagination, to whose command all the senses are but slaves. And it was not the senses that tired, but their master. We artists—"

Mr. Punch paused, gave his cap a slight rake, and, grounding the end of his stick on the floor, leaned one elbow on the top of it and crossed his legs.

"We artists," he repeated, rolling his eyes, "can live only by variety. The new idea enthralls us for a time, but for that very reason we all too soon exhaust it.

"Yet, God help me, what beautiful ideas have been mine!"

He glanced thoughtfully at the

drooping outline of the constable as he continued:

"That idea of justice, now. What an exquisite conception it once appeared, and how trite it has become! I made the common mistake, I see, in the attempt to universalize it. Universal justice! A magnificent idea, but in practice the thing is impossible, because your theory has to be administered by the lesser minds, dressed in a little brief authority.

"We give them a uniform," Mr. Punch went on after an interval of ecstatic contemplation, gently thudding the corpse of the constable with his stick as he spoke—"we give them a uniform to show that they are the slaves of an idea. They learn by rote and act by habit; and so it is that the essence of the idea is squandered. For we others have passed on, and have no longer the inclination to renew it. To us comes the moment and the conception. We make the religion and the law, and leave the lesser minds to their practice, which little by little falls steadily below the level of our inspiration until the last breath of it is dispersed.

"But it is better so, for their automatism is the means of change. I regret none of my killings. Once the thought has been crystallized into expression, it must inevitably die inch by gradual inch. And if I had clung to these old notions of mine, I, too, would have suffered a slow paralysis."

And with a sudden fury, Mr. Punch began violently to belabor the dull body of the constable.

"Oh, dead beyond any hope of recovery," he remarked presently, wiping the sweat from his hands on Judy's skirt. "We can no longer abide this foolish pretense of human justice. It reeks of the Sunday-school and the solemn inanities of the law-courts. It is a cloak for humbug and a defense against the greed of the disinherited. I will rid my mind of it, and walk abroad once more a free man.

"And with it goes, also, this foolish idea of retribution, this black menace of punishment decreed by some supernal judge.

"Lord! that I should have spent my youth in terror, bowed under the threat of that idea! Yet I reverenced it. Even now I can see that it touches the superb. Without it, tragedy becomes but a poor, mechanical thing, a mere invention.

"But you, also, my friend," Mr. Punch continued, thoughtfully prodding the ribs of the flaccid executioner, "are revealed to me at last as no more than an invention on a higher plane of thought. Higher than mortal justice you were, because you represented the poetic inevitable. You, in your mask and sable, were the enigmatical emissary of the unseen gods, the unescapable monitor, the final sentence of doom, and, incidentally, a great begetter of proverbs. None could avoid you in the end. You were death on earth and hell in eternity. And by anything that is greater than I, I am well rid of you, oh, last of the manacles!"

For some time after he had concluded this speech Mr. Punch leaned on his stick and meditated profoundly. Then rousing himself, he glanced suspiciously at the clown who lay at the end of the row in an attitude that faintly suggested the histrionic.

"Elusive creature!" Mr. Punch apostrophized him; "how many times I have spared you! But I thank Heaven that I am nothing if not consistent. Shall I discard my old ideas one by

one and leave this single notion of the joy of life to hamper me?

"Impossible! For it comes to me, now, with a great certainty that I am at the beginning of a new road. No man can be as great and free as Zoroaster until he has discarded the idea of joy, so rightly tricked in the motley of a clown. And so long as I pay it one lingering tribute either of respect or desire, I am, myself, no more than a puppet and play-actor.

"But let me once be sure that this idea, also, has been truly and undeniably killed, and I can walk out of this loathsome prison that I have called home into the ultimate freedom of the enlightened."

And, with that, Mr. Punch spat upon his hands and took a strong hold of his stick. But as he was in the act of striking he paused to gaze with an earnest scrutiny at the drooping body of the clown.

"But he is already dead," Mr. Punch remarked a trifle uneasily. "Why, then, should I tire myself in so redundant a task as killing the slain? And yet shall I ever have peace of mind unless I am absolutely sure? Strange that I should have hesitated to make this last small sacrifice, I, the greatest of all men. Nor will I. None shall hereafter call me puppet."

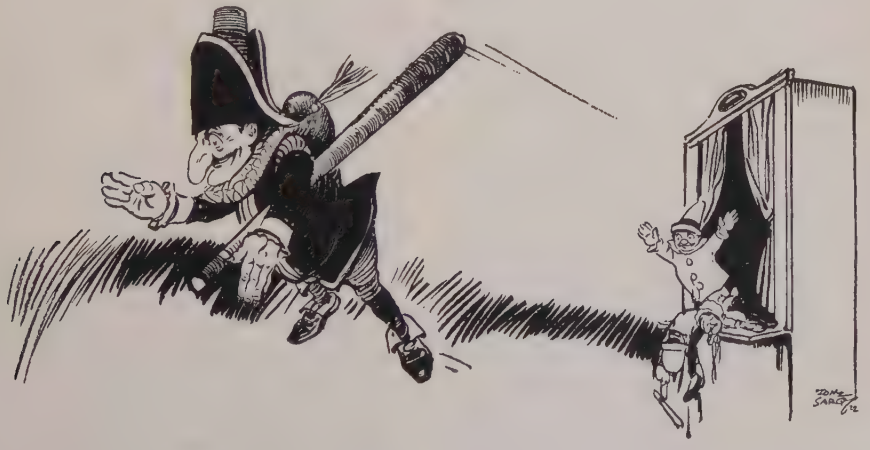
When he had assured himself of the death of the clown, Mr. Punch rested awhile to recover from the physical effort. His ears still rang with the sound of his own blows, and the virtue had momentarily gone out of him.

But after a few minutes his pride began to reassert itself. He rose, and walked to the door. The sun was shining on the road. The world was open before him.

"And now," said Mr. Punch, tucking his stick jauntily under his arm, "what 's to do?" He hesitated a moment before he could find the answer. Then, "Why, obviously," he said, "I must seek a new idea, and kill it."

The tassel of his cap swung valiantly as he stepped over the threshold.

And straightway the clown arose from the floor and followed him.



Vanguard, Rear-Guard, and Mud-Guard

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

Time was when age meant dignity, authority, and power, while youth was helpless slavery. The child was the property of the father. If he did not like its looks, and the new-born are often far from handsome, he could take it away from a never-so-reluctant mother and "expose it," just leave it out to die. Children could be set to work, their poor little earnings parentally appropriated; they could be sold as slaves; they could be chastised in any manner and degree pleasing to the temper of an outraged parent.

Strange indeed was the domestic court, for the offended parent was the plaintiff, the prosecuting attorney, the judge, and the executioner. For the child there was no law, no justice, no shadow of protection from the whim, the ignorance, the cruelty, or even the affection of the parent.

This absolute autocracy of the aged was accompanied by an insufferable arrogance. The father in particular put on airs as the life-giver, a gift in which the mother's share was merely that of parcel delivery, and the child was expected to feel boundless gratitude for the disinterested benefaction.

All this overwhelming of children by their domineering fathers is due to the anomalous position of the human male as owner and master of his female and, as a matter of course, her progeny.

The mother is nature's chief agent in that race-improvement business, and she, unless a diseased or criminal type, does not maltreat her child. That is, not intentionally. But she has done her share in the benevolent despotism of the family, an affectionate tyranny often harder to escape than a harsh one. The unmarried daughter was her special prey. Many a mother has absorbed the whole young life of such unappropriated blessings, leaving them at last elderly orphans, hopelessly dependent.

It was not to parents alone that youth had to bow down in the past. Age as age claimed respect, the elders assuming that wisdom accrued with the passage of time with no effort on their part. Age represented the past, worshiped the past, maintained with all its force the ideas and customs of the past, opposed as stoutly the natural push of youth toward the future.

Throughout virtually all our historic period, and even back of it, as far as we can tell, we find age dominant, an immovable rear-guard, doing its venerable best to keep mankind hitched to the starting-post.

§ 2

But now the scene changes—changes beyond recognition. The male parent has lost his prestige. He can still threaten disinheritance; he can still, if unusually foolish, "cast off" an erring daughter with that melodramatic and baseless disavowal which reflected so needlessly on the mother, "You are no longer a child of mine."

But the disinherited son merely earns his own fortune, and the erring daughter laughs and continues to err. Erring has become fashionable.

Children are no longer personal property. The law protects them. Social parentage insists that they shall go to school when personal parentage would rather set them to work. As to that authorship of being that the father was so proud of, the youth of to-day talks about the life force, and laughs at any claim to far-seeing benevolence in the beginnings of fatherhood. The daughter no longer looks forward to marriage as her only chance of escape, succumbing to the demands of filial duty if she misses it, but has her own salary and her own latch-key, perhaps her separate flat. The hour of the aged has passed, and the hour of youth has come. This ought to mean to the world a new and splendid day—"Day of hope and day of glory." It will in time.

The long artificial preservation of ancient errors we owe to the dominance of age, and the eager looking forward to new and better things is natural to youth.

Age, rich in memory and strong in habits, with slowing energies and the dragging back-wash of reversionary tendencies, stands as the rear-guard of an advancing society.

Youth, fearless and hopeful, each generation more fully charged with the social spirit, more justly impatient with the repeated follies of the past, pushes on as the vanguard of that long, slow, advancing column; at least it should. It is certainly free to-day to lift the world as far and fast as it is able, and is loudly announcing its purposes.

The young women have, in the words of the hopelessly stammering lecturer, "totally repudiated their two tutelary deities" of past times, Duty and Decorum. They seem to acknowledge no duty, visibly practise no decorum; and as to marriage, once their only goal, many prefer what they proudly describe as "free union."

Youth has escaped from the benumbing clutch of the rear-guard, but hardly meets our hopes as an onward-moving vanguard. Indeed, if we are to judge by the most conspicuous behavior of some of our present-day youth, what the world most needs is a mud-guard, if it is to be clean.

Gay and proud and impudent, they have escaped from authority and duty and decorum, and, like Humpty Dumpty, have had a great fall. Vainly do the aged strive to scrape them up and cram them back into the shell. Not all the king's horses and all the king's men can put Humpty Dumpty together again.

A wisely ambitious egg should escape the nest by hatching, not smashing. Criticism of these eggs, be they prematurely cracked or merely addled, is met by loud cries of "Injustice!" "Prejudice!" "Prudishness!" and, worse than all, "Mid-Victorianism!" from those criticized.

Others, young or old, but calmer, say: "This is too sweeping. You forget the intelligent, courageous, really progressive young people and those honestly groping for something better." These are not forgotten, but they are not distinctive of our time.

What does glaringly distinguish this period, among those who consider themselves most "advanced" and superciliously condemn the nineteenth century, is an unchecked indulgence in appetite and impulse; a coarseness and looseness in speech, dress, manner,

and habit of life; and a wholesale resistance to any restraint more worthy of a fractious young mule than a reasonable being. If even this were accompanied with some strong effort toward social improvement, it might be overlooked. No matter how bad a man's personal habits, if he is of high social service, much may be forgiven. But social service, either in the legitimate functions of a normal society or the necessary therapy of an abnormal one, does not come from shallow self-indulgence.

§ 3

Excuse, or at least explanation, is offered by laying all this foolish conduct to that universal scapegoat, the war. And has the war, in this comparatively untouched country, obliterated the knowledge, paralyzed the will, and perverted the impulses of the leaders of the new age? No, these are not leaders; they are only followers of a current back-wash of fashion.

There is no excuse for age, now that the common learning of the world has shown it its place, that it should boast and strut and claim honor merely because of the passage of time. A turtle may be older than a dog, but is not the more valuable animal on that account. Age, as age, does not necessarily mean wisdom despite Mr. Shaw's vain visions. There is no fool like an old fool, and age without wisdom commands no respect.

But youth without wisdom is no more respectable. That common knowledge of the world, now open to all of us, should give to fifteen and eighteen a much broader knowledge of life than used to belong to fifty and eighty. The young people of to-day know more, much more, than the old people of past ages, and that is why there is so little excuse for their behavior. They repudiate age as being conservative, as maintaining the past, and they themselves, in their wildest flights toward what they consider freedom, have merely reverted to the behavior of ten thousand years ago.

We find in the broad upward movement called evolution a predominant current pushing forward, the main stream making for progression. But there are eddies, swirling back-waters, a drift to the rear here and there, and always, close to the surface, sudden sink-holes of reversion, where the slow gains of many ages may be lost in one.

The particular form of social reversion so patent among our "advanced" young people is the commonest of all. It consists simply in releasing all cerebral interference with personal desires and frankly giving way to impulse. This in itself has not the slightest element of novelty. There were always some people lacking in cerebral control, notably idiots, commonly savages, and, in civilized countries, the various degrees of defectives and the criminal classes, both rich and poor.

But the strong new charm attached to this ancient and familiar weakness, the commonest mode of misbehavior, is the cult that is made of it. What those lamentable old forefathers of ours considered wrong, even when they did it, these misguided children consider right. St. Anthony was beset by temptations of the flesh and strove mightily to resist them. Our modern youth hear the call of the "life force" and fly to obey. Has not the learned Freud told us that it is unhealthy not to do what we wish?

That may at times be true, but it needs no psycho-pathologist to teach

us that it is sometimes unhealthy to do what you do wish. Some of the most hideous diseases known to man we ourselves have made, and we ourselves deliberately re-acquire in the simple process of doing what we wish to. It is not "suppressed desire," but indulged desire, that writes the foulest chapter in human history. Those Puritanical forefathers and foremothers of ours were sturdy and efficient under considerable difficulties. It is yet to be proved that unbridled indulgence makes a more vigorous people.

Youth is a complicated condition, carrying at the same time the burden of the past and the push of the future. The child from the hour of its conception must live through the previous stages of physical evolution up to the high-water mark of human birth; and again, in growing up, cover the stages of social evolution.

As a lion cub outgrows the spots of an earlier stage of feline development, so does the child outgrow the marks of our long ages of savagery and barbarism. The child is, from one point of view, the past incarnate; and the parent, if successful in surmounting that past and living in the present, is in so far ahead of the child. But, on the other hand, each new generation represents the very forefront of the human race, carries the world's whole hope for a better future. Youth, with its holy enthusiasm, its boundless courage, its passionate demands for a broader, higher, happier life, is the lifting force of the world, or, as was sadly said before, it should be.

What hope is there for the world if youth itself becomes corrupt, turns traitor to its duty of leadership, and sinks to a level of behavior resembling senile decay? Can they not read, these eager young people? Have they no knowledge of history? Do they not know as a mere matter of record that sudden outbreaks of licentious behavior are a mark of social decadence, not of progress? There is no novelty, no glory, no improvement, in a promiscuous indulgence of appetite, whether it be in literal "free union" or such indiscriminate familiarities as rob any union of much of its dearest charm.

This is no plea for what used to be fondly called "morality," as if morals were of but one kind. The morals, which are merely the sanctified customs of a people, may change, do change, with advantage. But in the very interests of freedom and pleasure it is suggested that there is more happiness, more continuing deep delight, in the lasting love of two persons than in the casual experiments of changing scores.

These children complain of the methods of their parents. Have they given any thought to what their children will think of them? There was that high claim put forward by Ellen Key, and devoutly accepted by many followers, "the right of every woman to bear a child." Check it off with this, the right of every child to have two parents.

Of course every normal woman ought to bear children. That is what the female sex is female for, and not, as seems to be widely supposed, for enjoyable preliminaries. But motherhood is not a process invented for the gratification of the mother, but for the good of the child. If these brave young women would really face their splendid opportunities, their racial authority, their power to rebuild humanity by a discriminating motherhood and a method of child-culture

which should set free the human brain for normal growth, they would have something of which to boast.

§ 4

The young men give less cause for discouragement than their sisters. When they do not behave well, we have only to remember that this is no news. When they show a rising interest in the affairs of the world, condemn war, move for a wider, sounder organization of the people, start liberal discussions among undergraduates, and so on, we can be glad of the new age.

But this new age makes itself singularly ridiculous by its unstinted scorn of the one just past. With an amusing lack of vision they have named a whole glorious century after a quiet little queen who happened to live in it, a method of dating as old as the Pharaohs. A quaint tribute, too, to the ideas and limitations of this one widowed mother, that her special taboos and fetishes should be held distinctive of the age.

Measuring by England alone, if you must, there are many names far more distinctive of that splendid century than hers. The greatest single perception that ever came to the human mind is that of evolution. Many thinkers worked it out, but no one name is more closely associated with it than that of Darwin. If we called it the Darwinian age instead of the Victorian, we should show more intelligence.

No single century has meant so much to the world. Its main glory is in the freeing of the human mind from immovable clamps of religious doctrine and legend by which it had been fettered for many changeless years. In this new freedom appeared the crowding ranks of world-lifters who have pushed us on, the inventors, the discoverers, the pathfinders in many lines. Humanitarians, right, wrong, and middling, came forward as never before. Such far-reaching doctrines as those of the various schools of socialism, of the freeing of women, of the child-garden instead of the prison-like school, of a broader physical culture, of temperance, of abjuring slavery, of trades-unions and all their outgrowths, the breaking up of conventions in all the arts, the manifold expressions of new religious thought, as well as the rapid development in the natural sciences and the multiplication of inventions of the first importance, from sulphur matches to electric light, and all the great mechanical advances we know well, marked that century.

This movement, this unbounded courage, this freedom of advance in unknown fields, this breaking of the chains of ten thousand years, this outpouring of human love and service, distinguishes what our scornful children are pleased to call "the Victorian age." If this age does better, it must begin soon. Is there a movement that they are so proudly making which was not started in the age before them? Is their free verse any freer than that of Whitman, and is any of it to be named in the same rank?

The trail-breakers behind them made easily possible the amazing steps they take. These girls that are so "free," a freedom that costs them nothing, are either forgetful or frankly ignorant of the strong, daring, patient women who opened the doors of university and professional school, who strove more than sixty years for the ballot, who worked their way into art and science

trade and business, till there remained no obstacle before these ardent young folks except themselves.

§ 5

Of what do the older and the wiser of the young people complain as objectionable in the conduct of the unwise to-day? That its "freedom" is not used to any noble end; that its "protest" is against good things as well as bad; that its commonest expression is in a somewhat flaunting adoption of ordinary vices and vulgarities.

Here is a world needing the deepest thought, the broadest understanding, the most concentrated action, needing above all things precisely this power of youth which is being spilled on the ground before us. By a strong, well informed, rigidly selective motherhood the young women of to-day could cleanse the human race of its worst inheritance by a discriminating refusal of unfit fathers. Instead of which their concern seems to be chiefly in mastering birth-control and acquiring "experience."

With a proud ambition to improve our stock, we might see these "free" young women grow straight and strong, with trained, active bodies and well filled, well used minds. What we do see is the "débutante slouch," whitewashed noses and painted lips, plucked eyebrows obscured by hats worn like the caricatures of an old-clothes man, and legs whose scanty shelter is a skirt having almost the frankness of the ballet without its freedom of motion.

There is no "freedom" in these over-present legs; the skirt is far too tight to allow them to do more than twitter along the sidewalk like an active clothes-pin; and if the skirt did allow of any grace and speed, the shoes would forbid it.

As women their dress, their facial decoration, their behavior, show no hope of better motherhood, which is what they are women for. As human beings, companions and equals of men—

. . . . . .

By all means let us throw off the arbitrary shackles of that lagging rear-guard which has so long and so successfully kept the world back. Show no respect for anything merely because it is old. The young world must stand alone, must think for itself, must develop new ideas and new conduct if humanity is to go on. The growing social consciousness of to-day, confronted with the hideous tangle of this century's most distinguishing exploit so far, the World War, needs wiser, stronger, more self-governed powerful people than it had before.

But this acceptance of foolish fashions, this adoption of old vices as modern advances, this "protest" which has no more direction than the bounce of a ball, the infantile delight of an ill trained child in doing what he has been told not to—all these promise nothing for our future.

Perhaps they will learn presently that there is no date to the laws of nature, and that youth as youth is not in itself a guaranty of anything except the exceeding importance of its own impressions. Then we may hope to cut loose from that rear-guard forever, to have a vanguard that will move ahead instead of reel around in one place, and to erect a mud-guard, strong, effective, permanent, against the ancient weaknesses of an undeveloped race.

The Professor of Dreams

By Haniel Long

Drawings by Rose O'Neill

President Burbage was inclined to be discouraged. Was college education a success or a failure? If a success, how came it that among his students was never a poet, a dreamer? History had indicated a certain usefulness for such persons; colleges, thought President Burbage, should produce them now and then, if only out of reverence. But how? As he thought of such matters, his heart grew heavy.

One day he was aware of a stranger. Where he was at the time or what doing he could never afterward remember; somehow his path had crossed another's, and his suddenly hesitant eyes had beheld a young man with indelineable features.

The stranger introduced himself as Greenlaw by name, a writer, a traveler, a teacher of the art of dreams. Burbage was pleased with the young man, and they conversed, though whether for minutes or hours the president was later unable to calculate. The upshot was that Burbage tendered Greenlaw the professorship of dreams, and that Greenlaw accepted.

Dr. Greenlaw had escaped the hand of time, as one would put it; one felt that he was not so young as he appeared to be. Indeed, he appeared regrettably young. But to grow accustomed to his youth was not to grow accustomed to him. He was apart from his youth, was more than youth. And how, unless he had somehow duped time?

His was the lurking smile of centuries, which waited and waited. It was a smile hard to abandon; a smile which, when one saw it no more, left the world celibate and poor. His eyes, even more, made one suspect Greenlaw of years fraudulently obtained: they were not contemporary. The Woolworth tower crumbled before their gaze, in them the jungle grew upon the streets of Nineveh, and the ancient sea beat on its ruined shores.

The young man could hardly be mistaken for a commercial traveler selling electric flat-irons. The streets of our age were not at home with him. His speech was that of nations and of ages. His clothes—but no one ever looked. Horses and dogs liked him. He had ways of enticing.

President Burbage had said to the young man:

"Observation, imagination—these, above all, I want my students to see, to feel. Go at the matter as you desire, but produce the results."

"You are a man after my own heart," returned Dr. Greenlaw, with his slow smile.

The teacher kept his students from slumber. Sometimes he entered the classroom through the window with an agility that made him admired. Sometimes, wishing to stretch his legs,

he would say, "Let us walk out to the wood and talk."

Dr. Greenlaw opened pages of the heritage of literature which had never been opened in a classroom. Where he obtained the old volumes, the time-stained manuscripts, no one knew. Before his students he unrolled the fabulous, the beautiful, the tragic. He kindled the imagination. Leaning upon the broad desk, his face toward his class, he would read a ballad with commentary that made the students vibrate to dialogue dead three hundred years. He would rehabilitate a demigod, a god, as old as history. To his classes Prometheus, with the vultures at his breast, became a fierce symbol.

One day the doctor appeared with a strange lady in a leafy hat, who had come, he said, from the ends of the earth. The visitor smiled oddly. Then she spoke to them as follows:

"Lads and maidens, it does not matter that the university is built on the profits of iron bath-tubs, that the town is the junction of railroads, that it has such and such a number of hotels, garages, and warehouses. It matters not at all that you sleep in beds, eat at tables, that your teachers make you study, that your friends and parents give you advice. What does matter is that you live in the light of the sun and its companion stars, and shrink not from the moon of dreams, or from shaggy music in the woods at daybreak.

"Youths and maidens, nothing can harm you so long as you are will-o'-the-wisps, animated alibis, averted faces, dwellers in your own wildernesses, saviors of yourselves and others."

She smiled oddly again, and the class, which had hardly caught the import of her words, smiled oddly back. A dark-haired boy in the back row looked at her and quivered.

Greenlaw's students began to write, and they were not frugal with their fire. The teacher read aloud to them with spirit the best of what they wrote, pointing out how the description of a certain ghost could be made more disturbing; how the head-lights of a doomed motor-car could be brought more uncannily to bear upon the lurking terror of a midnight road; by what verbal insinuations the mood of the woods in autumn could be thrust into the mind of the reader.

The students withdrew more and more from the every-day world; the neighboring streams, the little hills, the elm-trees along the highways, the moon, began to have for them an agitating import. One boy wrote home of a conversation he had held with the night, and was withdrawn by his father, a manufacturer of dentifrice, who put the boy under the care of a physician. A girl sent her landlady into hysterics by narrating to her truthfully what she had heard voices say under her eaves at daybreak.

Boys went about with "Doctor Faustus" in their pockets. Girls recited to one another Shakspere and the dirges of Li Po. The booksellers were pestered by orders for rare and unheard-of volumes, while the "best-sellers" of the day, conveniently at hand, lay unsold.

Other teachers began to complain. One touch of imagination made the whole university tremble. Late hours made it impossible for Dr. Greenlaw's students to be prompt at early classes; in afternoon classes they were apt to sleep. Surreptitiously reading "Hydriotaphia," "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," or "The City of the Sun,"

they survived lectures on the history of American business and the psychology of salesmanship. For Dr. Greenlaw's class that uncertain teacher became the college, and the world from which he had abducted them was superseded by literature, the world of the passionate mind.

But when Dr. Greenlaw was alone? Walking restlessly before his fire on cold November and December evenings or stamping his heels before a bookcase, with a hovering hand unable to choose where any choice would exclude so much, he would say:

"It seems to be getting rather long. Is the seed being sowed?" he would ask himself. When he had glanced through the latest sheaf of papers, he would run his hands through the locks that vined above his forehead and murmur:

"Not yet. But excessive stimulation in an American college cannot differ from excessive stimulation in the groves of Thebes or the gardens of Bagdad."

Before the evening passed, he habitually wandered into the night along the bank of a river, where there were great trees. Late pedestrians might have seen his ambiguous form there, and heard him whisper in a voice like wind-swept trees:

"What is your substance, whereof are you made, that millions of strange shadows on you tend?"

He came back sometimes as late as

daybreak. His landlady said he slept amazingly little, occasionally not for three or four nights running. It was beyond her how a body could get along so. Yet Greenlaw was always alert, as resurgent as the dawn.

Before school he would select books from his shelves, and perhaps a picture or two from an overflowing store. As he did, he would say with that most perplexing smile:

"Mixed drafts of stronger potency, 'wine that never grew in the belly of the grape.' By Zeus! I shall make these youths stagger, whether I persuade them to my ends or not."

The doctor little guessed to what extent the liquors he distilled had affected his students in their other studies. He hardly knew by sight his confrères of the faculty, but it had pleased him had he known how Rogers, sent to the board in calculus, stood like an idiot, his tongue forming the words of *Rosalind*, "I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart." Or how behind the dark brows of young Burbage, the president's son, *Sancho Panza* jostled *Falstaff*, and *Desdemona* wept upon the bosom of *Scheherazade*.

Of these things he knew nothing. Nor did he meet young Burbage prowling about among the trees at night. He never heard of the landlady who had hysterics or of the slender lad who conversed with the night, and was therefore under the doctor's eye.

Otherwise it is doubtful whether he would have said absently to his class one morning late in March:

"At dawn there were cloven prints in the soft garden ground beneath my window. Yet I have found no cloven imprint on all you have written since last September." Young Burbage changed his attitude, and searched his teacher's face with a sidelong eye.

The days grew longer, and the first flowers bloomed in the wood. Breezes soft with moisture and the smell of

springing vegetation stole through the open windows of bedrooms at morning and evening.

Dr. Greenlaw sat beneath his oak-tree late one afternoon in a somewhat melancholy mood.

"The year will soon be over," he said to himself. "Strange that I am unable to spread the magic carpet; that I send no spy across the walls of the magic city."

He glanced through the papers he held on his knee. He opened one that bore no name. He leaped to his feet with a suppressed sound. Within was the black imprint of a hoof, a goat's hoof, neat, small, and cloven. He brought the paper close, his fingers trembling.

"Is it a jest," he asked himself, "or is it the word of the wood?"

Now he noticed a few lines of verse faintly inscribed at the bottom of the page. He read them:

I sat me down to write for you,
And write for you I did;
And now, across the close-knit page,
My written words are hid
Beneath an unexpected hoof
That stamped itself unbid.

"Burbage, beyond a doubt," said Greenlaw; "but Burbage writing verse, and trampled by the cloven hoofs of spring?"

At the conclusion of the next class Greenlaw asked Burbage to wait. Burbage lingered warily.

"My dear boy," said the teacher, curving about a chair, "what is the meaning of this?"

Young Burbage, with an eye remoter than Arabia, answered:

"If they dance below your window, sir, why cannot they dance across my page?"

There was a pause, a long pause, rich in mysterious things.

"I am not doubting you, foolish boy," said Dr. Greenlaw at last; "I merely ask how it happened."

"I fell asleep, I dare say; when I awoke, the mark was there."

Dr. Greenlaw was on his feet, walking up and down the classroom with his hands up, as though holding something to his lips. The boy sent a piercing look after him. There ensued another remarkable pause.

The teacher became quiet, and pursued his eager inquiry:

"Have you had other intimations of them?"

"Not before you came,"—the youth gave a long sigh,—"but this spring five or six times."

"What other marks have they left?" The teacher put an impetuous hand on Burbage.

The boy considered the question, perplexed. He could not answer it directly, but he pulled a note-book out of his pocket, and handed it to Dr. Greenlaw.

The doctor seized it and read:

The goat that rubbed my knees last night
And left his ancient smell
Maddened my heart that I was what
A horned goat could tell.

For if his favor singled me
Out of the passing crowd,
I know I 'm not too well disguised
Nor yet too worldly proud.

Most difficult it is to-day
Beneath a coat and vest;
I feared my old identity
Might fade with all the rest.

But I 'll go back to hill and sky,
And hold a colloquy;
I need those ancient presences
Whose tumult still is me.

Dr. Greenlaw smiled in a way one hardly dared to look at. It had the brightness of the sun.

"I 'm glad you caught the real language of the goat," he said. "The goat, like the lizard and the lion, speaks in the tongue of dreams."

Burbage walked over to the open window and sniffed the breeze.

"Speak," said Dr. Greenlaw, dropping into his chair.

The boy went on, with no change of posture:

"When spring came on,
Why did the satyrs dance, and who were they?
Last night I thought a satyr danced in me:
The curtains of a hundred centuries
Were drawn away; and as he stood revealed,
I started, for the satyr's limbs were mine!"

Dr. Greenlaw smiled again.

"The satyr, too, has been misunderstood," he said. "One strain more, brother, and I shall be satisfied."

"I 'll tell you of an adventure." And the boy began:

"Oh, the night was mist enfolded,
And my body was n't molded
To resist it.
So it twisted,
So it tiptoed down the stairs,
And on the porch I found it, unawares."

"Absolutely true," interrupted Greenlaw, imperiously. "Go on!"

"Oh, I leaped into the mist
As a lover to be kissed;
And my hundred days of trouble
Fell away as froth and bubble.

"The mist was dense and blinded me,
The mist was silk and winded me;
Oh, it was everywhere upon me,
Folding me and holding me.

So I laughed and I danced and I wept
and I sung;
And I kissed the leaves where syringas
hung."

Dr. Greenlaw rose, and took the boy in his arms.

"Another star has risen," he said. "You are mad, charmingly, evasively mad. I have sown it, the ancient seed. Nothing now can do you hurt. Now you will grow; you will throw this head back and sing like a myriad birds; you will bellow like— But enough." A shade of sadness went across his face. "I must go."

The boy searched his teacher's ancient eyes, chilled by the words.

"Go away?"

"Yes; for nothing now remains to do," he replied.

The boy stood silent.

"Where will you go?"

"Up and down the earth," answered Greenlaw.

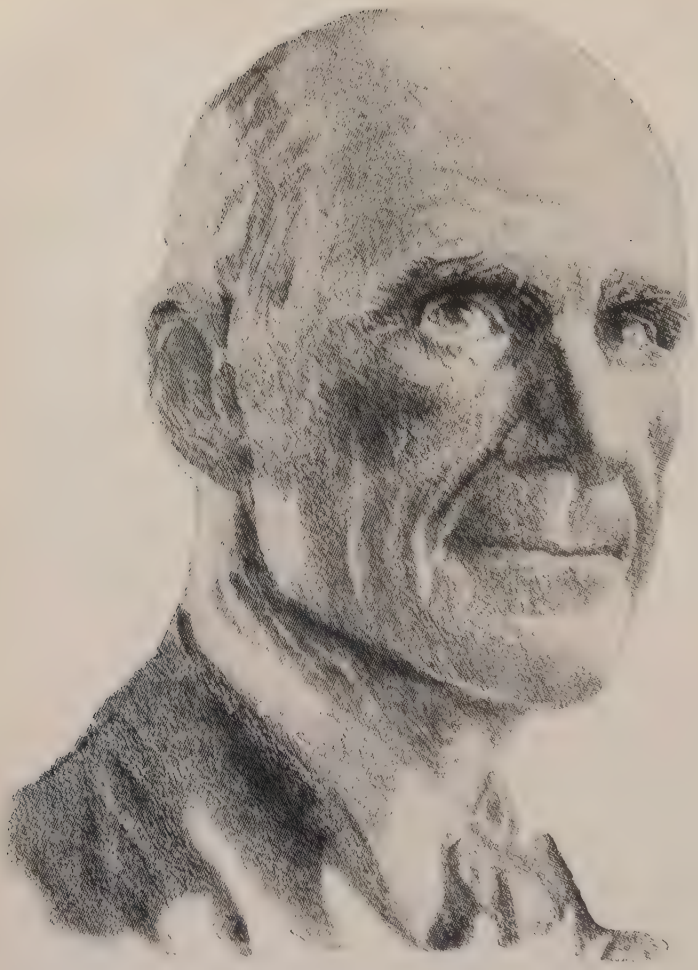
"Shall I go with you?"

"No, lad."

The boy's eyes filled with tears.

"I shall come back," said Greenlaw, softly.

With a tremendous cry of liberation, and before Burbage knew what he was about, Dr. Greenlaw had leaped through the open window and was gone. Burbage stood riveted to the floor. A moment later he rushed to the window, but his strange teacher had disappeared. The boy searched the ground to see where he had alighted; and when he found the marks, he remained a long time, staring.



Eugene V. Debs

Behind Prison Walls

By Eugene V. Debs

Drawing by Boardman Robinson

When I was a boy, the very word "penitentiary" had a shocking effect upon my sensibilities, and of course I did not dream that I would ever serve a sentence as a convicted felon within its walls. I had never seen a penitentiary, but I had seen the filthy county jail in the town in which I lived, and through its barred windows I saw the imprisoned victims and heard their foul and damning imprecations.

This gave me some idea of what the penitentiary must be like, and I wondered even then if it were not possible to deal with our erring fellow-men in a more humane way than by committing them to foul dungeons and treating them as if they were beasts instead of human beings.

Later in life, when I had become active in the labor movement and had a part in the strikes and other disturbances of organized workers in the course of which the leaders were not infrequently arrested and sent to jail, I came to realize that the prison could be used for purposes other than confining the criminal; used as a club to intimidate working-men and -women after their leaders had already been incarcerated; used as a silencer upon any expression of opinion that might not happen to be in accord with the administrative power.

So I understood from the beginning that all men who were sent to jails and penitentiaries were not criminals; indeed, I have often had cause to think that the time may come in the life of any man when he may consider it necessary to go to prison if he is to be true to the integrity of his own soul, and loyal to his inherent God-given sovereignty as a human being. Such thoughts would come to me after my visits to jails and penitentiaries to call upon friends and associates, in the labor struggle, incarcerated there.

It was in the railroad strike of 1877 that I had my first experience in seeing my associates in the railroad union sent to jail, and I began to realize that if I continued my activity, I might some day go there myself. Less than twenty years later I had my first interior view of the jail as an inmate, and this experience awakened in me a keen interest in the prison and its victims. The penal question has been to me an absorbing study ever since.

The notorious old Cook County Jail, in Chicago, for years the choicest picking for grafting politicians, reeking with vermin and infested with sewer rats, comes vividly to memory as these lines are written. It was there that I was initiated into the moralities and mysteries of prison life. I saw at a glance what that filthy pen meant to those unfortunate creatures, and

at once my sympathy was quickened, and I felt myself drawn to them by a fellow-feeling, which grew stronger with the passing years.

Soon afterward I was sentenced to the McHenry County Jail in Woodstock, Illinois, to serve a term of six months upon the charge of contempt of court for the violation of an injunction issued by the Federal court during the great Pullman strike in 1894. I had pleaded in vain for a jury trial.

Fortunately for me and my convicted associates of the American Railway Union, the filthy Cook County Jail was overpopulated at the time we were sentenced, in consequence of which we were transferred to the county jail in Woodstock. The farmers in that neighborhood did not relish the idea of my being "boarded" among them even as an inmate of their jail. They had been reading the daily newspaper and had concluded that I was too dangerous a criminal to be permitted to enter the county, and it was reported that they would gather in numbers at the station on my arrival and attempt to lynch me, or at least prevent me from disembarking. When we arrived at Woodstock a number of them were at the station, but they had evidently been advised against carrying out their enthusiastic program, for they made no hostile demonstration.

The jail at Woodstock was a small affair and fairly clean for a county lock-up. I soon had a satisfactory understanding with the sheriff, a veteran of the Civil War, and got along without the least trouble. During the latter period of my term there I conducted an evening school for the benefit of the prisoners, and on my leaving they gave me a set of resolutions expressive of their gratitude, which is still a cherished testimonial in my possession.

Some years later, when I was touring the country as a Presidential candidate, I made a special visit to Woodstock and received a great ovation from the visiting farmers and the townspeople, among whom was the sheriff who had been my jailer and had become my friend. On another occasion I was invited there to address a meeting at the city hall, the daughter of the sheriff, as head of the relief corps, having charge of the arrangements.

§ 2

Almost twenty-five years passed before I had my next prison experience. The World War was in progress, and the excitement was intense. I had my own views in regard to the war, and I knew in advance that an expression of what was in my heart would invite a prison sentence under the Espionage Law. I took my stand in accordance with the dictates of my conscience, and was prepared to accept the consequences without complaint. The choice was deliberately made, and there has never since been a moment of regret. It was not because I yearned for imprisonment that I took the position that human beings had a higher call and a nobler purpose in life than slaughtering one another and hating those they could not kill, but simply because I could take no other, realizing fully that the choice led through prison-gates.

A sentence of ten years followed my trial at Cleveland, in which I permitted no witnesses to testify in my behalf and no defense to be made.

When the Government's attorneys were satisfied that they had concluded their case against me, I addressed the jury not as a matter of defense of the speech that had resulted in my arrest, trial, and conviction, but in an attempt to amplify and supplement it, so that there could be no possible mistake as to my beliefs and opinions with respect to the subject in controversy. It was an unusual and surprising proceeding in a court-room. I was entirely prepared to receive the sentence of ten years pronounced by the judge. I had stood upon my constitutional right of free speech, and in this attitude I had the sanction and support of tens of thousands of people who had no sympathy with my political views.

On the evening of April 13, 1919, I was delivered by United States Marshal Lapp and his deputy of Cleveland to Warden Joseph Z. Terrell of the West Virginia State Penitentiary at Moundsville to enter upon my sentence. I was permitted to serve only two months at Moundsville, when the order came from Washington for my transfer to Atlanta Federal Prison. My brief sojourn at Moundsville was entirely satisfactory as a prison experience, for after my arrival there I was introduced to the various officials, and came into intimate and pleasant contact with all the prisoners.

These experiences were preliminary to my adventure at the United States Penitentiary in Atlanta, where I was taken on June 14, 1919, and served as an inmate until Christmas day, 1921.

§ 3

With this introductory sketch, I shall now enter upon the story of my actual prison life and my study of the prison as an institution, the inmates confined there, the rules and conditions under which they serve their terms, and the effect of their prison experience upon their subsequent lives.

Personally, I feel amply rewarded for the opportunity that was given me to see and know the prison as it is, for while I was a prisoner at Atlanta I learned more of a vital nature to me than could have been taught me in any similar period in the classroom of any university.

A prison is a wonderful place in the opportunity there afforded not only to study human nature in the abstract, to examine the causes and currents of motives and impulses, but also to see yourself reflected in the caricatures of your fellow-men. It is also the one place, above all others, where one comprehends the measureless extent of man's inhumanity to man.

I hate, I abominate the prison as it exists to-day as the most loathsome and debasing of human institutions. Most prisons are physically as well as morally unclean. All of them are governed by rules and maintained under conditions which fit them as breeding-places for the iniquities which they are supposed to abate and stamp out.

When I entered the Atlanta Prison it was on a common footing with all the rest of the prisoners. I expected no favors and would accept no privileges that were denied to others. From the moment I entered there I felt that I was among friends, for the prisoners accorded me an enthusiastic welcome, which I knew was genuine on their part. I at once made up my mind that it would be my constant endeavor to serve these fellow-prisoners of mine in every way that I could and

at every opportunity that presented itself. I was not there long before I realized that my attitude toward the convicts was understood by them and reciprocated in ways that will always remain in my memory in tender testimony of the human fellowship that can blossom even in a prison if nourished by kindness of heart.

When I was put into a second-hand prison suit of blue denim I felt myself one with every prisoner in Atlanta. During the first two months I was placed in a cell that was already inhabited by five other convicts, and these inmates did everything that human beings could possibly do to make me comfortable and my stay a pleasant one. They were constantly seeking ways and means to share with me whatever they had, and from these simple souls I learned something about unselfishness and thoughtfulness and respect for another's feelings, qualities that are not too common in the outer world, where men are more or less free to practise them without being watched by brutal guards with clubs in their hands eager to proclaim their authority with the might of the bludgeon.

We sat side by side and ate the same wretched food together, and after our evening meal in the general mess we spent fourteen consecutive hours together, locked in a steel cage. I found my cell-mates to be just as humane as any men I had ever met in the outer world. I have heard people refer to the "convict countenance." I never saw one. The rarest of human beings, the most cultivated and refined among us, might in time become brutal by the blighting and brutalizing influence of the prison if they should permit themselves to yield their spirit to the degrading and debasing atmosphere that permeates every penitentiary in the land.

By far the most of my fellow-prisoners were poor and uneducated men who never had a decent chance in life to cultivate the higher arts of humanity, but never in all the time I spent among those more than two thousand convicts did one of them give me an unkind word.

There is vast power in human kindness. Every one of those convicts without a single exception responded in kindness to the touch of kindness. I made it my special duty to seek out those who were regarded as the worst specimens, but I never found one who failed to treat me as decently as I treated him. My code of conduct toward my fellow-prisoners had the same efficacy in prison that it had elsewhere. In dealing with human beings I know no race, no color, and no creed. At the roots I think we are all alike, governed by similar impulses that have more or less the same results, depending upon the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed, and considering the conditions that attend us. I judge not, and I try to treat others as I would be treated by them.

But in prison the human element is sadly discounted, and men are made by cruel and senseless rules to fit into the criminal conceptions of them which prevail under the prison régime.

The prison, above all others, should be the most humane of institutions. A great majority of the inmates are there because of their poverty and the direct or indirect results of poverty. Their misfortune in life is penalized, and they are branded as convicts for the rest of their lives.

If an intelligent study could be

made of every individual case in a federal or state prison and the result truthfully placed before the people, the nation would be horrified at the cruel injustice that would be revealed. Most of the victims of prison injustice are without friends of influence to intercede in their behalf, and society in the aggregate has no concern in them whatsoever.

The average prison is in the control of politicians who know little and care less about what takes place behind the walls. Prison officials are placed in responsible positions to reward them for their political services and not with reference to either their character or qualifications for the office. The warden and deputy warden of a prison should have exceptional qualities to fit them for the discharge of their important duties, and they should be among the most humane of men.

§ 4

One of the first things I discovered in Atlanta Prison was the wretched food provided for the prisoners and the disgusting manner in which it was cooked and served. The menu was confined to a few poor articles, which palled upon the appetite and was the source of general daily complaint and dissatisfaction.

Soon after I entered prison the question occurred to me, Why are men who work here not paid for their labor? They are here under punishment for having stolen, perhaps, a few dollars, and promptly upon their incarceration the Government or the State proceeds to rob them of their daily earnings, compelling them to work day after day without a cent of compensation. The service which the State exacts from a convict should be paid for at the prevailing rate of wages, to be placed to his credit on the books, or shared with his family, so that on leaving the prison he would not have to face a hostile world in a shoddy suit of clothes and five dollars in his pocket as his sole capital with which to start life anew.

The clubs and guns in the hands of guards present a picture well calculated to reveal the true character of the prison as a humanizing and redeeming institution.

As a matter of fact, the prison is simply a reflex of the sins which society commits against itself. The most thorough study of prison inmates that I was able to make in the course of my intimate daily and nightly contact with thousands of them convinced me beyond all question that they are in all essential respects the same as the average run of people in the outer world. I was unable to discover the criminal type or the criminal element of which I had heard and read much before I had the opportunity to make my own investigation. That there are moral and mental defectives in prison is of course admitted, but the number is not greater, nor are the cases more pronounced, than may be found outside of prison walls.

However, in dealing with these imprisoned and helpless beings in the prevailing prison spirit and under the omnipresent iron-clad regulations, they must necessarily be regarded as a dangerous and vicious aggregation in order to justify the brutal and corrupt system which, under the pretense of reformation, preys upon their misfortune. There are many flagrant abuses and evils in the present prison régime and these have their source and incentive primarily in the power and control of

politicians who wax fat out of the misery of convicts by delivering them, in many States, to heartless contractors who in turn sweat and rob them not only of their labor, but of their health and their very lives. The prison-labor contractor is the most merciless of slave-drivers.

I have seen enough of this shocking cruelty to damn forever the institution in which such an outrage upon unfortunates is practised. In the matter of convict labor the State virtually sells its outcast citizens into abject slavery, so that thieving contractors, the pals of politicians who control the prison, may fatten upon the proceeds of their crimes against so-called criminals.

Are the vultures who thus prey upon the helpless, robed as they are in the soft raiment of respectability, not actually lower morally than the victims of their inhumanity and piracy? And if men should be sent to prison for robbery, are not these official mercenaries the very creatures who, instead of controlling the prison, should themselves be under its brutal regulations?

That the vicious and corrupting abuses herein set forth were recognized years ago by men who honestly attempted to correct them is clearly stated in a report to the New York state legislature issued more than half a century ago by Professor E. C. Wines and Professor Theodore W. Dwight, then commissioners of the Prison Association of New York, from which I quote as follows:

"Upon the whole it is our settled conviction that *the contract system of convict labor, added to the system of political appointments,* which necessarily involves a low grade of official qualification and constant changes in the prison staff, renders nugatory, to a great extent, the whole theory of our penitentiary system. Inspection may correct isolated abuses; philanthropy may relieve isolated cases of distress; and religion may effect isolated moral cures; *but genuine, radical, comprehensive, systematic improvement is impossible.*" The italics are mine.

As long as the prison is in the control of politicians and under the supervision of their creatures, its indifference to the inmates, its internal vices and abuses, and its external reaction in furnishing society with a steady stream of criminals trained in its own institutions will continue, and isolated instances of superficial improvement will not materially reduce the evil and corrupting power.

§ 5

I am not at all inclined to exploit my personal prison experience, and should prefer to omit that element entirely were it not necessary to the purpose of this article to include some reference to it. It is to be doubted if there was ever before in prison history a case parallel to my own in point of experience and the results issuing therefrom.

I had been four times the candidate for President of the United States of the party representing the class toiling in penury and suffering from whose ranks are recruited, under the lash of poverty and misery, with but few exceptions, the victims of penal misrule. Since my early boyhood, and virtually through my entire life, I had been in intimate association with working people and those who are generally regarded as the "lower class." My understanding of

their conditions, my perception of the basic social causes that had preceded their predicament, and my sympathy with them even in their transgressions, which is usually the result of their wretched lot, had preceded my entrance through the prison-gates.

The entire prison seemed to join in the sympathetic reception accorded me. The question was frequently asked, sometimes sneeringly by the guards, and sometimes in a spirit of wonder and admiration, by what magic I held the interest of my fellow-prisoners and won their affection and devotion? The answer is a simple one. I recognized in each of them my brother, and treated him accordingly. I did not moralize or patronize my fellow-convicts in the least. Men who are caged and watched, spied upon and hunted like animals, develop certain latent instincts that become amazingly keen and discerning. Among these is the instinct to divine what is in the heart of those who approach them. They have been robbed of their respectability and forever denied the chance to regain it, and, sensitive as they surely are to this circumstance, they are not apt to be impressed by those who pose before them as their moral superiors.

They recognize no redeeming influence in moralizing rebuke. They resent being patronized, even the most ignorant of them, unless in the prison atmosphere they have degenerated into stool-pigeons. No one who *condescends* to serve these prisoners can win their graces or exercise any salutary influence upon them. They hunger for sympathy, but it must be genuine, human, warm from the heart.

The late Father Michael J. Byrne of the Federal Prison at Atlanta was in all respects the finest prison chaplain I have ever known. I had no church affiliation, and for reasons of my own I rarely attended devotional exercises at the chapel, but I loved Father Byrne, and we would talk together many hours in my little room in the prison hospital.

Devotional offerings in the name of the merciful Jesus, who loved the poor and freely forgave their sins, on an altar presided over by grim-visaged guards with clubs in their clutches ready to fell the worshipers, was not compatible with my sense of religious worship. Before I entered Atlanta Prison attendance at chapel was compulsory. Almost from the start I declined to go myself, partly because of the hideous mockery which the scene and setting made of sincere worship, and I think that as a result of my resolute protest the rule was modified and attendance became voluntary, though the guards with clubs remained.

Father Byrne ministered in the spirit of loving service to all alike, no matter how low some might seem in the eyes of others, and that is why he and I instantly became friends and coöperated with each other to the full extent that my restrictions as a convict would allow. It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that not only do the prison rules not countenance inmates being kind and helpful to one another, but, on the contrary, they forbid their being so, and encourage their spying upon, betraying, and hating one another, so that all may the more readily be kept in subjection.

In the prison hospital an inmate may be dying, but the rules forbid him being visited by his fellow-prisoners; each convict must keep to himself, no matter how great may be his desire to

clasp the hand of a fellow-prisoner whose affection he may have won in the course of their suffering and struggling together against the cruel and senseless regulations. This is one of the prison rules that I confess violating with impunity. I should have preferred going to the dungeon, known in prison parlance as "the hole," on bread and water rather than obey that rule. As a matter of fact, nearly every prison rule is violated by every convict who stays any length of time in prison. If he would remain a human being, he must of necessity break the rules in order to live. Men cannot, and will not, be unsocialized even in a prison whose rules attempt to wreck and ruin human character and personality in the quickest possible time by the harshest possible methods. But the group psychology prevails, and the rules go by the board, though often at the expense of great suffering on the part of those who transgress them.

Almost every prisoner who came to the hospital expressed an immediate desire to have me come to see him. Invariably, I did so as soon as possible. I was able in many ways by voluntary ministration to ease their suffering and brighten their wretched days. Father Byrne observed a remarkable change in the moral atmosphere of the hospital after I entered there. Men no longer used foul language or told smutty stories. The relation between the guards and inmates had completely changed. It was as if the hospital building was now occupied by a harmonious human family instead of a lot of sullen and incorrigible convicts. Both the warden and his deputy commented on the change, which none appreciated more than Father Byrne.

A visiting reporter asked Father Byrne how it was that I held such moral power over the prisoners. His answer was:

"He just loves them; he talks to them, and then they 're different. There is something about him that wins and changes them." There is nothing mysterious or occult about the "something" to which Father Byrne referred. It was merely an active manifestation of human kindness, which all of us possess, but which we are prone to smother beneath a crust of indifference to the suffering of our fellow-men.

The day before the death of this noble-spirited chaplain he sent me a beautiful and touching telegram congratulating me upon my release from prison. The message read:

"Heartiest congratulations and well wishes from your best friend. God bless you! Michael J. Byrne, Catholic chaplain, U. S. Penitentiary."

Father Byrne is at rest. His memory will be cherished by the thousands of convicts to whom he gave himself as freely and ministered as lovingly as the Nazarene Himself might have done in his place.

Love and service constitute the magical touchstone; they are, when fully developed and truly expressed, one and inseparable, and more imperatively needed in prison than in any other place on earth. There is where Jesus Christ would be His perfect self in tender and sympathetic ministration, and He would require neither guns nor clubs to protect His person from insult or assault.

It is when men are most prosperous in their individual pursuits that they are more apt to be thoughtless and in-

different to the fate of others, but when they are plunged into a common abyss of misery and suffering they are likely to become sympathetic and responsive to the touch of kindness, and there is more redemptive influence in a word of love and sympathy than in all the harsh rules ever devised and all the brutal clubs ever wielded to enforce them.

§ 6

There was never a moment of mine in Atlanta Prison that was not mortgaged in advance. Many of the prisoners could neither read nor write, and they would come to me to have me read and answer their letters, or to fill out their blanks for pardon, parole, or commutation, although much of this had to be done by stealth, as it was in violation of the rules, and was several times arbitrarily forbidden by the guards, especially when prisoners were caught leaving my room. I heard their sad stories, listened in sympathy to their tragic appeals, placed my hand on their shoulders, and counseled them as an elder brother; and while I was able to do but a mere trifle of what my heart would have done for them, I sensed the appreciation and gratitude that embraced the entire body of prisoners of all colors, creeds, and conditions.

The scene that occurred upon my release, when these 2300 prison victims clothed as convicts, yet with human hearts throbbing beneath their tatters, spontaneously burst their bonds, as it were, rushed to the fore of the prison on all three of its floors, and crowded all the barred window spaces with their eager faces, cheering while the tears trickled down their cheeks—this scene can never be described in words, nor can it ever be forgotten by those who witnessed that extraordinary and unparalleled demonstration.

In that brief moment prison rules were stripped of their restraining power, and men, though in prison fetters, gave lusty expression to their beautiful human impulses. It was the most deeply touching and impressive moment and the most profoundly dramatic incident of my life. Men and women on the prison reservation, including the officials who bore witness to that unusual scene, stood mute in their bewilderment. Never before had such a thing occurred, and never in the wildest stretch would it have been deemed possible.

There was a reason for this unheard of demonstration, and it was not of a personal nature. I arrogate to myself no importance whatever on account of having won the friendship of these convicts. They did vastly more for me than I was able to do for them, and the only point I make in this connection is that if the prison were conducted in the spirit and with the understanding that we convicts had for one another, the whole penal system would at once be revolutionized; instead of being a Bastile for debasing and destroying the unfortunate, it would become in the true sense a boon to society as a reclamatory and redemptive institution.

§ 7

The prison as a prison in the common acceptance of that term will always be a tragic failure. It is not only anti-social, but anti-human, and at best is bad enough to reflect the ignorance, stupidity, and inhumanity of the society it serves. But this is

not to say that improvement of the prison while it lasts should be discouraged. On the contrary, until the time comes when social offenders are placed under scientific treatment instead of being punished as criminals, every effort should be put forth to improve the moral and physical condition of our county jails, our state prisons, and our Federal penitentiaries.

For myself I heartily commend all that is being done to arouse the people to a consciousness of the festering evils which now thrive in these places. There needs to be created a public sentiment that realizes that for its own self-protection the community must clean up the prison as far as that may be possible, and make it a place where criminal tendencies may be checked and overcome instead of being encouraged, as they now are, to the ruin of their immediate victims, and their increasing detriment to society.

Space will not permit more than a brief summary of the fundamental changes required to humanize the prison. First of all, it should be taken out of the hands of politicians and placed under the supervision and direction of a board of the most humane of men with vision and understanding. This board should have absolute control, including the power of pardon, parole, and commutation. Such a board as this would at all times be in immediate touch with the prisoners and have intimate knowledge of prison conditions and possibilities for improvement.

The contract system, wherever it prevails, is an unmitigated curse and should be summarily abolished from our prisons.

Prison inmates should be paid for their labor at the prevailing rate of wages, which should be placed to their credit in the books of the institution or shared with their families, so that when the convict is released he will not have to return to a sundered home and face a hostile world.

Not a gun or a club should be in evidence inside the walls.

The prisoners themselves, at least seventy-five per cent. of whom are dependable, as every honest warden will admit, should be organized upon the basis of self-government and have charge of the prison, select their own subordinate officers, their own guards, their shop and other foremen; establish their own rules and regulate their own conduct under the supervision of the prison board.

Under such an organization the morale of the prison would at once improve, the spirit of the prison would be humanized, there would be better discipline, more incentive to work, and better results in every way, and all at a greatly reduced expense to the community.

There will be men to challenge these proposals as visionary, if not vicious, but I should prefer nothing more than the opportunity to vindicate my faith in human nature by being permitted, without any pecuniary compensation, to make such a demonstration.

Where Presidents Have No Friends

By Katherine Anne Porter

Drawings by Winold Reiss

Let me first repeat to you a story about Carranza told to me by a young Spaniard, Mexican born, who had identified his fortunes with that régime which ended with the sorry flight and death of its chief executive in the month of May, 1920.

A civilized creature was this Spaniard, suffering with a complication of spiritual disgusts. He maintained a nicely ironic tone of amusement in relating his adventure, wherein he had followed the high promptings of a fealty that led him into a situation gravely dubious, false, and pitiable. Because of this, he permitted himself an anodyne gesture of arrogance.

"Be as Anglo-Saxon, as American, as you like, madame, but try also to understand a little."

"I do not know whether this is understanding," I told him, "but whatever you may tell me, I promise you I shall not be amazed."

"That is good. I ask you to regard it as a *macabre* episode outside of all possible calculation of human events. I desire that you may be pleasantly amused at the picture I shall make for you. Here is a wide desert, harsh with cactus, the mountains glittering under the sun-rays like heaps of hewn brass. Hot! *O Dios!* our early summer! Many trains of coaches crowding upon one another in their gaudy and ridiculous colors, a little resembling the building-blocks for children, miles of them, you understand, attached to busy engines madly engaged in the ludicrous business of dragging a Government, equipped and encumbered, into exile.

"As Carranza goes, driven out by one of his own generals, he takes the *matériel* of government with him, and means to reëstablish it in Vera Cruz. There are gold bars and coins, guns and ammunition, soldiers and women and horses, furnishing and silver from the castle, postage-stamps, champagne, jewels, a confusion of things seized in frantic emergency.

"His cabinet, his personal friends, were with him. I had the honor, having been recalled suddenly from Washington, to share this calamity with my chief. We numbered in all sixteen thousand people in those trains, officials, soldiers, friends—and enemies. How could a president fail to have enemies among sixteen thousand persons?

"Lupe Sanchez, general in the Federal Army, was waiting for us with his men along the way. Later there would be little Candido Aguilar, son-in-law of the chief. We were not without hope.

"If for a moment, madame, we thought escape possible, put it down, please, to that persistent naïveté of faith in the incredible which is in the

heart of every Mexican. *La Suerte* will not fail forever! And still *la Suerte* betrays us, and still we are faithful to her. It is our happiest fidelity.

"Some one performed the simple feat of disconnecting the air-brakes of the first train. While we waited many hours on account of this, we smiled, for we had wondered what the first treachery would be, and it was this—trivial and potent, anonymous and certain. When we moved on slowly, revolutionary troops were stationed, waiting for us. We ran through a gantlet of bullets. We listened to the noise of firing, and drank champagne. The chief was silent, composed. We had nearly ten thousand effective soldiers. If he doubted them, no one knows to this day.

"The attacking forces were defeated, though our soldiers were disconcerted by rifle-shells refusing to explode. It was not surprising to discover that nearly half the shells were filled with sand and pepper. Who did it? It was convenient to blame it on the Japanese munition-makers.

"On the third day we met Lupe Sanchez, who had changed his mind, and had diverted his troops to the defense of the revolution. We had a battle with him all day, and in the morning he was joined by the troops of deserted little Candido, left armyless in some village to the south. Trevino came also with a fresh army. They attacked together.

"That was all. Now we were certain of failure, and we did what we could toward the destruction of the train we must leave with the enemy. We dynamited and set fire to the coaches, and all of us gathered what gold we could for flight into the United States and Europe. My brother and I had each a satchel of gold, thirty thousand pesos, maybe; not much. Only for the moment, you see.

"All of us who had arms joined the soldiers for a while. Two little revolvers and a belt of shells do not go far. We were beaten, and the chief gave orders for each man to go for himself. He released them all from their loyalty to him. He knew how to value it, you see.

"I found a small horse, very lean, standing with his saddle on, a dead man hanging by one heel to the stirrup, head down. I rode with a group of soldiers. They were trying to desert to the enemy. I said to the leader:

" 'Why do you desert the chief? I shall kill you!'

" 'If you are not a fool, you will come with us,' he replied very amiably. 'This is a lost day.' I let him go. Well, it was his own affair. A man's honor is his own, no?

"The soldiers spread flat over the earth behind cactus and hillock, firing at one another, no man knowing whether the other was friend or enemy. Carranza was riding away on horseback, followed by several hundred of his men. I gave my brother place behind me in the saddle, and we set out after the party. Our bags of gold were too heavy for the little horse; so we buried them under a boulder (I could never find that place again!) and later we joined the old man.

"I remember him in this way, riding always ahead of us, without a word, his white beard blowing over his shoulder. I loathe all causes, madame, and all politics, but the man inspired admiration. At dark we stopped before a hut to buy tortillas, and mind what I say, the old man had

A peon

not a centavo. One of us loaned him the few pennies needed. We made a dark camp that night, and all the next day we rode between hill and cactus.

"Men were falling away from the party. One or two at a time, they saluted and left him, or turned back with no sign at all, or pleaded fatigue and promised to overtake us. But not one came back.

"In the early evening we entered a friendly hacienda and there slept. At midnight I heard a continuous tramp of horses passing the outer wall under my window. I stood listening. I felt some one breathing beside me in the dark. One of the other men stood listening also.

" 'They are bandits hunting for the Old Man,' he whispered, 'on their way into the mountains.'

" 'We should wake the chief and tell him,' I said.

" 'Let him sleep,' said the man. 'What is the good of disturbing him now?'

"In the morning my brother and I decided to go no farther. The chief was a dead man; well, we would not be implicated in his death. So we saluted, and turned back also on our one little pony."

His eyes fixed themselves steadily upon me, a bitter regard of inquiry.

"Madame, it was a desperate little jest, played out. There are, no doubt, causes worth dying for, but that was not one of them."

"Who killed him?"

"It could have been any one of that group who went on with him. It could have been the bandits I heard passing in the night. Maybe an enemy who made this his special mission, or a friend who found himself in a situation he did not care for. He might, you see, go back to the new people in power and say: 'See, here I am, your servant. I have just escaped from the bandits of Carranza.' A poor chance, but an only one. Maybe the newest chief would believe him, maybe not. A President of Mexico can trust no one."

That final corroding phrase is the point of a cynical truth: a hundred years of revolutions have taught the President of Mexico that he can trust no one except his enemies. They may be depended upon to hate him infallibly; they will be faithful in contriving for his downfall.

In Mexican revolution the cause and the leader are interchangeable symbols. A man has his adherents, who follow him in the hope of arriving, through him, one step nearer to the thing they want, whatever that may be. Obregon is the leader, and his followers are the proletariat. The proletariat being for him, naturally the other classes and subdivisions of classes are opposed to him, acting on the curious theory that what is good for the laborer must logically be very bad for everybody else. Obregon's proletarian recalls that what was good for everybody else was very terrible for him, and he has set about evening up scores with more enthusiasm than justice, probably. Obregon has difficult work on hand. Himself a man of hardy good sense, an intellectually detached point of view, and civilized instincts, he must deal with the most conflicting welter of enmities and demands, surely, that ever harassed a holder of the executive office.

His Indians, his revolutionist mestizos, are filled with grievances and wrongs, suffering cruel exigencies; they turn the tragic, threatening eyes

of their faith toward him, and wait for him to fulfil his promises to them. Those promises mean realities, immediate benefits, if they have any meaning at all: land, work, freedom. He must deal with these honestly and without delay.

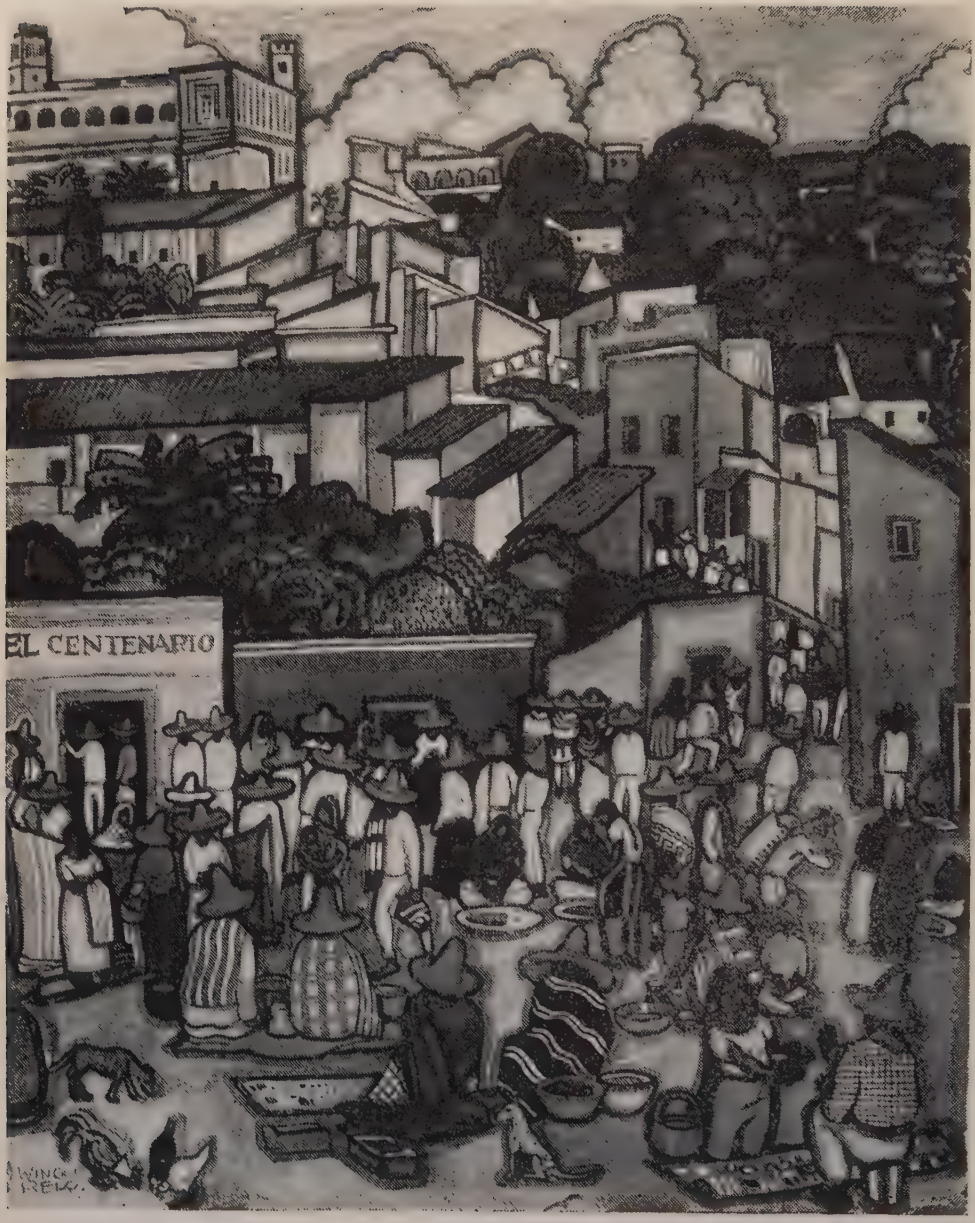
As an Indian, exceedingly insular in his political views, he must deal in the subtleties of international finance and diplomacy with foreign politicians and capitalists who think in terms of continents and billions, and who are leagued powerfully with his chief enemies of his own country, the landholders, the church. These in turn may be divided again into delicate classifications: the aristocracy, the wealthy upper-class mestizo, the middle-class shopkeeping folk, and the great body of Indians who cling to their religion. For the sake of sufficient identification, they may call themselves reactionary or conservative or liberal. It does not signify. They have also a label for this present governing group. They call them bandits. It means nothing, and has a disreputable sound.

The chief complaint among the anti-Obregon factions is that the new Government is acting on the theory that the lands of Mexico belong to the Indian, and that it is to the interest of the country to care first for this prodigious majority of its population. This is true, and it is revolutionary enough, indeed. But all the men now concerned in the Government are frankly nationalists. Only three of them have ever had a glimpse of Europe or this country. They studied in text-books the forms of government in other countries. But when the time came, they went about their business with their eyes fixed on their native earth. Only afterward their international point of view, such as it is, was formed, when they had come into power.

For the first time they found themselves dealing not with the fervent episodes of battles fought out with personal minuteness of detail, where a general lay in ambush and fought beside his men, but with the gigantic and implacable facts: Mexico, a backward and menaced nation, dangerously rich in resource and weak in defenses, was in actual relation with a world of hostile, critical governments, all more powerful than Mexico herself, all more than a match for her in organized pillage, more nicely adjusted in a cynical freemasonry of finance, diplomacy, and war, the three Graces of civilization.

In selecting his cabinet Obregon announced his belief that De la Huerta, radical philosopher, would work harmoniously with Alberto Pani, friend of the American Senator Fall. That Calles, Sonora revolutionist, would somehow make his terms with Capmany, millionaire reactionary. That Vasconselos, radical minister of education, and Villareal, revolutionary minister of agriculture, could both be counted on not to be too extreme in moments of crisis. As an act of faith, this was magnificent. Faith in what? Watching Obregon's methods of disposing of his enemies each according to his degree, I believe his faith is in himself.

With this cabinet he set about the gigantic task of bringing order to a country in which order has been the least regarded of all laws. He had against him four tremendous opposing forces, the reactionaries against the radicals, the foreign against the native,



Mexico

an inextricably tangled mass of conflicting claims, any one of which he cannot afford to ignore. With a treasury virtually empty, he shouldered a national debt which, though not hopelessly large, is still enough to be a weapon in the hands of his opponents. And when he set about dividing the land, as he had promised, and collecting funds from the oil products to add to the national treasury, he cited Article Twenty-seven of the Mexican Constitution as amended by Carranza in 1917, and announced that it should now be made effective.

That has caused all, or nearly all, of his trouble. It delayed recognition from the United States. It has been the peg upon which to hang many promising little counter-revolutionary schemes. It may yet prove fatal to his Government.

Briefly, Article Twenty-seven gives to the Mexican Government full title to all the lands of Mexico, both surface and subsoil. It empowers the Department of Agriculture to break up unwieldy landholdings, and to divide the acreage among the Indians. It provides for a tax on all subsoil products, and thereby diverts to the national treasury and to the common life the fruit of the nation's labor and products.

This was the ideal which Obregon as President of Mexico designed to carry out. It had the noble simplicity of a hermit's vision of beauty, and it was about as sympathetically related to practical politics.

The oil interests were unanimous in opposing this article. Oil should be Mexico's greatest asset, but the Guggenheims and Dohenys have made of it a liability almost insupportable to the country. It is the fashion now to blame all the present difficulties between Mexico and the United States on the Obregon régime; but it was Carranza who redrafted the Mexican Constitution, aside from a detail or two, to its present form. It was his administration that set the tax of ten per cent. on the selling price of oil, with a fifteen per cent. royalty payable in produce on all oil obtained. The land partition had been one of his political plans. He did not carry it out, it is true. It is one of the reasons why he is not now President of Mexico. But Obregon inherited all his problems, dead ripe.

El Aguila petroleum, a British company, and the Guffey interests made their peace, and announced their intention of complying with the national regulation of oil export. The Doheny interests, most implacable of all Mexico's interior enemies, together with other companies, have sidestepped the payment in this way: they admit that the tax is nominal; they will pay taxes cheerfully on the price paid them for oil by the boat companies, which they allege is about forty cents a barrel. The boat companies claim they buy the oil outright, and, once loaded into the tanks, Mexico has no further claim of interest. The price they sell for in foreign markets is their own affair.

This would be quite simple if the oil-producing companies and the oil-transportation companies were separate interests. But the case being what it is, the Government says pipelines shall have meters, the oil shall be measured as it flows into the tankboats, and the amount shall be taxed at the selling price of oil, which fluctuates with the market. And there the matter sticks.

The Doheny interests are the source of eternal unrest. They want Obregon out, and nothing less will please them. A man of the old guard, say Esteban Cantu, is the choice of the Doheny faction. A good man, Cantu. Enormously wealthy, mixed upper-class blood, interested in oil. "Emperor of Lower California" they used to call him. When Obregon became president, Cantu was required to disband his standing army, was given to understand his vast estates would be repartitioned when the time came for it. Now, sporadically, he makes counter-revolution, designed to keep the oil and land question prominently before the eyes of the American public, or, I should say, the American politician.

That much for the subsoil controversy. The surface lands are needed for agricultural purposes. The country must be fed on its own fruits. The drain of import is too heavy. The farming lands are held almost exclusively by Spaniards who have held the grants for centuries, by oil companies, and by the church. These three are in effect one. If the Government continues to carry out its drastic plan, it means that the old haciendas will be destroyed, church lands confiscated, and every foot of earth will be subject to government control. The entire question of recognition hangs on this one sword's point.

In the meantime, so far as the oil people are concerned, they cheerfully admit it is cheaper to keep a few minor revolutions going than to pay taxes. So Pablo Gonzales and Esteban Cantu and all that restless body of Mexicans with political ambitions and no love of country can be sure of a measure of support and aid in their operations.

You see what Obregon has in the way of organized opposition. Even in the Chamber of Deputies he has a minority. In his own cabinet he can with difficulty strike a balance in his favor at moments of crisis. Yet he has held the Government together for two years, and appears to be growing steadily in strength. The currency exchange is at par; gold is the circulating medium; business is good; banks are steady. What is the source of his power?

He has, as I have said, the organized proletariat, the labor-unions. They are for him exactly as long as he is for them. He encounters no obscurities of motive there. His influence has wavered precariously at moments when he was threatened from foreign sources. His followers watch him, and criticize him savagely when he decides on compromise as preferable to extermination.

The unorganized proletariat follows, as a rule, the organized. There are his federal troops, a loose body of men not given to loyalties. As soldiers they follow the leader. They followed him at a time when they were theoretically loyal to Carranza. He has them—maybe.

There are the Yaqui Indians, a fierce and evil tribe who fight like demons lately unchained from hell. Obregon is the only man who has ever succeeded in taming them to regular warfare. His humanizing mediums were land and food and decent treatment. He has them—maybe.

The socialist bandits of Morelia are his. They are the most promising of all the radical groups, a fantastic mixture of doctors and lawyers and poets and teachers who took to the high roads against Carranza, soldiers

An officer

who detached themselves from the army without leave and engaged in a personal pursuit of glory, plain road-pillagers converted to the revolutionary ideal. They were the remnants of Zapata's horde, those fanatic highwaymen who used to make speeches to their victims after this manner, poking them in the ribs with revolvers to emphasize the moral points of their discourse:

"In giving up your gold to us you are honored in contributing to the cause of freedom. These funds shall be used to further the revolution, to bring to our downtrodden brothers justice and peace and liberty. Be happy, brother, that we do not blow out your capitalistic brains."

These men are now engaged in running the state of Morelia on an outright socialist program. The state is at peace except for May-day battles between Catholics and Socialists and an occasional riot on feast days.

Yucatan, also a revolutionary state, is loyal to Obregon. It is a nation by itself, removed by language, by tradition, and custom from the rest of the country. The last of the Mayas are there, a spectacular, insular people, up to the eyes in social and economic grievances, who make their state a battle-ground. Felipe Carillo, a Maya, was elected governor by sixty thousand majority, and if he lives to take the chair, we shall see revolutionary theory practised freely in Yucatan.

From high to low, this is the strength of Obregon. He works quietly, slowly, holding his ground as he gains it with a tenacity that cannot be stampeded into action even with his mob of revolutionists growling at his heels, demanding that he ignore the claims of foreign capital and politics.

He gives personal interviews to all manner of strange persons who track him down indefatigably: reporters and magazine-writers from the United States; delegations from chambers of commerce; representatives of every type of promotion scheme under heaven, all designed to benefit Mexico; walking delegates from the labor-unions; unofficial diplomats and business men who wish to establish some sort of trades relation with Mexico.

Take this sort of thing to illustrate: Mexico has a body of lawmakers known as the Chamber of Deputies, which functions somewhat in the manner of our House of Congress. On one occasion the conservative faction went openly to war with Carillo, then deputy from Yucatan. The disturbances became a riot. For three days the lawmakers went on a debauch of dissension. A committee of deputies appealed to the president to put an end to the disgraceful episode. Acting through the governor of the district, Obregon ordered that the riot be quelled after the ordinary procedure against disturbances of the peace. Whereupon the city fire department went down to the white-pillared Chamber of Deputies, turned on high-pressure hose through the open windows, and the disorderly deputies were drenched to the bone. The disturbances stopped.

It would be absurd, comic, if death were not in it. The rôle of dictator is strangely associated with a civilized perception of government. Wherever generals playing the counter-revolutionary game are captured, there they are executed, usually within twelve hours. Pablo Gonzales has escaped

so far, but only one of his numerous small forays recently resulted in the execution of five men, two of them being generals in the president's army.

If the revolutionists were all Mexicans, it would be, possibly, a local business. But Mexico has been hospitable to political refugees from all parts of the world. They have come making mischief each after his own taste, arrogantly bringing their diverse doctrines to a land already overborne with doctrines. A sudden flurry of anti-radical sentiment resulted in a few of the more obviously annoying of the aliens being set gently over the borders of their native lands, in accordance with Article Thirty-three of the Mexican Constitution, which provides that a too impossible guest may be thrown out.

The foreign radicals, bereft of the security of government toleration, declared the Mexican Government was betraying its highest revolutionary ideals by way of currying favor with the United States. They accused the cabinet of taking orders from the American chargés d'affaires. Maybe so. Oddly enough, it did happen that most of the deportees were received hospitably by the American jails on their return from exile. But one might believe also that the long-suffering Mexican Government had grown humanly sick of gnat-stings, and had rid itself of a few minor curses in order to concentrate on greater ones.

Every foreign opportunist with a point to make can find the support of other opportunists in Mexico. The result is a hotbed of petty plotting, cross purposes between natives and foreigners, from the diplomats down to the unwashed grumbler who sits in the Alameda and complains about the sorrows of the proletariat. In all this the men in present power are struggling toward practicable economic and political relations with the world.

Psychologically, we are as alien to them as we are to the French, and in much the same way; for the Mexican upper class social and business customs are to-day more French than Spanish.

The hope of the Labor party is to establish an interdependent union with the South American states, leading naturally to clear avenues of trade and communication with Europe. It is the logical sequence of events, and would be a tremendous source of strength to Mexico. But if the union is established, it will be an achievement of finesse which Mexico may take pride in; for the idea is rankest treason to our high financial rights in that country.

Luis Morones, present chief of munitions for the Government, is the leader of this Labor party. He is wholly Indian, a leader by temperament, executive, and powerful. His pride is in his factories and plants, where the working conditions are ideal, and the wage is the highest paid in the republic.

In the educational work Vasconcelos, minister of education and president of the National University, has begun an intensive program of school founding among the Indians, with special attention to industrial and agricultural schools, his intention being not to oppress the Indian with an education he cannot use, but to fit him for his natural work, which is on the land.

Vasconcelos is, despite what we would call radical tendencies, a be-

liever in applied Christianity. He might be called a Tolstoyan, except that he is Mexican, and the doctrine of non-resistance does not engage his faith. He claims in his calm way that the true purpose of higher education is to lift the souls of men above this calamitous civilization. We cannot outwear it until we have fixed the aspirations of our souls on something better. He publishes a magazine of religion, philosophy, and literature in Mexico City, giving translations from the works of Tolstoy, Rolland, Anatole France, and Shaw.

Other men, in no wise connected with politics, are each in his own individual manner deeply concerned with the rebuilding of his country. Widely separated as they are in caste and political sympathies, they are strangely of one mind with the others in their will to be of service to their shattered nation. There is Manuel Gamio, archæologist and writer, wholly Spanish, but born in Mexico, whose research work and restoration of the Teotihuacan pyramids is sponsored and financed by the present Government. Mr. Gamio is studying race sources in Mexico with the sole aim of discovering the genuine needs of the Indian, and the most natural method of supplying them.

Jorge Enciso, also Spanish, is an authority on early Aztec art and design, and is making a comparative study of motives used by the early and widely separated tribes. Adolfo Best-Maugard, a painter, has spent eight years in creating a new manner of design, using as a foundation the Aztec motives. He has done valuable work in reviving among the Indian schoolchildren the native instinct for drawing and designing. His belief is that a renascence of the older Aztec arts and handicrafts among these people will aid immeasurably in their redemption.

Redemption—it is a hopeful, responsible word one hears often among these men. Strangely assorted are the true patriots of Mexico, and few as numbers go. But what country has many faithful sons? These men are divided as only social castes can divide persons from one another in a Latin-minded country, and yet they share convictions which, separately arrived at, are almost indivisible in effect.

They all are convinced, quite simply, that twelve millions of their fifteen millions of peoples cannot live in poverty, illiteracy, a most complete spiritual and mental darkness, without constituting a disgraceful menace to the state. They have a civilized conviction that the laborer is worthy of his hire, a practical perception of the waste entailed in millions of acres of untilled lands while the working people go hungry. And with this belief goes an esthetic appreciation of the necessity of beauty in the national life, the cultivation of racial forms of art, and the creation of substantial and lasting unity in national politics.

As a nation, we love phrases. How do you like this one? "Land and liberty for all, forever!" If we needed a fine ringing phrase to fight a war on, could we possibly improve on that one? The tragic, the incredible thing about this phrase is that the men who made it, meant it. Just this: land, liberty, for all, forever!

They fought a long, dreary, expensive revolution on it. As soon as they had it fought, they began to translate the phrase into action. Their situation to-day is as I have described it to you.

The Sinning of Jessie MacLean

By Lorna Moon

Drawings by John R. Neill

Jessie MacLean felt that their romance belonged also to her, for she had seen their first meeting. It was on a Sunday morning after service, and Jessie was returning from her walk along by Skilly's wood. She was wondering as she stepped daintily, rustling her Sunday-best alpaca gown, if the gold chain she wore had marked her neck, and whether the gimlet-eyed Mistress MacKenty had seen it as she sat behind her in kirk. Well, it was n't all gold, but, as Jessie protested defensively to herself, "Pure gold 's that soft ye have ti mix it."

On hot Sundays it was always a race between the sermon and the chain; about the time the minister got to the "thirdlies" and "lastlies" Jessie was in a fidget. She could wear the chain a bare hour and a half without it marking if the weather was cool, but this had been a very hot Sunday. Out of the sight of inquisitive eyes she stopped and spread her handkerchief between the chain and her neck. Then she turned along Skilly's burnside, intending to cross it at the stepping-stones; and it was here she came upon them. So flustered was she, that she forgot the dangling handkerchief; but, then, she might have worn ram's horns, and they would not have noticed it.

Gawky and shy, they were exchanging their first "It 's waurm the day" and "What 's yer hurry?" which in Drumorty may mean, "Who is this gallant youth who stirs my bosom?" or, "Fair maid, eternity were too brief, could I but spend it gazing into your eyes."

Jessie understood, and, seeing their embarrassment, blushed in sympathy, and tilted her parasol between herself and them. She had meant to cross the burn at the stepping-stones, but, her heart pleasantly a-flutter with a sense of being a sharer in a secret, she kept on down the burnside until she was out of sight; and there she sat down and removed her shoes and stockings before hitching her dress to her knees and wading the burn.

Jessie's own romance, laid away in the lavender of memory, stirred again at the thought of the two. Walking home, she pondered who the lad might be. He was a stranger in Drumorty. The lass was Bella Toucher, the kitchen wench at Skilly's farm, a well favored lass, and hard-working, rosy, and full-bosomed although barely sixteen.

So engrossed was she that she went all the way home without remembering to remove the telltale handkerchief from her neck, and never gave it a thought until, as she was turning in at her own door, Mistress MacKenty leaned over the gate and, sweetly malicious, called, so that Jessie would know she had seen:

"Ye do weel ti guard ag'in' blood-poisinin', Jessie lass."

Next Sunday Jessie did an unheard of thing: she stayed at home from the morning service and watched the road to Skilly's farm to see if the lad would come back. She had fortified herself against disappointment by boiling dumplings in the broth. No matter how keen the edge of disappointment, Jessie had proved that dumplings in the broth could ease it a little. And after spending all morning watching at the window, with a bandage bound about her neck to advertise to the curious that a sore throat had kept her at home from the kirk, she was just about to turn to the dumplings for solace when he came by, whistling and heading up the road to Skilly's.

"My certies," she cried, pretending to herself that she was shocked at his ardor, "he 's back again! Does na gie the lassie time to draw a lanely breath."

Feeling the need of some one to rejoice with her, she gave the cat a dumpling. The cat sniffed it, and showed her contempt for Jessie's frivolity by crossing to the other side of the fireplace and seating herself with her back to her mistress. Jessie, taking this rebuff with unusual spirit, retorted, "You 're a persnickety old maid, and there 's no' a romantic hair on yer head." And to show that she

would n't be browbeaten by the cat on this joyful day, she opened the glass-door of the what-not with a loud click, and later ate her dumplings off the best willow-pattern china.

§ 2

Through that winter Jessie did n't need the dumplings to fortify her. The lad was attentive enough. She would see the two by the hayricks, or wandering with fingers entwined by the burnside every Sunday evening. But in the spring he stopped coming, and Bella would stand for hours watching the empty road; while Jessie, in an anguish of sympathy, would watch both the girl and the road from her corner window.

Bella was listless and pale. There was something pathetic in the way she made no pretense of doing anything but watching. This was intolerable to Jessie, who wanted the girl to save her pride; so when she would see a neighbor coming, she would whisper fiercely: "Walk along as if ye were looking for gowans! Dinna let them see yer looking for the lad." But only the muslin curtains heard Jessie's advice. Bella, dazed with despair, was indifferent to gossip.

Then it was rumored that "Bella Toucher's lad had gone to Edinburgh to the soldierin'," and after that Bella watched the road no more.

It was Mistress MacKenty who said: "I 'm thinking Skilly's will be needing a new kitchen wench afore Whitsuntide; and there 's them that will learn that nae guid ever came o' gallivantin' wi' a strange lad on the Sabbith day." And having delivered this darkly meaning speech, she pursed withered lips with vindictive relish, only adding: "I hae lassies o' my ain. It ill becomes me to speak; but mark my words, there 'll be an elders' meeting in Drumorty afore many weeks."

Jessie now understood the pale, watching face of Bella; and understood also the despair that made her watch for him without pretense.

"Puir wee lass!" she whispered. "Watching for her man, and him awa' to no' come back."

When Mistress MacKenty came in that evening to say that "Skilly was sendin' the shameless limmer packin' the morn's mornin'," Jessie furtively hid something white and small upon which she had been sewing. She stood up while Mistress MacKenty spoke, and no line of her figure or any tone of her voice could be taken to mean that she invited Mistress MacKenty to take a chair.

"It 's a sore disgrace to the whole parish, and harder forby on Skilly himsel', and him an elder o' the kirk." Mistress MacKenty's voice was dulcet with sympathy for the poor elder. She was looking around for a seat in which to sink and continue her lamentations when, in the chill silence of the usually sympathetic Jessie, she sensed something strange. Jessie was clasping and unclasping her hands in front of her thin waist, and her eyes were glinting. Could it be that the gentle Jessie MacLean was fighting to keep her hands from flying in the face of Mistress MacKenty? Mistress MacKenty must have shared that wild thought also, for catching sight of Jessie, she paused and backed away, suddenly remembering that she had "a pot o' kale on the fire," and was gone without even closing the door as she went.

Jessie closed the door after her and bolted it and drew down the blinds.

The little bit of white sewing came out of its hiding-place. Mistress MacKenty vowed the next day that Jessie's light had burned all night, but added that she did n't know why, because "Jessie MacLean is *that* secretive her window-blinds fit all the way round."

All the next morning Jessie sat by the window watching Skilly's road, her head propped wearily on her palms, a bright red spot on the wrinkled apple of each cheek. All Drumorty was watching Skilly's road, but *not* with the tender purpose that was in the heart of Jessie MacLean. Drumorty was swollen with righteous wrath. The virtue of Drumorty was outraged, and it was waiting to visit its saintly indignation on the head of "the shameless hussy." But Jessie, shut up alone, knew nothing of this.

At noon she saw Bella coming along the road toward the village street, a bundle with all her belongings slung on her arm. She would proceed in little tumbling runs, then stop and sway, gather strength again, and run a little more. Sometimes she would drop the bundle, and have to get down laboriously to one knee to pick it up.

Then Jessie saw the thing that stilled her heart for a moment. As Bella turned into the street, the blinds of Mistress MacPherson's cottage snapped down and remained, like eyelids in death. Then down with swift vindictiveness came the blinds of the next cottage; Bella heard, and looked about her as blinds on each side of her hurried down to their righteous window-sills. She stopped and tottered feebly, then, as if blows were showered upon her, she flung her arm across her face and lowered her head and ran.

"Click!" went the blind of Mistress MacKenty's window as she passed; this brought Jessie to her feet with blazing eyes. Rushing out, she ran along the street after the fleeing girl, calling, "Bella! Bella Toucher!"

Thinking she was being pursued only to be taunted, Bella gathered her strength anew and ran faster. Sobs rose in Jessie's throat as she saw her reel in her efforts to get away; and she called her name again, trying to make her voice both loud and coaxing. As Jessie caught up to her and touched her arm, the girl stopped and faced her, panting, a driven thing, ready to fight if she must.

"Come back to my house, Bella," Jessie urged breathlessly.

"So ye can take yer ease while ye tell me I 've disgraced the parish o' Drumorty? So ye can tell me I am justly punished for my sins?" Bella's voice rose in hysterical gasps; her white face twitched piteously.

"Na, na," urged Jessie, speaking in soothing accents. "Come so I can show ye the wee shirts I 've been makin'."

It was the tone of her voice and tears on Jessie's cheeks, not her words, that brought the answering sob in Bella's throat and softened the defensive lines of her form.

"Come back an' stay wi' me." Jessie's tone was tender.

Responding to it, the tears streamed down Bella's face, but she shook her head.

"I winna stay an' face the elders." She sobbed. "I 'll walk till I drop first."

"Ye 'll no'—I 'll face them for ye. Come awa'," Jessie coaxed; then in a warning whisper she added: "The blinds are down, but they are keekin' out below them." She put an arm round the girl and reached out a hand

for the bundle, saying tenderly: "Ye 'r' nathing but a bairn yersel'. Come!" Bella relinquished the bundle to Jessie's urging hand, and, faltering like a tired child, turned back with her along the street of drawn blinds.

With what terror or with what bravery these two met the turmoil of that night we may not tell. Nor may we echo the brave words that a gentle spinster used to hearten an erring child in her hour of sore trial. These things are written by the angels, and only mothers may read them.

But we may look in with dawn, and see the puckered, pink-velvet son of Bella Toucher as he lies on Jessie's lap, screaming, for he cannot see yet how near is Jessie's lap to the tender heaven of her heart. But we can see, and we are shamed to look unbidden upon the glory of a spinster's face when mother-love has wakened in her breast.

§ 3

There was defiance in Jessie's gait as she stepped up to the entrance of Mistress MacPherson's byre at milking-time that evening. She rattled the two flagons she carried challengingly,

and forestalled any comment from Mistress MacPherson about the extra flagon, by saying cheerily, "I 'll need a quart extra ilka day now."

Her boldness had the effect of completely winding Mistress MacPherson, who had been waiting all day for milking-time, so that she could "gie Jessie MacLean a piece o' her mind." "Let her come creepin' up here askin' for milk for that hussy—" Mistress MacPherson had finished the implication with a grim-faced nod as she discussed the "goin's on" with Mistress MacKenty that morning.

But Jessie had n't "come creepin'," and Mistress MacPherson, ready to attack, hesitated with that confusion which comes also to a dog when it has got all ready to chase a cat that refuses to run. Jessie, palpitating with victory, airily handed over the two flagons, and Mistress MacPherson, unable to rally for the moment, took them, murmuring only, "Oh, aye."

But if it was a victory for Jessie, it only added to the virtuous indignation Drumorty felt toward Bella. Had Bella been found dying in a ditch that morning, the good women of Drumorty would have found pity for her in their hearts. But that Bella should have faced her hour with a roof overhead and a bed beneath her, and a kindly hand to meet her needs, that, in the opinion of Drumorty, was nothing short of "lauding the evil-doer."

"Rev'lin' in her sins," "Made o' and tended, as if she were an honest woman"—these and other denunciations flew rife at mart and meeting as the weeks passed, and it was reported that "Jessie MacLean was sleepin' on a shake-down, while that limmer was lying like a queen in Jessie's featherbed." But that was only hearsay, for not once did Jessie let one of them pass the door. Although many were the pretexts devised by Mistress MacKenty to gain admission, from the borrowing of an egg, which she returned the next day (the same egg, as Jessie could prove, for did she not mark it on purpose? For what use would Mistress MacKenty be having for an egg three days before Sunday?) to the bringing of a bottle of raspberry-vinegar to see if Jessie had a corkscrew that could get the cork out.

Bella sensed it all with sullen resentment, which would show in her eyes when the baby's cries forced its existence more sharply upon her. She

hated her motherhood. Motherhood, that was thrust cruelly upon her while she was still a child; motherhood, robbed of its honor and covered with shame; motherhood and its pains, stripped of the love which makes its agony a glory—this was the motherhood Bella knew, and her heart was bitter against it. She felt trapped. Perhaps the child, helpless in her arms, crying to her for food, might have saved her from this, and have roused in her girl heart that compassion for the helpless which is mother-love; but Jessie, all eagerness to surround Bella with comfort, took the care of the baby upon herself, and as love for it fastened upon her heart, Jessie could not bear to let any hand touch it but her own. Its morning bath was a rite to be lingered over with exclamations of wonder and delight. If Jessie noticed at all that Bella did not share her ecstasy, she did not think it strange; for Jessie had quickly ceased to think of Bella as the baby's mother. Her feeling for Bella was in a smaller measure the same feeling she had for the baby. She felt herself mother to both of them. So while Jessie's heart was greatened and stirred by her care of these two, Bella, robbed of the saving outlet of service, became daily more morose. The memory of the drawn blinds seared her, and she knew that the day would come soon when she must face Drumorty again. She felt little gratitude toward Jessie, and just a cool wonder that a good woman could also be kind.

The baby was about six weeks old when Jessie came in one day with heightened color and her step brisk with excitement. She opened her hand to disclose three gold sovereigns and a half-sovereign.

"Three pounds ten, Bella; the gentry at the big hoose hae paid their sewing-bill." Then turning swiftly to the baby, she cried crooningly, "Jessie's wee lamb will no need ti sleep in the clothes-basket noo; it 's a pram an' a cradle he 'll be havin'."

Jessie dropped the money into the toby-jug on the mantel and was preparing to gather the baby up from the clothes-basket when she heard a step on the path outside. She glanced through the window, then dodged back with the warning whisper, "It 's Skilly!"

Like a flash she clapped on her bonnet and seized a basket, and was stepping sedately out at the door just as Skilly raised his hand to knock upon it.

"My certies, Skilly," exclaimed Jessie, shutting the door carefully behind her as she stopped, facing him on the step, "wha wid expect *you* to be visitin' this time o' day?"

"I hae come ti see Bella Toucher," said Skilly, looking suggestively at the closed door before which Jessie stood like a sentinel.

"Weel, I 'm vexed for ye," cooed Jessie. "Bella 's oot bye somewhere, an' I 'm on my way ti the flesher's."

Skilly was not deceived, and indeed Jessie did not expect him to be. She smiled grimly as she caught his eye glancing searchingly at the window as the muslin curtains moved under Bella's touch; but she continued to stand barring his way to the door, her arms folded militantly through the empty basket, which posed like a shield upon her breast.

Skilly lengthened out his gangling inches to a greater assumption of dignity, and, ignoring Jessie's hostility with a lofty tolerance, said in the tone

he usually kept for reading the first lesson:

"As an elder o' the kirk it is my duty to speak wi' Bella Toucher aboot her misbegotten bairn, and wha we may name as the father o' t."

"An' it was yer godly duty as an elder, nae doot, that made ye turn her oot to die by the roadside?" Jessie's tone was the essence of sweetened venom.

But Skilly, not meaning to loose his impeachable superiority by bandying words with a woman, answered calmly:

"I hae no call to shelter a wanton and unrepentant woman. If Bella Toucher is minded to face the elders and make admission o' her sins—"

"Her sins!" Jessie broke in. "It 's no' her sins Drumorty is punishin' her for; it 's the evidence, Skilly. It 's the bairn. There 's them that sit on the elders' bench and gie judgment that ken more o' sin than Bella Toucher, but they dinna get found out; their siller in the collection-plate blinds the minster."

This was a home thrust, and Skilly reddened under it, but he clambered back to his official dignity by booming pontifically:

"It behooves us to deal kindly wi' the repentant. If Bella Toucher is humble of spirit and contrite of heart, I will see *mysel'* that her bairn is housed in the almshouse, an' I 'll take her back." Then, seeing the chance to make a bargain, Skilly dropped his oratorical tone, and added hastily, "But, mind ye, no' at the old price; I 'll gie her half o' t."

At that Jessie laughed, and two red lights flashed battle from her eyes.

"Yer a sainted and godlike man, Skilly, wi' a heart sweet wi' charity. Now that the lass is able to work again, ye 'll put her bairn in the almshouse at nae cost to yersel'; and ye 'll let her carry swill to yer pigs at half the siller ye 'd have to pay anither. It 's a forgivin' an' tender heart ye have."

Skilly bridled impatiently and turned away; the woman would try the patience of a saint.

"Aye, run, run, Skilly," urged Jessie, tauntingly. "If ye bide, I may let ye see yersel'; and the sight will make ye sick."

It was too much. An elder of the kirk could n't be expected to stand it any longer. Skilly left her and stalked down the path, his back as stiff as buckram.

Jessie turned back into the house all a-flutter. Nature had not made her a fighter. She could not have lifted a whisper to defend herself, but accident had made her play mother, and so she could fight like a tiger, although her knees might tremble for hours afterward.

"Did ye hear, Bella?" she asked the

girl who sat stolidly on the bench by the window ignoring the whimperings from the clothes-basket.

"Aye." There was nothing in the girl's tone to indicate her thoughts. After a moment her eyes wandered up to the toby-jug on the mantel, and she said:

"How much will the pram an' the cradle cost?"

Jessie, with most of her attention centered on the commotion in the basket, answered:

"I can get the pram for thirty shillings, an' I 've been promised the use o' Maggie Duncan's cradle for nathing; but she kens fine I 'll make her next gown on account o' t."

§ 4

In the straggling light next morning Jessie slipped a long, thin leg out of bed, and her toes went searching with catlike caution for a crocheted slipper. Finding it, they wriggled into it.

Jessie was making one of her countless trips to the clothes-basket by the fireside in the next room to see if all was well. She clutched her long, pink flannellet nightgown to keep it from touching the floor, and was moving carefully past Bella's bed, when its flatness made her look at it again.

It was empty! Jessie hastened into the next room with fussy concern, sure that whatever Bella was doing for the baby was wrong.

But Bella was n't there! Her hat was n't hanging on the back of the door, where it had hung for six weeks. Her shoes were n't on the peat-backet, where she had put them last night.

The baby! Jessie gave a cry that ended in a strangled sound, half-laugh, half-sob, as she sprang to the clothes-basket and dropped down beside it. The baby was there. Jessie's heart resumed action again. She bent over the basket and tenderly touched the baby's warm, sleeping face; then her thoughts returned to Bella. She looked about for fresh proof that she had really gone.

Against the toby-jug a sheet of writing-paper was propped. Jessie reached for it and carried it to the window. In the graying light she peered at the words written upon it until they formed into things of meaning. And she read:

"I am going to Edinburgh. I have taken two pounds from the toby-jug; that leaves enough for the pram. It is ill done of me, but I will no' stay in Drumorty. If I get a place, I 'll send back the siller, and if Geordie will wed me, I 'll come back for the bairn. You have been kinder to me than I am deserving, and I will no' forget. You can send the bairn to the almshouse. It will be better there than with me if Geordie will no' have me."

Jessie trembled as she read. Bella had gone! And the baby was here, was hers to keep! Joy sent her heart racing heavenward. She turned and sank to her knees beside the clothes-basket, stretching greedy arms about it and whispering passionately:

"She 'll no' come back; she 'll no' come back; and ye 'll be my ain, my ain wee lamb!"

Then in the flush of her riches, kneeling there in the still gray morning, she thought of Bella and her poverty; Bella, stealing out loveless in the night; Bella who had borne the suffering and the shame; Bella with empty arms. And a great remorse for the greed of her own rejoicing tore at her breast, and she cried in anguish:

"God be merciful to her, and forgie me, a covetous sinner!"

The Globe Theatre of Shakspere, in which the crowd stood in the courtyard, and the gentry sat in the shallow balconies on three sides. Note the permanent forest on right of stage and the hole in the wooden canopy through which celestial manifestations were lowered

Back to Shakspere

A review of the attempts to recapture the theatrical vigor of the dramatist and his stage in the theater of to-day

By Kenneth Macgowan

Drawings by Hugh Ferriss

Shakspere has been acted professionally in the United States from five hundred to a thousand times every season for the last fifteen years—seventy-five hundred performances at the very least, and not a hundred and fifty that have given any real idea of the theatrical power and brilliance and effectiveness of this great practical playwright. A good deal of the poetry has survived these productions, and some of the sheer melodrama and slapstick comedy, but almost none of the expert dramaturgy, the rounded sense of the theater, the deliberate skill in the organization of scene and plot which made Shakspere's plays popular successes three hundred years ago.

We have applauded half a dozen of our stars for keeping Shakspere alive when they were actually doing their best to crush the amazing vitality out of him. The indictment is long, but it can be summarized in five points. They have loaded down the plays with ugly realistic scenery. They have cut up and rearranged the plays to fit this scenery. They have ripped out whole scenes, episodes, and characters to make room for the long waits with which this scenery interrupts the swiftly running story. They have turned over all but one or two parts in the plays to inferior actors. They have permitted these actors to drone out the words which some one who knew a good deal about Shaksperian production said should be spoken "trippingly on the tongue."

We have sent our boys and girls from high school to see Shakspere thus hacked, tortured, and half dead after preparing them with a course in boredom which treats Shakspere as an apostle of culture instead of a playwright who is quite as likable and clever a story-teller as George M. Cohan or D. W. Griffith. The miracle of it all is that we should have a dramatist of such supreme genius that he can go through these tortures and come out with the breath of life still in him.

If we want to stop this horrid and inhuman spectacle, if we want to enjoy in Shakspere the full, tremendous vitality which his contemporaries felt, if we want to make his plays as genuinely popular in America as they are in Germany, we have only to recognize three facts and act upon them. We must recognize that Shakspere knew what he was about, and we must play his pieces as he wrote them. We

must recognize that he wrote them for a very special sort of stage and we must give them a kind of production that approximates the conditions of this stage. We must recognize that upon Shakspere's own stage the plays were acted swiftly and lyrically, and we must ban producers who mangle Shakspere and "Shaksperian" actors who mouth his words.

"Back to Shakspere!" is the essential formula.

How distant he has grown in all the three hundred years in which English and American editors, actors, producers, and critics have dealt with him! It is an amazing history of distortion: plays pirated and carelessly and inaccurately printed in the playwright's lifetime, supplied with scene and act divisions years later by editors lacking both knowledge and imagination, rewritten and altered by a long line of busy inferiors, bewigged and knickerbockered by Garrick, smothered in scenery by Irving and Tree, cut up and rearranged to please the stagehands of the realistic theater; yet alive enough through it all to prove to a few German producers that Shakspere knew his business and that his disciples and parasites did not know theirs.

The problem of understanding Shakspere, of piercing three hundred years of obfuscation, of finding out what sort of stage he wrote for and how the conditions of that stage could be approximated in our own playhouses, was a terrifically hard problem, the hardest ever faced in the theater, the hardest perhaps in all literature. When the problem was first attacked, a hundred years ago, there were virtually no documents, no records, no pictures to aid in the research, and to-day there are very few. The task was a double one, doubly involved. It was necessary to reconstruct Shakspere's stage almost entirely from a study of his plays, and it was equally necessary to make over his plays, to bring them back to what must have been their original form, in the light of this knowledge of his stage.

Modern understanding of Shakspere begins with Goethe and ends with the movies. In the seventy-seventh year of his life, nine years after he had put aside the directorship of the Court Theater in Weimar, Goethe made a discovery. Reading one of the first editions of Shakspere, a quarto, he noticed that there were virtually no scene or act divisions; these had been supplied by editors of a later time. But, more than that, Goethe noticed that scene divisions were not particularly important. The play flowed along as well even though the word "*Exeunt*" took the place of "Curtain," and the castle of *Macbeth* or the forest of Arden was described in the dialogue instead of in the stage directions. This discovery excited Goethe inordinately, for it created a new picture of the poet's stage and the poet's method.

Goethe saw definitely, if not completely, the nature of Shakspere's method. It was a method of story-telling surprisingly like that of the movies. Shakspere played upon the mind of his audience with something of the logic which a scenario-writer uses to-day. He flung out scene after scene with no thought of the unities of time or place, but with a very clear sense of continuity in the developing narrative and emotion. He assembled his action bit by bit in a sequence of episodes that would contribute to the understanding of his audience. It did not matter to him whether they were

episodes of only a minute's duration or scenes of half an hour in length. "Hamlet" is a play that we can divide into twenty scenes, "Macbeth" falls into twenty-nine in present-day texts; yet in "Othello" there is one episode that runs for more than half an hour of playing time. Shakspere tossed his scenes back and forth, piled them on top of one another with the same freedom that a motion-picture director employs. His only test was the movie test: Do these scenes build up plot and emotion, and is their sequence clear and logical to the audience?

There are certain devices of Shakspere's dramaturgy that parallel very closely the scenography of D. W. Griffith. For example, Shakspere took as great care as the picture-producer that the logic of time should be clear. He felt it essential that there should be no long and unexplained gap of time between successive scenes. If the hero was the last to leave one scene, he was not the first to enter the next; other characters appeared at the beginning and prepared the mind of the audience for his coming, or supplied an interim in which he could be imagined as making the journey. If the jump of time and space was too great, Shakspere thrust another scene in between, just as the movies do. For this purpose the sub-plot served admirably. By alternating the events of the main plot and of its subsidiary, this matter of logical time development was taken care of while the two plots progressed smoothly and went forward with equal rapidity toward their clash at the climax.

The result is not only a parallel with the time concept of the movies; it is also a parallel with the "flash-back." Griffith, in the climax of many of his films, "The Birth of a Nation," for example, keeps two plots running abreast and filling the interstices of time in one another, in much the same fashion that the main plots and the sub-plots of Shakspere developed. Another interesting parallel is provided by the chorus of certain plays of Shakspere and the "descriptive subtitles," or long explanatory captions, of the movies. In the episodic "Henry V" the chorus serves to bridge the gulfs in time and place. Between the ultimatum delivered by *Exeter* to the *King of France* and the beginning of the conflict at Harfleur, for example, the chorus steps forth to tell the audience of how the people of England rallied to the war and to bid them picture the fleet descending on Harfleur. The method, at least, is the method of the scenario-writer, though the language is miles above him.

When Goethe and Tieck and Immermann and other explorers of the technic of Shakspere went back to the original quartos to study his method without the intervention of later editors trying to fit it into the shell of eighteenth-century dramaturgy, they discovered that the many short scenes were so arranged that they could be played in rapid succession, and they made the natural deduction that the Elizabethan actors played them in this fashion without the intervention of curtain or intermission. They noted, in fact, that a drop-curtain was quite outside the conception of Shakspere. No characters were ever "discovered" upon the stage: they walked on. No one was ever left on the stage at the end of a scene, not even a corpse. The living walked off, and somebody was sure to give very explicit directions for carrying away the dead bodies.

That was why the shorthand-writers hired by the printers to steal plays during performance set down the fact that So-and-so entered, and So-and-so went off, but never wrote "curtain."

The natural deduction was that Shakspere used a stage without scenery in our sense and without a drop-curtain, and that his plays were acted in a continuous stream. The players stepped out upon the stage from doors mentioned in the script of the shorthand-writers, played their scenes, stepped off, and made their exits. Other actors followed, impersonating other characters. And presently the first characters appeared again in later episodes of their story. Almost invariably one or other of the people on the stage would go out of his way, though not too obviously, to mention some feature of the place in which they were supposed to be. Unquestionably, the players were appearing upon some sort of scenery-less stage, which was without means of fully describing itself or placing itself in time. If this were not the case, Shakspere would simply not have taken the pains that he did to make clear the passage of time and the nature of the place in which the characters were supposed to be.

So far the German pioneers had a theory of the way Shakspere's plays were produced in his day, but no notion as to the exact structure of his theater. The problem was to create a method of production of their own which would keep the play whole and present it without intermissions in the same sequence in which it was written. Incidentally, this would bring some of the very long tragedies within the ordinary length of an evening's entertainment; for it is only the waits for changes of scenery that make so many of the dramas of Shakspere unplayable between 8:15 and 11 o'clock.

If Goethe had not died so very soon after he made his discovery in regard to the Shakspere quartos in 1826, he and the Court Theater of Weimar, instead of Karl Immermann and the municipal theater of Düsseldorf, would undoubtedly be credited with the first attempt to present a play of Shakspere's on a stage especially created to handle it. In 1840 Immermann, who was the *Amateurdramaturg* of the Düsseldorf Stadttheater, devised a graceful, efficient, and most interesting stage for the presentation of "Twelfth Night." As you will see from the sketch, it was without the usual proscenium or curtain. It consisted of a long, raised platform upon which most of the action took place. The ends were permanent doors leading from the town, the harbor, the orchard, the palace, or any of the half-dozen spots which figure frequently in the plays. *Viola* entered, for example, from the

The Immerman permanent stage, with curtained alcove in the center

coast and, after acting her scene with the sea-captain, went off through the door leading to the town and the palace of *Orsino*. Because there were references to curtains and "traverses,"

"studies" and tents in some of the plays, Immermann placed in the center, at the back of the platform, a curtained alcove which formed an inner stage. There he could display heavy

A medieval "multiple setting," showing in one set, from left to right, waves, a castle, a shrine, a bed, a forest

properties—tables, chairs, a throne, or anything of the sort—that might be needed for some single scene and which could be cleared away after the curtain had been drawn.

Immermann thus devised a stage which, though unsuccessful in stemming the tide of conventional productions of Shakspere, was not bettered or even equaled until the nineties. The discovery in 1888 of the DeWitt sketch of the Swan Theatre, made in 1596, set men trying once more to produce Shakspere on a stage somewhat like his own. From then onward experiments in Elizabethan staging were frequent and ingenious in Germany, and ingenious if not so frequent in England and America.

The main scheme of the Elizabethan theater is now fairly well known. It was an out-of-door theater, and performances were given by daylight. The model upon which it was founded was the inclosed yard of the English inn, a place which the traveling players had used to give their plays before a permanent theater was first erected in London in 1576. The building was usually hexagonal, sometimes square. It was a hollow shell, with two or three balconies facing inward, in which the nobles and the wealthy sat. From one side of the building, displacing the balconies, the stage itself thrust out into the open space of the center. The proletariat sat or stood upon the ground, almost surrounding the stage. At the back of the stage, where it joined the walls of the theater, were permanent entrance-doors, one on each side, and between them was some sort of inner stage with a curtain. Above the inner stage and side doors were balconies. The stage was partly shielded from the sun and the rain by a wooden canopy, or "heavens," thrust out from above the balcony. In its ceiling was a trap-door through which objects could be lowered to the stage or carried aloft out of sight. John Corbin has suggested that for ghost scenes or scenes of darkness, a canvas was stretched from the roof of the heavens to the outer wall of the theater. This seems an elaborate and awkward device; the producer could more easily have used the inner stage, well shadowed by the "heavens" and by hangings, to secure a certain amount of twilight or mystery.

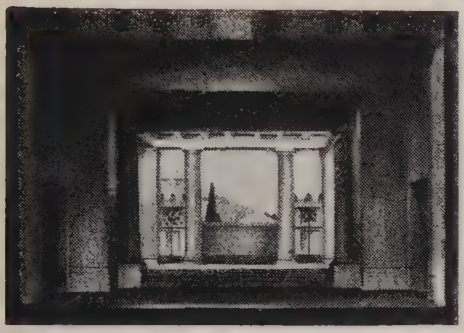
There has been a great deal of talk about the Elizabethan theater as a bare and poverty-stricken place. The Puritans did not seem to think it such. They inveighed vehemently against its sumptuousness, and there are invoices of property-rooms to prove that properties and costumes were elaborate, rich, and costly. Unquestionably there was in our sense no scenery even on the inner stage.

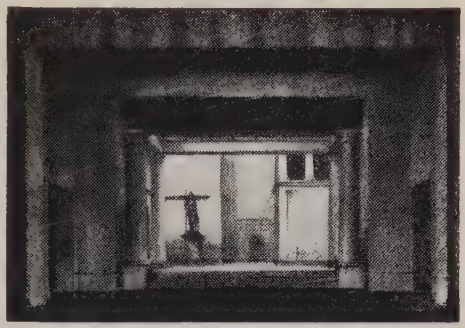
But that was merely because the whole conception of the theater was otherwise. Scenery had only just made its appearance in court masques, where it was used, first of all, to disguise the rooms and halls in which these shows were given. The theater, from Greek days onward, had been a naked platform upon which the playwright and the audience built up an imagined world. Because of a line from Sir Philip Sidney, which speaks of the word "Thebes" being written on "an old door," many have supposed that placards were used to indicate the place of action. The fact that most of the audience could not read and that the playwrights took so much care to announce through the dialogue the scene of action, effectually disposes of this sign-board theory. You may believe that the stage of Shakspere was not quite so poverty-stricken in brains or material.

Indeed, it could not have been poverty-stricken in physical properties, for the English stage, with its plays, was itself an outgrowth of the medieval theater, and the medieval theater was rich in physical trappings. The extent to which the Elizabethan theater was still medieval has never been properly emphasized. In 1547 we have a sketch of one of the French mysteries presented at Valenciennes. There, on the long platform-stage, which developed after the plays left the nave of the church, we find a dozen different settings stretching from heaven at one end to hell's mouth at the other. This was the "multiple setting," which continued in the booth theaters of Germany and the pageant wagons of England. People thought nothing of the presence of *Pilate's* house on the stage while a scene by the Sea of Galilee was being enacted next door to it. When scenery came into the indoor theater of France after Shakspere was dead, the multiple setting came with it. The stage might contain at one side the shore of a lake, behind it an orchard, at the back a palace, and at the other side a bedroom. It is unbelievable that the stage of Shakspere's day did not retain some element of this method of production. George Fullmer Reynolds has acutely pointed out evidence in the plays and in contracts and documents that at one side of the Shaksperian stage trees were nailed into place, while at the other a heavy throne might stand through all the performance. The players acted in one portion of the stage or the other, as the scene demanded, and ignored the rest.

There were two outstanding results of the physical nature of the Elizabethan stage. One was the rapidity with which scenes could succeed one another, and the play race along without waiting for changes of scenery. The other was the intimacy which the actor shared with his audience. Rich young bucks may or may not have sat upon stools on the stage, but they would have been little closer to the actors than were the groundlings, who thronged the edge of the platform, or even the nobles in the balconies. The stage was forty feet wide and twenty-five feet deep, and the building itself was relatively so small that no spectator was more than thirty-five or forty feet from the scene of action. This intimacy of a great crowd with the players, combined with the rapid fire of action upon the stage, kept the drama whipped up into fiery emotion, and flung the comedy full into the face of the spectators.

The problem of the modern producer of Shakspere has been to achieve as swift and intimate a performance as in the playwright's own day, and to give the plays uncut and in the original order of scenes. To do this the modern producer has devised different methods of presentation, which roughly fall into five classes. He has attempted to build something approaching an Elizabethan playhouse, done away with all suggestion of either stage or scenery by using curtains, used scenery in alternately shallow and deep scenes, used mechanical devices to make possible rapid changes of solid realistic settings, or has simplified and formalized the scenery in some way suited to the particular play.

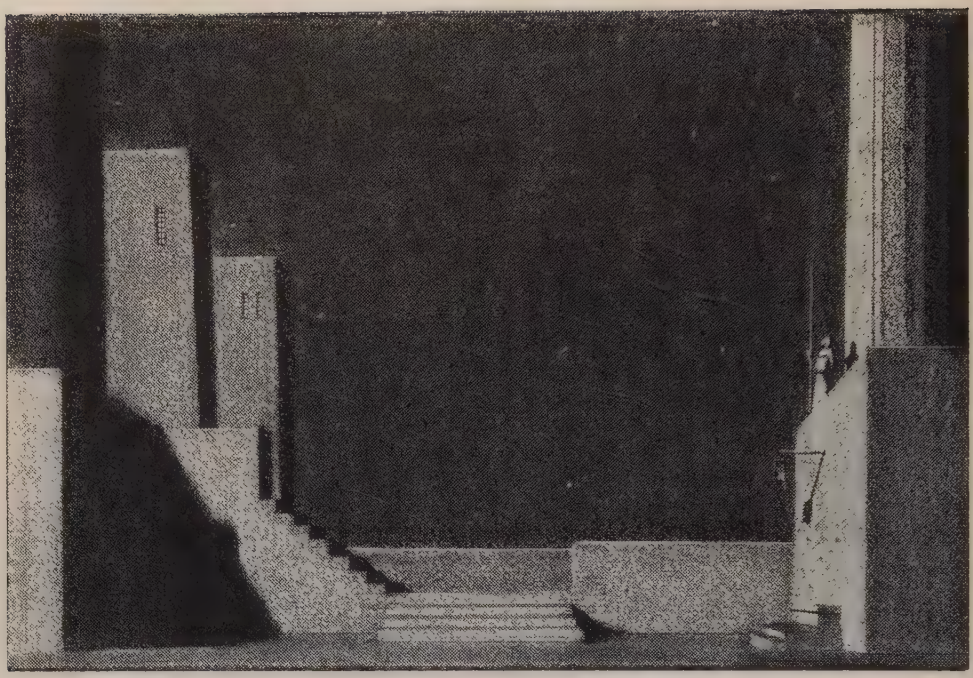




The semi-permanent Klein stage changed from an interior, vestibule in the house of Aufidius, on the left, to an exterior, a street scene, on the right

The first notable attempt of this generation to recreate the condition of the Elizabethan theater must be credited to Munich. There, at the Royal Court Theater, about 1890, Intendant Karl von Perfall and director Jocza Savits superimposed upon the normal stage-floor what they called their "Shakspere *Buehne*." Behind the proscenium-line they built a permanent architectural wall, with an opening to an inner stage in its center, which could be closed off by curtains from the stage in front. It had doors and a space at the back where drops could be hung. In the architectural wall, at each side, were doors giving on to the main stage. Perfall and Savits reintroduced the apron, building the main stage out over the footlights into a forestage which brought the players closer to the audience. Steps led from the forestage down into the orchestra pit, which could also be reached at each side from doors under the boxes. Here was a pseudo-Shaksperian stage, which served well enough and was in use until 1905, after which it was replaced by a simpler and severer stage designed by Julius V. Klein.

Actual reproductions of an Elizabethan stage have been attempted with considerable success at various times. At Harvard, in 1904, Forbes Robertson played "Hamlet" in a replica of the Globe Theatre thrust into a college hall, and in 1908 Maude Adams presented "Twelfth Night" with excellent effect in the same setting. For the tercentenary of Shakspere, in 1916, an undergraduate society of the University of Pennsylvania erected a building reproducing the



Claude Bragdon's parapet scene in "Hamlet," which is quickly changed to the throne-room, shown on the opposite page, by a few alterations

Globe and staged a play within it. During the short life of the New Theater of New York it put upon its own stage an excellent adaptation of the Elizabethan stage, in which it performed "A Winter's Tale" with fine illusion. Under John Corbin's direction the New York Stage Society produced "The Tempest" in a similar fashion in this same playhouse in 1916.

Outside of Germany, the greatest credit for the reanimation of Shakspere and the production of his plays as he wrote them must go to William Poel. In 1893 he founded the Elizabethan Stage Society in London, and from then until 1905 he gave frequent performances of the plays, uncut, and acted with splendid speed and lyric emphasis. Perhaps from motives of economy, but certainly from a conscious desire as well to eliminate modern scenic display, Poel gave his productions against a background of curtains. The same method was carried to America by Ben Greet.

The stage of Klein, which replaced that of Perfall and Savits in Munich, worked upon a scheme of alternately deep and shallow scenes, which has become widely used in mounting Shakspere. Klein merely set up an inner proscenium behind the normal proscenium, and made changes of setting behind the decorative curtain of the inner proscenium, while other scenes were acted upon the forestage down in front. This follows in general the theory of alternate scenes upon the Elizabethan stage, which was devised before the nature of that stage was fully known, and had to be discarded in the face of damning evidence against it. This theory supposed that Shak-

The throne-room scene in "Hamlet" designed by Claude Bragdon. Note that the main structure is identical with the parapet scene

spere employed a curtain, or "traverse," between the front pillars that supported the "heavens," and that while a scene was played in front of this, another was prepared behind the curtain. The fact that this curtain was impossible on a stage surrounded on three sides by the audience disposed of the general theory. The system of alternating scenes is perfectly plausible, however, on a modern deep stage, and has been used successfully by many producers. Granville Barker applied it to his production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in London and in New York before the war. Curtains with conventional designs upon them suggestive of a forest or a sky served as backgrounds to the action of about half the scenes, while behind them stood various plastic settings, such elaborate scenes, for instance, as *Titania's* bower and the court of *Theseus*. In certain productions, made with the assistance of Livingston Platt, Margaret Anglin employed a modified form of alternate settings. Germany supplies an interesting variation of this method in what Karl Hagemann of Mannheim called his "Ideal Stage." He placed a row of two columns down each side of the stage, between which he hung curtains to serve as backgrounds and to hide changes of scene that were made in the deeper stage to the rear.

Upon the German stage a great deal of effort has gone into the devising of machinery, such as the revolving stage and the sliding stage, by which changes of scene may be made easily and quickly, no matter how elaborate or solid the settings may be. Max Reinhardt, who took the lead in applying

The addition of a single piece—a curtained bed, a throne, or a gibbet—against the permanent walls of the background, with modifications in the lighting, produce vastly different, yet unified, sets for "Richard III" as designed by Robert Edmond Jones. On the left, the king's bedroom; on the right, a street scene

these devices to the production of Shakspere's plays, built upon the revolving disk cut into the floor of his stage a complex of rooms and streets, each setting backing up against its neighbors. When the curtain or the lights were lowered, the revolving stage was turned, bringing the next setting into view with hardly a moment's intermission. The sliding stage, which works shuttlewise across the proscenium opening, carries a new setting into view as soon as the old has been used. No method of this sort, however, brings back that sense of unity which resides in the Elizabethan stage or in attempts to approximate it in our own theaters.

Something of this unity, but not swiftness in changes of scene, has been achieved by means of scenic design both here and abroad. Some of these efforts, like Fritz Schumacher's at Dresden, simply utilize different portions of a single "skeleton setting," with new elements added in successive scenes. Rapid change of scene is not always accomplished by this method. This was one of the drawbacks in Claude Bragdon's interesting skeleton setting for Walter Hampden's "Hamlet" three or four years ago.

By far the most satisfactory efforts to mount Shakspere within the limits of the modern theater stage seem to me to be such as Robert Edmond Jones and Arthur Hopkins in New York and Emil Pirchan and Leopold Jessner in Berlin have made with "Richard III." In both cases the scenic artists sought to find a general symbol for the play that they could use as a background for all the scenes. Jones, working first upon the problem, chose the Tower of London, the bloody tower of Richard's executions. He surrounded the back of his stage with those frowning, gray walls. Within them and against them he placed very simple indications of the scene: a cage for the prison of *Henry VI*, a throne for the coronation, a gibbet for the scene of *Richard's* death.

Another and much debated attempt to revolutionize the stage of Shakspere, the Jones-Hopkins "Macbeth," points in its very failure the moral of Shakspere production. It was an attempt to reduce the setting to a symbolism that plumbed the depths of the unconscious mind; the castle became three rude arched openings in a screen, the

beginnings of doorways that took a shape suggestive of the murderous hostility of *Macbeth*. Except for indications such as these there was only the blackness of curtains. The effort failed partly because the symbols appeared too simple, too extreme, for the mind of the playgoer. They seemed too daring, I think, because they were presented where we expect elaborate scenery, on the flat floor of the stage. They lacked a fresh structure of floor or proscenium to set them off.

In the mounting of Shakspere it is essential to simplify whatever scenery is used to the point where it does not interfere with the rapidity of the presentation. It is just as essential to make this scenery speak clearly the meaning of the scenes. But it is even more essential to give the whole stage a large and solid structural quality, a design as a whole, a physical structure which makes the method of Shakspere's dramaturgy as simple and clear as day. It is impossible to escape the conviction that there must be some approximation to the formal nature of his own stage. That stage gave the plays of Shakspere the form they now have. Our stage to-day must take its form from them when it tries to reproduce their original spirit. They must dictate and they must be seen to dictate. That is the essence of their vitality.

The essence? Not altogether. For in any production of the plays of Shakspere the setting, the stage, like the characters, is merely the vessel for the action, which must be swift and lyric, and must recognize the audience as part of the play, and address itself to the audience as directly as it did in Shakspere's own day.

A black gibbet in silhouette against red light, thrown on the walls of the permanent set, form Robert Edmond Jones's death-scene for "Richard III"

Silence

By THE FATHER OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

ON a mist-veiled afternoon in March, 1919, I drove to the levee at New Orleans and boarded one of the few steamboats that now disturb the quiet of the great river. While crossing the gang-plank I noticed, standing apart from the handful of passengers on the main deck, a young man in the uniform of a first lieutenant. His pallor told of long hospital days, and he carried a heavily bandaged arm in a sling; but more striking than either of these battle signs was the expression in the boy's eyes. Standing with shoulders drooped, he looked over and beyond the movement and hurry beneath him as if asking some unanswerable question, and though loneliness showed, I felt a deeper emotion smoldered behind his tired eyes than either an unanswered question or loneliness could evoke.

It was near sunset-time before the mellow blast of our deep-throated whistle sounded departure, and the stern-wheeler, every steam-pipe hissing, headed up the deserted waterway. Alone, I paced the deck until the red sun dropped suddenly into the wilderness that stretches away behind the levee banks in flat, endless miles. I halted then, and through the fast-deepening twilight looked over this vastness of rich delta lands, my mind on many things; but through all my thoughts the question in the lieutenant's eyes persisted, and I wondered if my own boy, left over there—

Then, while our craft churned the muddy waters of the wide river, this came, bringing some comfort:

America, what a country to fight for and, if needs must, to die for!

I left the deck, now dark in shadows, and passed into the poorly lighted "grand saloon," where I found the small ship's company already gathered beneath the single oil-lamp, swinging above one end of the long dining-table. They made up a cheery group; over his few passengers the captain presided like the father of the family, his wife at his right. Opposite this cordial lady were two pretty girls of about sixteen and eighteen, bound for their plantation home "up river." The wounded lieutenant sat next the captain's wife, one other passenger, of colorless personality, and I, across from the lieutenant, made up the passenger-list of this boat that could have cared for an hundred.

At first the table-talk, as always on a Mississippi boat, was of the river, and at once I learned that the soldier was of this country. The question in his eyes had not been caused by the strangeness of the scene at New Orleans. But before many minutes had passed, the big topic of early 1919, the World War, took its rightful place. The motherly captain's wife had cut the untender beef on the lieutenant's plate into pieces of manageable size for his one good hand, and all was going well when the younger of the

girls smiled wistfully across the table at the wounded man and asked timidly:

"Did you get hurt in the Argonne?"

The lieutenant glanced toward her, his face flushed; then dropping his eyes, he answered:

"No; on the Vesle." Restraint was evident in his tone.

"The Vesle," boomed the captain. "Well, now, seems like I 've heard of that river before. Do they run boats on it?"

"No; we 'd call it a creek over here; it 's no larger than one of our small bayous." The lieutenant's restraint was less noticeable when he spoke of creeks and bayous.

"Then why was it so much trouble, and why did it take so long for the Americans to cross it?" the girl asked in her pleasant drawl.

The lieutenant's color deepened.

"Machine-guns and wire," he answered shortly.

The girl's slight frown showed disappointment, defeat. Not so the captain.

"Machine-guns," he repeated—"is that what got you in the arm?"

"Yes," the lieutenant answered, his eyes on his plate.

"Well, now, I 'd jest like to have you tell about them guns; how they fire an' all." The captain would not see his wife's signal, so the worthy woman leaned forward, tactfully blocking her husband's line of vision.

"You 're ready for your dessert now, ain't you?" she said kindly to the lieutenant.

Her husband took aboard the good half of a boiled potato and tried again.

"But I wanter hear—"

"Father!" His wife's tone was stern. "We 're almost ter La Place Landin', an' the pilot wants ter see you."

On the captain's good-natured face there was surprise, but it was now impossible to misinterpret his wife's eyebrow demand for silence. The lieutenant hurried his dessert, bowed in an embarrassed way to all of us, and left the table.

"Why in the world, Sally Fanny, did you ever start it?" the older girl asked.

"Because I wanted to hear him talk about it, sister."

"You ought to know by this time, Sally Fanny, that they just won't talk about it. Anything you get out of 'em is like getting one of those litty, bitty kernels out of a hard-shell hickory-nut; you 've got to *pick* it out!"

"Well, now, you don't say so, miss!" The innocent captain had not visited his pilot. "Nobody never had to pick nothin' outer a Civil War vet. Give one of them old fellers a chanct, an' he 'd talk your ear right off."

The manner of the lieutenant at mention of the war by those simple folk of his own kind had surprised me, and I wondered with our honest captain what the cause might be. Certainly he had nothing to hide; one look into his brave eyes, to say nothing of his wounded arm, was convincing. This fine boy had nothing to explain, much less to be ashamed of. In the earlier talk of the river he had taken his part without reserve. Then why, at the mention of the war, had his whole manner suddenly changed? Why his silence?

§ 2

For days the Southern girl's peculiar emphasis on that word "*pick*" stayed in my memory, a constant spur to the

question of this silence, and the more I saw of the returned soldier, the more convinced I became that she had stumbled on a truth. Both the officer and the man from the ranks with whom I came in contact were reluctant to speak in detail of their experiences in France.

I spoke of this one evening to a friend who watches through unusually discerning eyes the march of passing events.

"We are just beginning to discover something that the English knew as far back as 1915," he said. "There 's nothing strange about this silence of the World-War fighter."

"But," I protested, "the old soldier talking with delight of his battles has been for ages an accepted figure in literature and a fact in life. Why this marked contrast between our boys and the soldiers of other wars?"

"Other wars were but kindergartens to the hell men went through in France," my friend replied. "This war has left the soldier mentally scarred, dumb before those who did not endure what he did. You have discovered nothing new." He brought a copy of the "Atlantic Monthly" from his shelves. "Let me read from an article called 'The Gulf,' written by Willard L. Sperry in 1918, months before our army in any considerable numbers had taken part. He writes:

" '. . . the mind of the Front, puzzled, thoughtful, speculative, interned. . . . They can only intimate by their silence that life there has certain qualities which may not be told.'

"And again: '. . . But amid all this noise there is a noticeable silence. It is the silence of the fighters. They are dumb: dumb by law, dumb by instinct and reason.'

"Here he quotes from 'Some Reflections of a Soldier,' published, I believe, in England back in 1916.

" 'I know how Rip Van Winkle felt about it. But his was a minor trouble. All he lost was a few years. But the man who comes back from the line has lost more than years. He has lost his original self. The home-folk do not know this and may not be told. . . . You are anxious to have a truthful account of the life of a soldier at the front; we should wish you to know them. Yet between you and us there hangs a veil.' "

"When I first read this article," my friend continued, "I thought the writer had drawn interesting, but improbable, conclusions; that while, of course, there would be reticent soldiers, they would be but a small minority of the men who returned. I was wrong. This silence is not the exception; it is general."

After this talk my interest in the question was aroused beyond mere curiosity, so much so that since the spring of 1919 I have studied the mental attitude of the A. E. F. man at every opportunity. As usual, when one searches earnestly for anything, be it postage-stamps or mental reactions, I was able to collect a surprising amount of material. Here are some instances I discovered of this silence. Two of these occurrences came from persons I know to be free from exaggeration; the others I myself witnessed.

§ 3

An afternoon in July, 1919, a returned officer, well dressed, alert, was swinging up Fifth Avenue in New York, accompanied by a friend to whom I am indebted for this story. As they crossed Fiftieth Street, a shab-

bily dressed boy, wearing a ragged cap pulled over one eye, sprang from the seat of a waiting truck and hurriedly followed the two men. Overtaking them opposite the cathedral, the boy walked for a few steps in the rear, as if uncertain, then he called shyly:

"How are you, Cap'n?"

The officer turned. Instantly his hand went out to the truck-driver. His friend stepped to one side.

"Why, it 's O'Donnell! I am glad to see you, boy." The captain's smile proved his words.

Then these two men, so widely apart in every outward appearance, gripped hands as if they had been brothers long separated.

"Did n't see you at the last meeting of old Company D," the captain continued. "But, good Lord! man, how 'd you get that black eye?"

The truckman grinned.

"Ain't it a beaut? But, say, Cap'n, you oughter see the other feller; he got his all right."

"Did n't get enough scrapping over there, eh, you wild Irishman? What was the row about?"

"Aw, it war n't about nothin'. I just went dippy, I guess." The boy rumpled the hair above his swollen eye. "Say, Cap'n, don't it get your goat sometimes the way folks over here goes on? I was out with some guys; they was all talkin' about what they 'd done in the war, and then a friend of mine what worked in a shipyard somewheres he says to me how sorry he was about not gettin' to go himself. Well, I 've heard that kind of bunk about a thousand times, an' it sure gets my goat; so when for about the tenth time that night he tells me all over again what a lucky guy I was, all of a sudden I gets red-headed an' lands him a good one in the mouth, an' some time during the argument I gets this bum lamp." O'Donnell rumpled his hair again. "What gets me, sir, is that that feller 's a good enough guy. I like him all right. Search me if I know why I hit him." The boy looked up at his captain as if anxious for an affirmative answer and asked, "Do you ever feel that way, sir?"

"Yes, O'Donnell. I 've never gone as far as you did, but that envy talk they give us does rile me up sometimes."

These two men from the fighting-line talked freely together, and of the war, for some minutes longer. Then they shook hands, with promises to meet at the next gathering of their company, and the captain and his friend continued their way up the avenue; O'Donnell returned to the seat on his coal-truck.

Can we who did not fight in France fully comprehend this boy's sudden flare of temper?

§ 4

In December, 1920, I was reading in a corner of my club when two men I knew to be great friends, though one was much the older, took seats before the open fireplace. The older man, a Wilson-hater, began with every evidence of satisfaction to relate that story, then new, of the fancied attitude of our ex-President at the opening of the peace conference. Rolling the words with vicious joy from his tongue, he described the setting of the room, the dignity of the representatives from all the nations except ours, the secretary's manner when calling the first roll of the delegates. Reaching the crux of his story, the man declaimed dramatically:

" 'Who represents England?' Lloyd George answered.

" 'France?' Clemenceau rose and bowed.

" 'Italy?' Orlando answered to this.

" 'America?' There was no response.

" 'America?' The secretary repeated. Still silence. The secretary spoke to a man sitting in a far corner of the room.

" 'Don't you represent America, Mr. Wilson?' "

Here suppressed laughter at his own joke overcame my fellow-clubman; it was some time before he managed to control his merriment and continue:

"Finally Wilson rose and answered: 'No, Mr. Secretary; I am here to represent the world.' "

The old clubman slapped his knee and, throwing his head back, broke into a laugh louder than it was long, for in the midst of his amusement he caught sight of his young friend's face. What he saw caused him to realize that this returned soldier was not hugely enjoying the joke.

"Well," he demanded, "what do you think of that?"

The younger man looked him squarely in the eye; his reply was unsoftened by any smile.

"I 'm glad," he answered quietly, though his face was flushed, "to know that our President is far-sighted enough to see something outside of his own country; that he is concerned over the terrible conditions that threaten all the world."

The older man gasped; he knew, as did half the club, that his friend was a Republican.

"But to look out for the world was not his job. We pay him to attend to America's interests," he said indignantly.

"Our President," answered the soldier, "has enough sense to know that this country cannot be prosperous as long as the rest of the world is disorganized. But aside from this rather selfish view, my commander-in-chief may also feel that though a man's first duty is to his own, he cannot stand aside and not at least try to stop a murder just across the road."

The older man sputtered, "Visionary, dreamer, idealist," and other familiar adjectives of the day and, unable to comprehend his friend's attitude, left the room.

Probably it had not occurred to the gentleman that this soldier had fought in the mud of France under President Wilson during long months which, without great discomfort, he himself had passed in his New York club.

§ 5

Let us go back to the spring of 1919, when the boy in uniform was everywhere about. A tall, thin man, civilian clothes hanging loosely from his bony shoulders, and leaning heavily on a stick, walked through the noonday crowds opposite the post-office on Broadway. Across from City Hall Park he waited on the curb and, seizing his chance, hurried through the traffic and sank down on a bench. The ill man gasped rather than breathed in the sharp April air; a racking cough followed; then he straightened and sat still, breathing hard.

"Better now, ain't you, Buddy?" a man beside him asked. He was stocky, freckled, young, and the sympathy of comradeship was in his voice. "Spotted you fifty yards away, an' when I hears that gas-whistle of yours,

I knowed right off you 'd been there. What was your outfit?"

"The Seventy-seventh."

"The Seventy-seventh was a pretty good bunch. I was wid the Rainbow," the soldier said proudly.

Over threadbare citizen clothes he wore an ill-fitting army overcoat, the one bronze button still left held in place by a safety-pin. The wide mouth beneath the man's snub nose was friendly.

"Out of a job?" the ill man asked.

"Sure," the soldier said. Then, after a moment: "Officer? Well, say, Major, don't it just beat all hell—the difference! Why, it looks to me like most of these guys over here don't know there 's been any war." He moved nearer, sitting sidewise on the bench. "I 'll bet you 've found that out, too."

The major said that he had.

"Well, say, now, would you mind tellin' a buddy what 's struck you the hardest?" The soldier's tone grew confidential. "I 've been settin' here thinkin', but I can't comprenny the thing; I 'd like to get your slant on it."

This likable, shabby boy had a way with him; evidently he spoke the language the major understood. Both men were lonely.

"There 's been a lot of things, but here 's one that jolted hard," the officer answered. "I was discharged from hospital four days ago; reached the Penn Station about eleven o'clock at night. As I walked through Thirty-fourth Street a crowd of men, not one of them over thirty years old, was just coming out of the Waldorf. They had on evening clothes, some had fur-lined coats and silk hats, all of them looked overfed to me. Well, of course, there 's nothing so bad about that; but what hit hard was that all of them carried a dinky little pasteboard box tied up with pink-satin ribbon,—one of those damn-fool dinner-favors,—and I said to myself: 'Good God! is this the sort of thing American men are still doing?'"

The soldier, grinning, nodded his head.

"Yes, I get your range on that. I 'll say them pretty little boxes was some different from gas-masks. But, Major, you oughter have give' one of them fellers a nice soak in the eye."

The officer thought over this.

"No, Buddy," he said; "what 's the use? We 've got to remember that those who did n't see, did n't *feel* the thing, can never understand. They only got a faint whisper here of the big noise we heard over there."

"Maybe so,"—the boy rubbed his freckled forehead,—"but they think so different! Over there everybody thought the same way; nobody did nothin' except try to win the war. Here—look at 'em!" His arm swept a wide circle. "What 's makin' them thousand crazy people beat it both ways up an' down that street? What makes them cars run on their rails? An' what 's them guys away up there, hangin' onter that steel beam for? They 're all thinkin' about the same thing, too; but it ain't win the war. Not on your life! It 's cop the dollar!" The soldier laughed aloud. "An' you remember what a measly thing money seemed like to us doughboys. Play the game! That was the only thing. But now, over here, it 's, 'Ah, forget that game!' I just can't get it," he said hopelessly. "Say, Major, what 's a feller goin' to do, anyway?"

The old feeling of responsibility for

his men must have stirred in the officer; he laid his hand on the soldier's worn sleeve.

"We must go through what 's known as adjustment," he said encouragingly; "we 've got to try to see things their way." The soldier shook his head. "Yes, I know it 's hard, but our old game is *fini*. We must start all over, learn a game that 's strange to us now, and play it for all we 're worth. Are you broke?" he asked abruptly.

"No; I got twenty bucks left outer the sixty Uncle Sam told me good-by with."

"I 'm out of a job, too, but I may be able to get one for you some day." The major took the soldier's address; they shook hands and parted.

This incident was witnessed by my stenographer while spending part of her lunch-hour in the park. Knowing my interest in the subject, she took down the words of the men verbatim.

If the returned soldier is silent before a citizen, this conversation would indicate that they talk freely and with sympathy to one another.

§ 6

One evening in November last—to be exact, on the seventh day of the month—I dined alone in a Broadway chop-house. My table was in a corner; the table next to mine was unoccupied, but set in readiness and marked reserved. I was far more interested in the book propped against the water-carafe than in my dinner when five young fellows took possession of the reserved table. My back was to them, but I had the feeling of being sharply inspected before they took their seats. That I was permitted to overhear their talk was probably due to my white hair,—I have found soldiers less reserved before the old,—or perhaps I owe my good luck to the genial effects aroused by the red wine they had brought with them. Whether it was one or both, I bless the cause; each brief sketch of some unforgetable experience I overheard that night stirred me as nothing else ever can.

They were a strangely assorted company. Two were evidently of good education, one of them assuredly well to do; another was a Jew; the fourth I took to be of Italian parentage; the fifth was Irish-American and had a fighter's jaw.

When their leader, who, I 'll wager, lived on or within a block of Fifth Avenue, showed the labels on the bottles, the interest of the entire group kindled.

"Well, I 'll be hanged! The very same *vin rouge* we got on the march back through Ste. Menehould!"

During the account of the difficulty of obtaining this particular brand the glasses were filled.

Then, without rising came the toast: "To the Seventy-seventh, the division that gained more ground than any of them!" Each man lifted his glass. "To the 302d Engineers!" Again they drank. Three names were then spoken in a low tone: . . . "the dead of the fourth squad of old Company B!" and the five living men silently drained their glasses.

As their dinner went on, there came to me astonishing things that will stay in memory all my days. Early in their talk I learned that these five boys, all that still lived from their squad of eight, were celebrating the third anniversary of gaining the Meuse at the end of their division's terrific drive north from Grand Pré. Here are some bits from their talk:

"An' they kept me an' Jim wid our noses in the mud of that damned ditch, it seemed to me, for more 'n a hour, the bullets whizzin' so close my tin hat rang like a bell. Direct fire, you know; the bullets snap different as anything from the hum them indirect ones make."

"No, he did n't holler or nothin'. 'Damn 'em! they 've got me, Jake,' he says to me, natural' as anything, d' yer understand, an' slid back inter the shell-hole. The next minute he says I should give him a smoke. Shells was breakin' all round us, an' my hand was shakin' like all hell; but I gets a cigarette inter his mouth. The blood comin' out made it wet before I could give him a light. But old Frank should worry. I tried again; the new one got wet quicker 'n the first. 'Thanks, Jake; it 's no use; but you 're a damn white Jew,' he says, chokin' like, an' right away he stiffened all out, the cigarette washes outer his mouth, an' it 's good night for old Frank. . . ."

". . . In his pocket we found an unfinished letter to his wife and a picture, just an advertisement of a bassinet,—a baby's crib, you know, —with a lot of lace all over it. George was always talking about her; he 'd told one or two of us that he expected to be a father soon; was all puffed up over it, poor boy! He was the first one hit that morning; if he 'd driven that damned *boche* inside the dugout a second sooner, he would have been all right. Must have had direct observation on us; it was a little one-pounder that got him. He and the *boche* prisoner went down together, and neither of 'em made a sound."

". . . Them two had been acrost that river three days and nights, hid under a pile of sacks what was filled with charcoal. They only had two cans of goldfish [salmon] for the three of 'em; so when that was all et up an' their canteens dry, they made a try for it. Well, sir, when they tumbled inter our trench they was sure some sight—black as niggers from the charcoal, an' kinder wild-eyed, too. But they come through all right, an' brought that dippy infantryman along wid 'em. He jabbered somethin' awful'. Bill tells me afterwards that all the time he was n't asleep, him or Joe had to keep a hand on his mouth; they was scared the *boche* would hear the way he went on. On the way back Joe finished two Huns; they was wid a machine-gun, and Joe done it alone, quiet, wid his bayonet. I 'll say them two boys earned the D. S. C.'s they got, all right."

They ran on in this way, relating without reserve incident after incident of their fighting, until a young man stopped at their table. The two better-dressed boys, whom he knew, returned his greeting cordially enough, but instantly I caught the note of restraint.

"Talking over old army days?" he asked. "I don't want to butt in, but if you don't mind, I 'd certainly like to hear some of it."

"No, we 've got together to see if we can't get a man we know out of a scrape," the leader lied plausibly. "We were n't talking about the war."

The new-comer went his way.

"Was n't in it, eh?" one said.

"No."

The one word was all the explanation needed, and their talk was taken up again.

Some minutes later I rose.

"I want to apologize," I said to the

leader. "I have overheard much that you gentlemen have said,"—I saw their faces harden; none of them rose,—"but I hope you 'll forgive me. My boy was in your division. He 's over there still."

Instantly they rose, their faces changed, and in turn five strong hands gripped mine. I left the room.

§ 7

Among my younger friends is an officer who saw most of the hard fighting done by our American troops. I see this friend frequently, and after much patient waiting there came, a few days ago, what I judged to be the right moment to question him.

"Now, John, I don't want you to shy off," I began. "I am anxious to get the fighting man's inner thoughts on a subject I have studied for some time. Will you tell me why you and apparently all ex-soldiers object to talking of the war with men who did not take part in it?"

"Do you think we do?" he parried.

"I know it. You yourself, John, balk before even so old a friend as I."

Without speaking he smoked for some time, thinking out his answer.

"I suppose you 're right," he admitted at last. "There are a lot of reasons; perhaps I can best explain by telling you some of my own experiences."

This was what I had hoped for; I gave him every encouragement.

"When I first got back," he began, "I dropped into the office of a large contracting firm whose principal men were friends of mine. The first thing I saw, hanging conspicuously in the outer office, was an elaborate poster affair headed in large letters, 'OUR WAR RECORD.' Beneath was a list of their war contracts. It struck me as—well, queer, that these friends of mine who had stayed behind and cleaned up something like two million dollars in safety and comfort should advertise their efforts with such bald pride. In the inner rooms, far more elaborate quarters than they had enjoyed before their patriotic war work, I met my former friends. After the usual talk of how much they envied me my experiences,—in which, by the way, they did not show enough interest to ask if I had had any,—they immediately began telling me the troubles they had undergone in handling government work. The war was of course very fresh then, and in the back of my mind, while listening to their petty complaints, were sharp memories of days and nights of sleepless strain, of mud and icy rain, the smell of gas and putrid flesh, and—oh, all the rest of that hell over there. And these men complained vehemently because the Government had refused to pay for a dozen pairs of rubber boots bought without an official order." He bit savagely into his cigar. "Does it seem possible?" he cried. "It was at this first meeting with my old associates that I realized that never again could the man who had not gone and I meet on common ground. I knew a score of fellows who to fight had given up their business and everything else, and been smashed to pieces besides. But here were stay-at-homes who had made millions, talking seriously about thirty damned dollars' worth of rubber boots!"

"Recently I met an officer at dinner who had been severely wounded in the attack on Château Diable," I said. "One of the other guests asked if he had ever found women chained to machine-guns. He replied that such

stories were fiction. But this guest insisted that he knew from official information at Washington that women had been so found. To my surprise the officer, white with sudden anger, snapped out, 'All right, have it your own way!' After that he did not speak another word during the dinner. Why his anger?"

"That's easily answered. We fought against men—men who knew the game better than we, an enemy who fought with devilish cunning. Do you suppose any of us can listen patiently to that chained-woman fable? That we like to be told we fought and killed women?"

To how many of us, I wonder, has it occurred that such ridiculous reports belittle our own men far more than they discredit the enemy.

"I have a friend," he continued, "who makes a hobby of maps. He has, I think, the best collection of old and new maps in this country. Shortly after my discharge—before America had forgotten the war and had returned to money-grubbing—he invited me to dinner. As a special treat to him, I took with me a French war map, showing their own lines, gun emplacements, and that sort of thing in red; all *boche* works, secured from planes and spy information, in blue. I spread this map before him with considerable enthusiasm,—they are really remarkable,—and explained how exactly we found all the *boche* defensives had been located after we had driven the enemy back. Pointing to a blue square, I told him we had captured, at the precise spot indicated, over a million dollars' worth of war material; then I looked up to enjoy his surprise. But I got all the surprise there was. My friend was regarding the end of his cigar with a bored look. He had no interest in this map, which for me charted a thousand thrilling deeds of bravery, suffering, trial, and victory.

"Once after this, and for the last time," he said bitterly, "I voluntarily spoke of the war before men who had not taken part in it. Called upon at our college alumni dinner, I attempted to describe the rush of our division from Grand Pré to the Meuse; to give some idea of the strain our men endured with such wonderful spirit. I said that during those six days and seven nights any one who managed to get two hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and that in a shell-hole or ditch half filled with water, was a lucky man. After the dinner a 'silver striper' said to me:

" 'You told that pretty well, old man, but you must n't expect us to believe men can go with as little sleep as you tried to make us believe.' So there you are!"

From these and other instances I uncovered I am convinced that none of us who did not see, who did not actually experience, front-line fighting can ever realize the frightfulness of it; that, try as we may, we can never think of battle in the terms that men of the A. E. F. think of it. On the subject of the war we who for whatever reason stayed at home and the men who fought in France are now, and will always be, mental strangers.

That these men shrink from talking of something they know will never be understood, often doubted, is not surprising. All the battle pictures that we can get must, I fear, as that young girl on the Mississippi steamboat put it, be "picked out." Had my own boy come back, would he, I wonder, have spoken freely to his father?

Our Medicine-Men

By One of Them

I—Are Commercialism and Science Ruining Medicine?

Drawings by Clarence Day, Jr.

One of the most distressing tendencies in American medicine is the decline of the old-fashioned general practitioner, and his replacement by the modern so-called scientific physician and group doctor. The doctor is rapidly losing his important rôle of comforter and friend; he is no longer considered to be privy to the secrets of black magic or to derive his healing powers from intimate acquaintance with gnomes, sprites, devils, or deities. He is venerated, instead, because of the growing belief that he is one of the chosen disciples of the new god of science. In the Middle Ages the brothers of the Rosy Cross befuddled their clients by their supposed possession of the philosopher's stone. At present the healer awes his patients by coming to them reeking of the laboratory, or by allowing them to see, as if by accident, his scientific proceedings with calorimeters, syringes, and guinea-pigs.

This is sad not because it will have a very perceptible harmful effect upon the average length of life or upon the general health of our countrymen. Indeed, it is possible that the services of the new physician may be in some ways more important than those of his predecessor; but there is cause to lament the passing of "old doc," because his going means the disappearance of a charming character, a wise counselor, a comforter in time of distress, a rock to cling to in the storms of disease and in the presence of death. His twilight must fill one with melancholy, because he was usually a figure of simplicity and sincerity and real dignity in our communities, which are already more than filled with hypocrisy, charlatanism, loud advertisement, meretricious efficiency, pretense, and vulgarity of all kinds.

The adorable figure of the doctor of the old type has been beautifully described by pens that put this one to

shame. Oliver Wendell Holmes has painted the physician of the middle of the nineteenth century, Dreiser has characterized him admirably in his book, "Twelve Men." To the present writer one of his type will remain an impressive and altogether unforgetable figure, who helped him through the annoying maladies of childhood and advised him with priceless wisdom during the tortures of adolescence.

T. G. H. received his medical education in the early eighties at the University of Michigan, and settled down immediately afterward to practise in a village in the western part of that State. Here he remained for more than thirty-five years as the principal physician and as a figure of importance, doing incalculable good among the villagers and the inhabitants of the surrounding country-side. His appearance impressed one instantly with confidence. He was stockily built and of middle height. His head and shoulders were massive, and his jaw was clean-cut and strong; he gave the impression of crag-like solidity and simplicity. His expression was ordinarily thoughtful and stern, but his gray eyes twinkled at intervals with understanding of human sins and peccadilloes, and his rare outbursts of chuckling laughter were hearty and inimitable. He was religious to the point of fanaticism, yet his long experience and keen observation of human frailties made him in many ways a tolerant and wise counselor. When the writer, troubled with the collapse of his religious faith through secret readings of Ingersoll and Darwin, came to him with his doubts, the good doctor, instead of denouncing free thought and science, replied with a history of his own struggle with the enigmas of life.

His ability in diagnosis was of the first order. It showed that combination of careful observation, long experience, and rare good sense that led one to consider his judgments to be intuitive rather than based on memory of principles rammed into him in his college courses. He made little use of modern diagnostic paraphernalia. He was not acquainted with the technic of blood counts, Wassermann reactions, or determination of blood urea. He did not pooh-pooh at them as new-fangled, but seemed impressed with their importance. Yet one felt that he was able by short cuts to arrive at fully as sound conclusions as those gained by the aid of these elaborate and expensive tests. His apparatus of diagnosis consisted of a thermometer, a stethoscope, a few test-tubes, and reagents for simple urinalysis. These alone aided his clear mind and intuitive judgment in arriving at diagnoses of astounding accuracy.

At the same time he was never afraid to admit that he was baffled in the study of some obscure malady. This characteristic, so much a part of his fundamental frankness and honesty, added to the confidence that every one had in him. He was like old Skoda in his refreshing therapeutic nihilism. He was no peddler of yarbs and simples, but was, on the other hand, a firm believer in the power of nature to cope successfully with many diseases. He constantly reminded his patients of this fact, and disdained to take the credit for cures that the universal mother herself had effected. So it may be imagined that he scorned the great majority of his quacksalving colleagues, who administered innocuous concoctions, and then took the credit if their patients recovered.

T. G. H. is dead, taken away too soon from a community that loved him, and in the end killed him by its incessant demands upon his strength. General physicians of his extraordinary ability become more and more rare. Communities of the type that he served have now to be content with the mediocrities or sixth-rate graduates of modern medical colleges. The more promising students are lured from attempting the difficult, but useful, life that was his. They cannot resist the temptation of the rewards of money and notoriety that attend the successful metropolitan specialist or consultant of to-day.

The absorption of the best talent by specialties, consulting practices, and, finally, by that coalition of specialists known as the "group" is a phenomenon to be ascribed largely to the rise of modern surgery. Its augmentation of magnificence and importance is one of the most romantic occurrences in modern affairs. For, from his ancient association with barbers, the surgeon has climbed to an eminence of the utmost dizziness. He is the most prosperous of physicians. The general practitioner, who once scorned the knife as a weapon fit only for such humble persons as tonsorialists, is now at the beck and call of his former servants.

In the sixteenth century surgeons in general were said by Clowes to be "shameless in countenance, lewd in disposition, brutish in judgment and understanding." They were recruited, according to the same author, from "tinkers, tooth-drawers, peddlers, ostlers, carters, porters, horse-gelders, and horse-leeches, idiots, apple-squires, broom-men, bawds, witches, conjurers, sooth-sayers, and sow-gelders, rogues, rat-catchers, runagates, and proctors of spittle-houses." And strange were the remedies sold alike to kitchen-maids and fine ladies by the very flotsam and jetsam of humanity.

Indeed, for many centuries it took a considerable amount of courage to practise as a surgeon, and the endless dismal succession of quacks and rascals is lightened only by the occasional

Privy to the secrets of black magic

appearance of men of talent and honesty, like Paré and Hunter. But with the discovery of anæsthesia in America, and, what is more important, the application of Pasteur's researches by Lister, a great change began to take place. Lister proved that the application of the principles elucidated by Pasteur permitted of the exploration of the deepest recesses of the body with comparative safety. The chances of death by microbes introduced by the surgeon's manipulations became remarkably fewer. This resulted in a great decrease in the appalling amount of homicide perpetrated for ages by surgeons of all ranks. Diseases such as appendicitis, inflammation of the gall-bladder, various tumors, etc., can be dramatically cured by surgical intervention.

The craft of the repair of the body developed with surprising rapidity, and it is natural that Americans, famed always for their technical ingenuity, should play a prominent part in the amazing growth of this now dignified occupation. Murphy, the Mayo brothers, Halsted, Finney, Nancrède, and Cushing are only a few of our countrymen who have played a prominent part in the development of surgical technic. These men, whether specialists or not, were in the first instance general surgeons of great ability. What is more, they combined a wide general knowledge of pathology and diagnosis with their mechanical and manual skill.

The technic and methods of surgery are to-day things to admire and to wonder at. In the hands of honest persons the craft is certainly one of humanity's most laudable boons. It is only the prostitution of this honorable and useful craft by an increasing horde of commercialists and unprincipled pirates that is to be deplored.

The success of the distinguished surgeons just mentioned stirred hordes of men of mediocre talent to attempt their emulation. Unable to master the wide field of knowledge covered ably by these protagonists, the imitators began to specialize in the absurd manner of the physician-priests of the dynasties of the Pharaohs, who confined themselves to the treatment and butchery of strictly isolated organs, or even went so far as to concentrate their supposedly beneficial manglings upon a single disease. What is still more foolish, the rank and file of the would-be wielders of the knife begin their specialization not after a comprehensive experience, but immediately following the admittedly insufficient four years in medical college and two or three years of hospital service. Their ignorance makes it impossible for them to take into account the intimate physiological relations existing between different parts of the body. They seem to be aware only of the appendix or the gall-bladder or the tonsils or the internal ear or the turbinated bones of the nose.

Each looks upon the organ for the slashing of which he has developed a *penchant* as his legitimate prey. It is a secondary consideration whether the part is healthy or plagued by a malaise. These specialists are inspired with a mania for indiscriminate incision. Some of them seem to believe that the general extirpation of certain appendages would result in an unheard of salubrity for the human race. The useful services of superior men of the type of the Mayos naturally brought a commensurate financial reward. And it is this increase in the emolument of

deserving surgeons that has led to the unrestrained absurdities and excesses of imbecility that are perpetrated by the rank and file of the wielders of the knife.

"Why slave as a general practitioner," argues the medical student, "when I can become rich and notorious by a wholesale removal of tonsils?" This opportunity for venality has inspired the most daring and unheard of excesses of commercial brigandage, practised with the dignity and unction and respectability that allow it to flourish with hardly a word of protest. Operations are advised on the flimsiest evidence of their necessity. Frequently they are performed on healthy persons.

Strange remedies sold to kitchen-maids

The absurdities of specialization are becoming so palpable that surgeons begin to look about for some modification of their present status. They reason that if medicine has become so complicated and of so wide a range that an ordinary person can master only a small part of it, the logical procedure would be the formation of an association of men with different *penchants*, who might coöperate in the removal of the organs and in the resulting occasional relief of our suffering citizens. They begin to realize, also, that the time required to perfect the technic of the operations leaves none for the study of the art of diagnosis. They rightly argue that it would be a step forward to perform their excisions upon persons the exact nature of whose illness had been determined. This would be greatly preferable to the widely existing present practice of operating upon persons whose maladies had been cheerfully guessed at either by the surgeon or by some satellite practitioner with a shrewd eye toward the splitting of the surgeon's fee.

As a result of these sage cogitations, groups of specialists begin to spring up in the land. This group is essentially a business partnership of specialist surgeons who associate themselves with an internist, or diagnostician. The last determines the nature of the disease, and distributes the patients, let us hope with impartiality, to the various operators. The diagnostician surrounds himself, in turn, with a body of henchmen known collectively as "laboratory men." In large groups there may be several of these satellites, who are regarded a bit sniffishly by their chief, the internist, and who are beneath condescension by the surgeons.

The procedure, then, is roughly as follows. The patient appears before the internist, to whom he may have been referred as a last resort by some practising physician. The sufferer is examined thoroughly by the diagnostician, who causes an array of chemical, pathological, bacteriological, and radiographic procedures to be carried out by his corps of laboratory workers. These tests are important—and very expensive to the patient. The resulting data are now correlated, if possible,

with the findings of the physical diagnosis, and out of this mélange of facts, which are sometimes obscure and even contradictory, comes some kind of determination of the client's malady. The sufferer is then referred to the appropriate surgeon of the group, who proceeds at once to the operation. Fortunately for the business affairs of the group, it is frequently necessary to perform a series of operations upon patients whom the various scientific tests show to suffer from a complication of diseases.

The effect upon the purse of a person finding it necessary to seek the ministrations of the group is devastating in the extreme. All of the various laboratory tests, the physical examination, the anæsthetic, the nurse, the operation, are carefully charged for on the itemized bill. Frequently he emerges from the frying-pan of his illness, his life doubtless saved by the laudable coöperative efforts of this group of scientists, only to step into the fire of a load of debt which is almost insupportable.

And sold to fine ladies

The quarters occupied by these associations of experts are the very antithesis of the untidy, dusty, modest sanctum of the old-fashioned "doc" of other days, so charmingly sketched by Opie Read:

"In this professional hut there was only one window, the glass of which was dim with dust blown from the road. The furnishings of the office were less than modest. In one corner a swayed bed threatened to fall, in another a washstand stood epileptic on three legs. Nailed against the wall was a protruding cabinet, giving off sick-room memories. The village druggist, compounder of essences of strange and peculiar 'yarbs,' might have bitter and pungent medicines, but old doc, himself an extracter of wild juices, had discovered the retching secret of the swamp. To go into his office and come forth with no sign of heaving was a confession of the loss of smell. Sheep-shearing fills the nostrils with a woolly dullness, but sheep-shearers could scent old doc as he drove along the road."

Not so the offices of the modern group of specialists. Their suites of rooms are situated in magnificent office buildings. Frequently edifices of many stories are devoted to the housing of collections of stylish doctors. The central waiting-room bears little suggestion of medical affairs. It is fitted faultlessly in expensive and luxurious antique furniture. It has that "subdued air of elegance and refinement" much sought after by those of our commercially successful countrymen who wish to shed their pristine vulgarities. Its walls are hung with portraits of famous physicians. Upon a central library-table repose neatly arranged copies of the better and more sober type of American periodicals, and there is a noticeable lack of the more vulgar type of journals that diverts the moments of

waiting in even the best barber-shops. Around the walls are arrayed bookcases, garnished with fat medical tomes and with endless ranks of bound volumes of medical periodicals.

The place is presided over by a businesslike, yet discreetly sympathetic, being, usually in a uniform suggesting that of a nurse, who combines the function of reception committee with that of telephone operator and maker of appointments. The remainder of the suite, which includes consultation- and examining-rooms, minor operating-room, laboratories, ateliers for radiography and photography, has the same air of scientific austerity, of efficiency, elegance, cleanliness, and expensiveness.

It will be clear that the maintenance of an institution of this type is to be supported only at a formidable cost. The salaries of the staff and of such coadjutors as dentists, laboratory men, radiographers, nurses, technicians, bottle-washers, librarians, office girls, telephone operators, and charwomen add to the immense amount necessary for rent and equipment.

From this it naturally follows that the charges to the patient must be correspondingly enormous. The business organization of the group is usually conducted with a truly American efficiency, and with an impersonality and heartlessness necessary to all sound economic enterprises. For it is this, in fact, that medicine is rapidly becoming. The high fees obtainable by the expert doctor have made medicine what it has seldom been in the past—a paying business. This materialistic element is essentially foreign to the spirit of the true physician. Like the functions of the educator and the priest, that of the good doctor has been one of self-abnegation, of devotion to ideals. These ideals, which are necessary to a calling which should be altruistic and partly religious in its nature, have been rudely upset by the entry of economic enterprise.

It may be imagined that the services of these expert super-doctors are, for all the free work done for the poor, accessible in the main only to persons well endowed with worldly goods. The rank and file of us must be content with the ministrations of the more humble practising physician, who becomes less and less the idealist of the old days, and who represents now the mediocrity whose lack of ability or personality makes impossible his attainment to the dignity of the specialist. In addition to the rich, the services of the super-doctor are available occasionally to the very poor. These he attends as a teacher in a hospital clinic. For the title of "clinical professor" is an important adjunct to prestige, and, by the same token, a business asset.

The affluence of the specialist has of necessity reacted badly upon the general practitioner, who finds his more wealthy patients deserting him for the medical experts. Hence, deprived of his most important source of income, he is forced to be less charitable to his less fortunate clients. So it is natural that the ancient and praiseworthy spirit of altruism and economic negligence tends to disappear from the profession of medicine.

The inaccessibility of expert medical attention to the middle classes has led to the demand for the complete removal of the motive of gain from medicine by its socialization. The writer recalls an eloquent plea for this step, made by a brilliant and disin-

terested professor on the opening day of the school year in an important medical college. The reception of his cogent arguments by both students and faculty was anything but cordial. The majority of the undergraduates had apparently never given the matter any consideration whatever. The clinical professors, most of them luxuriating in outside incomes of an agreeable corpulence, were manifestly unimpressed by the forceful appeal. It is highly unlikely that any important step toward the socialization of medicine will be made in America for some time to come. Should certain foolishly visionary and idealistic persons attempt it, the bitter opposition of the majority of physicians, and especially the super-doctors, may be safely predicted.

The question remains whether this new alinement of the medical profession results in an improvement of service commensurate with its increased emolument. Certainly the refinements in diagnosis, the blood counts, pathological tests, metabolic studies, bacteriological examinations, and X-ray plates afford facilities unknown to the physician of the *ancien régime*. On the other hand, the very presence of all these aids leads the modern physician more and more to neglect the careful and essentially simple methods of observation and physical examination notably developed by Laennec and Skoda, by Widal and Osler. The more heavily the physician leans upon the science of the study of disease, the more he is likely to neglect facts that might be directly and simply determined without an imposing and confusing array of modern gimcracks. The famous surgeon, Nancrède, expressed these thoughts when he exclaimed in an outburst of choler, "it is commercialism and science that are ruining medicine."

I have tried to sketch the blight commercialism has laid upon the profession. It remains to suggest the danger that lies in the assumption by the average doctor that he is prosecuting the scientific study of disease.

It is possible to study disease scientifically, but it is absurd to pretend that this can be done by the rank and file of doctors, who carry the dim torch of knowledge handed down to them by those predecessors who persecuted Vesalius and Servetus, laughed at Harvey, ignored Leeuwenhoek, and sneered at Jenner and Pasteur. Yet the confusion of the art of healing, which is the true function of the physician, with the science of the study of disease, which is the duty of the biologist, physicist, and chemist, is a wide-spread and, I believe, disastrous tendency. The physician should be venerated not for supernatural knowledge or scientific acumen, but for his understanding of our ills and troubles, for raising his patient's morale, and, last, for applying, as a technologist, the therapeutic discoveries furnished him by the small group of scientists who actually study disease.

The medical man, if he remains in the practice of his profession, must by temperament and because of the demands of his work lack the very qualities that are necessary to the investigator. It is well known that the scientific worker must be cool, disinterested, and impartial in making his experiments and recording his results. It is well for him to show imagination and fire at the birth of his ideas. But during the experiment he must weigh accurately and measure exactly; he must be completely impartial in

recording the preponderance of one or the other of the factors revealed by his results. He must not hurrah for one or hate the other.

The function of the medical practitioner is to cure disease. His relation to his patient should be that of a comrade coming to the aid of a stricken friend. He must desire the successful recovery of his client. He must hate the microbe that malignantly harasses the sufferer. This state of enthusiasm for the patient and enmity toward the disease is clearly a highly emotional one. It has been remarked that such emotions are out of place in science, no matter how valuable they may be in other walks of life. Hence it is futile to bring the business of the physician into the scientific domain. When the practitioner of medicine ceases to be the optimistic and helpful friend of his patient and becomes the cold man of science, he loses a large part of his value.

Discoursing on medical education, a distinguished physician remarks that while disease must be *studied* in the modern university hospital, at the same time *nothing should be left undone to cure the patient.* This statement contains a contradiction which reduces it to absurdity. For in order to study the various phases of a disease with the requisite thoroughness, it is frequently necessary to abstain from any interference with its course.

It will be clear that when our friend demands that nothing be left undone to cure the patient, he asks, in effect, that the first principle of a valid experiment be abrogated. Some of the patients will of necessity have to remain without treatment if it is desired to conduct a sound investigation. This will be evident from the following example. The first principle of a sound experiment concerned, let us say, with a test of the efficacy of X-rays in the treatment of cancer would be the selection of a large number of patients having the disease in a certain stage. All of these persons would then be placed under identical conditions in regard to diet, nursing, and general care. Then a *part* of the sufferers would be subjected to accurately measured doses of Roentgen rays, while an equal number would receive no treatment at all save the general care just mentioned. Now, if the X-rayed group showed a large proportion of cures or ameliorations, while the majority of other subjects became worse or died, it might reasonably be concluded that the rays had a beneficial effect. The untreated cases, called controls, would then have sacrificed themselves to the progress of science. But if this were done, it would constitute a neglect of the demand of our good doctor that nothing be left undone to cure the patient.

Granted that such an experiment could be made on a large number of cases covering a long period of time, it is doubtful whether it would be feasible to make the attempt. In the present stage of civilization it would certainly not be advisable. Imagine the clamor and uproar that would ensue among the family and friends of the controls, that is to say, the untreated patients, should such an experiment be made public! Humanity in general is certainly not ready for a martyrdom to the progress of knowledge. It is not ready to take the place of the laboratory guinea-pig. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the generality will ever become the prey of such a disemboweled itch for knowledge.

The modern group of specialists

Fortunately for us, the greater part of practitioners, in addition to being mentally unequipped for the logical conduct of such an experiment, are not of the judicial, unemotional nature necessary to its faithful prosecution.

Modern biochemical investigations have greatly increased our knowledge of those physico-chemical derangements of the body which constitute disease. When used with judgment and discrimination, and combined with accurate physical examination, these chemical methods have materially advanced the art of diagnosis. On the other hand, they are widely and idiotically misapplied by a large number of practising physicians, who have virtually no chemical knowledge or training or anything like a broad and accurate acquaintance with chemical physiology and pathology.

Yet, convinced that medicine is now a science, and eager to be regarded as savants, they do not hesitate to perform these reactions, which usually involve delicate technical manipulations. Those practitioners, who are so hopelessly inept as to be incapable of handling even a test-tube without dropping it, become scientists vicariously by having the reactions performed by commercial institutions known euphemistically as "clinical laboratories." It is here that the real evil of the pretension of doctors to science is most strikingly manifest. They neglect more and more the careful physical examination, the many maxims of medical folk-lore, the apparently intuitive knowledge that experience brings. All of these have enabled the doctors of other days to perform astounding feats of diagnosis.

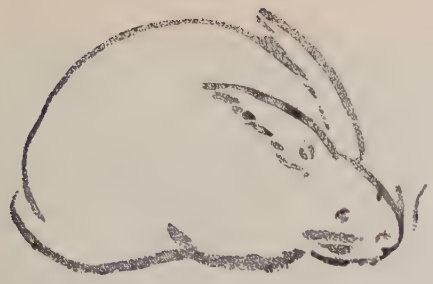
It follows naturally from these considerations that the place for the study of disease is in the laboratory. Here the subjects of the study are animals in which the manifestations of the malady are as nearly as possible similar to those in the human body. Such investigations, to which it is now realized that physics and chemistry are absolutely essential, begin to bring the

study of disease into the category of the fundamental sciences. It is clear that if humanity wishes to be rid of its ills, it should place every facility in the way of laboratories, apparatus, and experimental animals at the disposal of able and honest investigators. Rich men who set up laboratories out of altruistic or other motives deserve to be pardoned by their less fortunate and consequently envious countrymen who denounce them as commercial brigands. And if a genius should arise in the land who could make anthropoid apes as plentiful, healthy, and cheap as guinea-pigs, monuments should be raised to him, and his name should be sung in the epics of future generations. For it is natural that disease may be most advantageously studied in creatures that are closely akin, if not completely identical, to the human being.

In résumé it is unsound to consider the doctor as a scientist in his relation to the patients or to think of medicine as an independent science. The practice of medicine is something of an entirely different nature. It is to the greatest extent an art; it is part craft; it begins to smack of a technology or applied science.

Its craft is important in surgery, which depends largely upon the same dexterity necessary to goldsmiths, pianists, wood-carvers, watch-makers, carpenters, and sculptors. Its technology is important in the diagnosis and treatment of disease. Here the physician should always be on the alert to *apply* the discoveries made by the student of disease in the laboratory. But in doing so, he should not consider himself a scientist. For, in diagnosing what ails a patient, he seeks to locate a hidden source of danger or annoyance in the body of the sufferer. To do this, it may be necessary to make use of discoveries, just as the famous detective Burns might employ a scientific discovery in hounding out a criminal who is a source of annoyance in the body politic. Yet no one would assert that Burns is a scientist. He is simply an excellent detective. The last and most important function of the physician is still his art, which consists largely in the emotional relationship he must bear toward his patient. In this all good doctors, from Hippocrates to Osler, have been proficient. This is in its nature antipathetic to the scientific attitude.

As for the study of disease, that should be left to those intellectually curious and largely heartless persons whose desire is incessantly to know, to discover, to find out the how of things. The best of them have scant interest in the ills of patients; their curiosity concerns itself with the sickness in itself. Contrary to their own occasional pretension, and to the invariable description of them in newspapers and popular gazettes, their desire is *not* primarily to relieve suffering humanity. They are driven to their task by that strange instinct that gave rise to the impudent and dangerous explorations of Henry Hudson and to the unholy and heretical probings of Galileo.



The Drawings of Pamela Bianco

By Louis Untermeyer

When Pamela Bianco was four years old she began to make baby drawings so definite in intention, so precise in execution, that the sophisticated Picasso, who was visiting her father in Paris, was amazed. In 1919 a collection of Pamela's pictures, done between the ages of five and twelve, was shown at the Leicester Galleries to the even greater astonishment of many of the best critical and creative minds in England. During the next few months Walter de la Mare wrote twenty-six magical poems to accompany her exquisite drawings, and the following year the volume "Flora" appeared—that charming collaboration between a poet who has the clear intuition of a child and a child possessing the sudden vision of the poet. In 1921 Pamela, then fourteen years old, came to America, and her work, exhibited at the Anderson Galleries, again taxed the wonder and superlatives of the spectators. And then, without warning, this fifteen-year-old *Wunderkind* ceased being an infant prodigy and stepped into her artistic maturity. It is impossible to discover what sudden growth, what psychic change must have taken place in that straightforward little mind. The physical facts are, however, more easily ascertained. The Biancos removed to New Jersey, and Pamela, confronted for the first time with the American landscape, began to find a new quality in its, to us, over-familiar trees, to discover something that is at once local and exotic to these native hills.

Incredible it is that these pictures are not merely the work of a girl of fifteen, without technical instruction, but the product of one who less than a year ago expressed herself in an entirely different tonality. The dancing rabbits, the whimsical flower-sprays, the mocking Preraphaelite fairies, are gone, and a

gravity, an almost somber restraint, controls her pencil. Not that the extraordinary technic has altered. Pamela's compositions were always as surely executed as they were conceived. The medium, that stubborn obstacle which resists and so often defeats the rest of us, has no terrors for her, not even a problem. Crayon, tempera, stone, canvas, ink, oil, gouache—she does not find one harder than the other; each is merely another mechanism to express what at the moment she considers best suited to the particular medium. There is no fumbling here, no hesitancy. One imagines that every line has been shaped, every mass balanced, every contrast and counterpoint arranged before Pamela's certain fingers allow themselves a single stroke.

It would be interesting to digress into general speculations, to examine the intricate relations of the child as artist. What are the forces that impel it, that supply it with backgrounds the child has never known? What directs its candor, sharpens its edges, illumines its clarity? Does the answer lie in its very immaturity? Is the child actually an emotional primitive, still free of superimposed patterns, drawing its substance directly from the unconscious? Knowing beyond knowledge, can it tap that vast source of wisdom at will? But these are questions to which the psychologists have given us only tentative and uncertain replies. And, as a matter of esthetic fact, these creations of Pamela Bianco challenge us on their own high merits, irrespective of the age of their creator.

One is arrested, first of all, by two seemingly contradictory qualities in this work: its delicate, yet vivid, technic; its subtle, yet distinct, idiom, lurking beneath a surface naïveté. One can see at once the obvious relation to the Italian primitives; one can even trace more Oriental influences, though who can ever say what atavism produced the colors of Persian enamels in her brilliant still-life pieces or the reflections of old Chinese paintings in her casually curved branches? But the stamp of the person is always here; these drawings and lithographs are no one but Pamela Bianco. Equally individualized is the range and power disclosed. Mood follows mood with the swift irregularity of adolescence, and every phase of emotion is richly recorded.

The group reproduced in these pages is typical. Here are moments as dramatic and high-pitched as the lithograph of a few roses and a platter of fruit, as quietly poignant as the portrait of a house seen through falling snow, as lyrical as the study of a pot of primulas. And yet, for all the varied interests manifest in the others, the chief glory of this set is the drawing of the single tree. From every consideration it is no less than masterful. It is consummate in its dignity, in its distribution of masses, in its altogether perfect balance of light and dark. It is stylized without being in the least strained. And this, possibly, is the key to Pamela's accomplishment. Here is that rare quality: a craftsman's sophistication that springs somehow from spontaneity. One cannot escape the essential purity of her designs. For hers is knowledge,—learned who knows where?—an uncanny wisdom that has not lost the direct gaze of innocence.

Pamela
Dorey

The Wrestler from Aleppo

Being the Fourth Part of "The Wind Bloweth"[1]

By DONN BYRNE, *Author of* "MESSER MARCO POLO," *etc.*

Drawings by GEORGE BELLOWS

"YA ZAN," came his wife's slow, grave voice, "O Shane, when your ship is in trouble or does not go fast, do the passengers beat you?"

"Of course not," Campbell laughed. "What put that in your little head?"

"When I went with my uncle, Arif Bey, on the pilgrimage to Mecca,—Arif was a Moslem that year,"—she bit the thread of the embroidery she was doing with her little sharp teeth, tkk!,—"our ship anchored for the night in *Birkat Faraun*—Pharaoh's Bay. In the morning it would not move, so the Maghrabi pilgrims beat the captain terribly. And once at Al-Akabah, when the captain lost sight of shore for one whole day, the Maghrabis beat him again. They said he should have known better. Don't—don't they ever beat you, *ya Zan?*"

"Not yet, Fenzile. They only beat bad skippers."

"But our *rais* was a good sailor. He must have been a good sailor, *Zan;* he was very old. He was very pious, too. He said the prayers. Do you ever say the prayers, *Zan,* when the sea looks as if it were about to be angry?"

"What sort of prayers, Fenzile?"

"Oh, prayers. Let me see." Her dark eyes had the look he loved, as if she had turned around and were rummaging within herself, as a woman seeks diligently and yet slowly in a chest. "Oh, like the Moslem's *Hizbal-Bahr.* You ought to know that prayer, *ya Zan.* It will make you safe at sea. I wonder you, a great *rais,* do not know that prayer."

"What is the prayer, Fenzile?"

". . . We pray Thee for safety in our goings forth and our standings still . . . Subject unto us this sea, even as Thou didst subject the Deep to Moses, and as Thou didst subject the Fire to Abraham, and as Thou didst subject the Iron to David, and as Thou didst subject the Wind and the Devils and Djinns and Mankind to Solomon, and as Thou didst subject the Moon and al-Burah to Mohammed, on whom be Allah's Mercy and His Blessing! And subject unto us all the Seas in Earth and Heaven, in Thy visible and in Thine invisible Worlds, the Sea of this Life and the Sea of Futurity. O Thou Who reignest over everything and unto Whom all things return . . . You must know that prayer, and say that prayer, *ya Zan.* What do you do when it is very stormy?"

"Oh, take in as little sail as possible and keep shoring ahead."

"I don't understand." She let the the embroidery fall in her lap. "I see your ship from the quays and I can't understand how you guide such a big

[1] Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

ship. And how you go at night, Zan, that I cannot understand. It is so dark at night! There is a terrible lot I do not understand. I am very stupid."

"You are very dear and darling, Fenzile. You understand how to take care of a house and how to be very beautiful and be very loving—"

"Do I, *Zanim?* That is not hard; that is not very much. That is not like sailing a ship on the sea."

Without, Beirut seethed with life. Thin, gaunt dogs barked and snarled in the narrow staired streets. Came the cry of the donkey-boys. Came the cry of the water-sellers. Came the shouts of the young Syrians over the backgammon game. Loped the laden camels. Tramped the French soldiers. Came a new hum . . .

Fenzile rose and went through the courtyard, past the little fountain with the orange-trees, past the staircase to the upper gallery, came to the barred iron gates, looked a moment, moved modestly back into the shadows . . .

"Oh, look, *ya Zan!*" Her grave voice became excited. "Come quickly. See. It is Ahmet Ali, with his attendants and a lot of people following him."

"And who is Ahmet Ali?"

"Ahmet Ali! Don't you know, *Zanim?* The great wrestler, Ahmet Ali. The wrestler from Aleppo . . ."

§ 2

Through the grilled door, in the opal shade of the walls, Shane saw the wrestler stroll down the street—a big bulk of a man in white robe and turban, olive-skinned, heavy on his feet, seeming more like a prosperous young merchant than the wrestling champion of a vilayet. Yet underneath the white robes Shane could sense the immense arms and shoulders, the powerful legs. Very heavily he moved, muscle-bound a good deal, Shane thought, a man for pushing and crushing and resisting, but not for fast, nervous work, sinew and brain coördinating like the crack of a whip. A Cornish wrestler would turn him inside out within a minute, a Japanese would pitch him like a bull before he had even taken his stance. But, once he had a grip, he would be irresistible.

"So that 's Ahmet Ali."

"Yes, *Zan.*" Fenzile clapped her hands with delight, like a child seeing a circus procession. "Oh, he is a great wrestler! He beat Yussuf Hussein, the Cairene, and he beat a great Russian wrestler who came on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. And he beat a French sailor. And he beat a Tatar. Oh, he is a great wrestler, Ahmet Ali."

The wrestler had come nearer. Behind him came four or five supporters, in clothes as white as his. Behind them came a ruck of Syrian youths, effeminate, vicious. Came a crowd of donkey-boys, impish, black. The wrestler walked more slowly as he approached to pass the iron doors. And Shane was startled into a sudden smile at the sight of his face—a girl's face, with a girl's eyes. And in his hand was a rose. A wrestler with a rose!

"Why, a man could kill him!"

"Oh, no! Oh, no, Zan!" Fenzile said. "He is very strong. He conquered Yussuf Hussein, the Cairene, and Yussuf Hussein could bend horseshoes with his bare hands. He is very strong, very powerful, Ahmet Ali."

The wrestler was walking slowly past the house, throwing glances

through the grill with his full girl's eyes. A quick suspicion came into Campbell's mind. He turned to his wife.

"Does he come past here often?"

"Yes, yes, Zan; every day."

"Does he stop and look into the court like that every time?"

"Yes, Zan; every time." She smiled.

"Do you know whom he 's looking for?"

"Yes, Zan; for me."

Campbell's hand shot out suddenly and caught on her wrist.

"Fenzile,"—his voice was cold,—"you are n't carrying on with, encouraging this—Ahmet Ali?"

"Zan Cam'el,"—her child's eyes flashed unexpectedly,—"I am no cheap Cairene woman. I am a Druse girl, the daughter of a Druse bey."

"I am sorry, Fenzile."

She looked at him steadily with her great green eyes, green of the sea, and as he looked at her sweet, roundish face, her little mouth half open in sincerity, her calm brow, her brown arch of eyebrow, she seemed to him no more than a beautiful proud child. There was no guile in her.

"You must n't be foolish, you know, Fenzile."

"*Severim seni.* I love only you, Zan. But it is so funny to see him go by, I must always smile. Don't you think it funny, Zan?"

"No, I don't think it at all funny."

"Oh, but it is funny, Zan, a big strong wrestler like that to be foolish over a very little woman, and for a cheap showman of the market-place to be lifting his eyes to a daughter of the Druse emirs. It is funny."

"It is n't funny. And he is n't much of a wrestler, anyway."

"Oh, but he is, Zan. He is a very great wrestler. They say he threw and killed a bear."

"O *kooltooluk!* Blazes! I could throw him myself."

She said nothing, turning away her head, and reaching for her embroidery.

"Don't you believe me, Fenzile? I tell you I could make mince-meat of him."

"Of course, Zan; of course you could." And she smiled. But this time it was n't the delighted smile of a child; it was the grave, patient smile of a wise woman. And Shane knew it. Past that barrier he could not break, and on her belief he could make no impress. There was no use arguing, talking. She would just smile and agree. And her ideal of strength and power would be the muscle-bound hulk of the Aleppo man, with the girl's face and the girl's eyes, and the rose in his hand. And Shane, all his life inured to sport, hard as iron, supple as a whip, with his science picked up from Swedish quartermasters and Japanese gendarmes, from mates and crimps in all parts of the world, would always be in her eyes an infant compared with the monstrous Syrian! Not that it mattered a tinker's curse, but—

Oh, damn the wrestler from Aleppo!

§ 3

He had thought, when he left Liverpool on a gusty February day, of all the peace and quiet, of the color and life, there would be on the Asian shore . . . Europe had somehow particularly sickened him on this last voyage . . . All its repose was sordid; all its passion was calculated. England and its queen mourned the

sudden death of the prince consort, but it mourned him with a sort of middle-class domesticity and no majesty. So a grocer's family might have mourned, remembering how well papa cut the mutton . . . He was so damned good at everything, Albert was, and he approved of art and science—within reason . . . There was a contest for a human ideal in America, and in the ports of England privateers were being fitted out to help the South, as the Greeks might, for a price . . . And Napoleon, that solemn comedian, was making ready his expedition to Mexico with fine words and a tradesman's cunning . . . And the drums of Ulster roared for Garibaldi, rejoicing in the downfall of the harlot on seven

hills, as Ulster pleasantly considered the Papal States, while Victor Emmanuel, sly Latin that he was, thought little of liberty and much about Rome . . . Aye, kings!

And so a great nostalgia had come over Shane Campbell on this voyage for the Syrian port and the wife he had married there. He wanted sunshine. He wanted color. He wanted simplicity of life. Killing there was in Syria, great killing, too; but it was the sort of killing one understood and could forgive. A Druse disliked a Maronite Christian, so he went quietly and knifed him. Another Maronite resented that, and killed a Druse; and they were all at it, hell-for-leather. But it was passion and fanaticism, not high-flown words and docile armies, and the tradesmen sneaking up behind . . . Aye, war!

And he was sick of the damned Mersey fog, and he was sick of the drunkenness of Scotland Road, and he was sick of the sleet lashing Hoylake links. He was sick of pharasaical importers who did the heathen in the eye on Saturday, and on Sunday in their blasted conventicles thumped their black-covered craws in respectable humility . . . In little Asia religion was a passion, not a smug hypocrisy, and though the heathen was dishonest, yet it was not the mathematical, reasoned dishonesty of the Christian; it was a childish game, like horse-coping . . . And in the East they did not blow gin in your face, smelling like turpentine . . .

And he was sick of the abominable homes, the horse-hair furniture with the antimacassars. Lord! and they called themselves clean . . . He wanted the spotlessness of the Syrian courtyard . . . The daubs on the British walls, sentimental St. Bernard dogs, and dray-horses with calves' eyes, brought him to a laughing-point when he thought of the subtlety of color and line in strange Persian rugs . . .

And he was sick of British women, with their knuckled hands, their splayed feet. Their abominable dressing, too, a bust and a brooch and a hooped skirt; their grocers' conventions, prudish, almost obscene, avoiding of the natural in word, deed, or thought . . . He wanted Fenzile, with her eyes, *vert de mer*, her full, childish face, her slim hands, with the orange-tinted finger-nails, her silken trousers, her little slippers of silver and blue . . . Her soft arms, her back-thrown head, her closed lids . . . And the fountain twinkling in the soft Syrian night, while afar off some Arab singer chanted a poem of Lyla Khanim's:

"Beni ser-mest u hayran eyleyen ol yar; janim dir . . . The world is but a prison and my heart is scarred . . . My tears are like a vineyard's fountain, O absent one . . ."

And here was Beirut again; here the snowy crest of Lebanon; here the roadstead crowded with craft; here the mulberry-groves. Here the sparkling sapphire sea; here the turf blazing with poppies; here the quiet pine road to Damascus; here the forests, excellent with cedars. Here the twisting, unexpected streets. Here his own quiet house, with the courtyard and its fountain. Here the hum of the bazaars; here the *ha-ha* of the donkey-boys; here the growling camels. Here the rugs on the wall; here the little orange-trees. Here the two negress servants, clean, efficient. Here color,

and peace and passion. Here Fenzile . . .

And this damned wrestler from Aleppo must go and spoil it all!

§ 4

He might have shipped with one of the great American clippers racing around Cape Good Hope under rolling topsails, and become in his way as well known as Donald McKay was, who built and mastered the *Sovereign of the Seas*, with her crew of one hundred and five, four mates, and two boatswains. He might have had a ship like Phil Dumaresq's *Surprise*, that had a big eagle for her figurehead. He might have clipped the record of the *Flying Cloud*, three hundred and seventy-four miles in one day, steering northward and westward around Cape Horn. He might have had a ship as big as the *Great Republic*, the biggest ship that ever took the seas. He might have had one of the East Indiamen and the state of an admiral. He might have been one of the new adventurers in steel and steam.

But fame and glory never allured him, and destiny did not call him to be any man's servant. He was content to be his own master with his own ship, and do whatsoever seemed to him good and just to do. If they needed him and his boat anywhere, he would be there. When they needed boats to America, he was there. But if they did n't need him, he was not one to thrust himself. Let Destiny call.

Success, as it was called, was a thing of Destiny. When Destiny needed a man, Destiny tapped him on the shoulder. Failure, however, was a man's own fault. There was always work to do. And it was up to every man to find his work. If there were no room for him in a higher work, it was no excuse for his not working in a lower plane. There would be no failures, he thought, if folk were only wise. If a man came a cropper in a big way, it was because he had rushed into a work before Destiny, the invisible, infallible nuncio of God, had chosen her man. Or because he was dissatisfied, ambition and ability not being equal. Or because he was lazy.

Always there was work to do, as there was work for him now. Clouds of sail and tubby steamboats went the crowded tracks of the world's waters not to succor and help, but for gain of money. And Lesser Asia was neglected, now that the channel of commerce to the States was opened wide. Syria needed more than sentimental travelers to the Holy Land. It needed machinery for its corn-fields and its mines. It needed prints and muslins from the Lancashire looms. It needed rice and sugar. And it had more to give than a religious education. Fine soap and fruit and wine and oil and sesame it gave, golden tobacco, and beautiful craftsmanship in silver and gold, fine rugs from Persia. Brass and copper and ornamental woodcarving from Damascus, mother of cities; walnuts, wheat, barley, and apricots from its gardens and fields. Wool and cotton, gums and saffron from Aleppo, and fine silk embroidery.

Others might race past Java Head to China for tea and opium. Others make easting around the Horn to the gold-fields of California. Others might sail up the Hooghly to Calicut, trafficking with mysterious Indian men. Others might cross to the hustle and welter of New York, young giant of cities, but Campbell was content to

sail to Asia Minor. He brought them what they needed, and they sent color and rhyme to prosaic Great Britain, hashish to the apothecaries, and pistachios from Aleppo, cambric from Nablus, and linen from Bagdad, and occasionally for an antiquary a Damascene sword that rang like a silver bell.

For others the glory and fame to which Destiny had called them. For others the money that they grubbed with blunted fingers from the dross heaps of commerce. But for Campbell what work he could do, well done—and Lesser Asia . . .

§ 5

Of all the seas he had sailed, it seemed to Shane that the Mediterranean had more color, more life, more romance than any. Not the battles round the Horn, not the swinging runs to China, not the starry Southern seas, had for him the sense of adventure that the Mediterranean had. The Mediterranean was not a sea. It was a home haven, with traditions of the human house. Here Sennacherib sailed in the great galleys the brown Sidonian shipwrights had made for him. Here had been the Phenicians with their brailed squaresails. Here had been the men of Rhodes, sailors and fighters both. Here the Greek penteconters with their sails and rigging of purple and black. Here the Cypirotes had sailed under the lee of the islands Byron loved, and where Sappho sang her songs like wine and honey, sharp wine and golden honey. Here had the Roman galleys plashed, and here the great Venetian boats set proud sail against the Genoese. Here had the Lion Heart sailed gallantly to Palestine. Here had Icarus fallen in the blue sea. Here had Paul been shipwrecked, sailing on a ship of Adramyttium, bound to the coast of Asia, crossing the sea which is off Cilicia and Pamphylia, and transhipping at Myra. How modern it all sounded but for the strange antique names!

"And when we had sailed slowly many days"— only a seaman could feel the pathos of that—"and scarce were come over against Cnidus, the wind not suffering us, we sailed under Crete, over against Salmone. And, hardly passing it, came unto a place which is called The fair havens—"

Was Paul a sailor, too, Campbell often wondered? The bearded Hebrew, like a firebrand, possibly epileptic, not quite sane, had he at one time been brought up to the sea? "Sirs," he had said, "I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives." There spoke a man who knew the sea, not a timid passenger. But the master of the ship thought otherwise, and yet Paul was right. And then came "a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon." And that was the Levanter of to-day,—Euraquilo, they call it,—hell let loose. Then came furious seas, and the terrors of a lee shore, the frapping of the ship, and the easing overboard of tackle, the jettisoning of freight.

"And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay upon us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away." Somehow the absolute fidelity of the sea-life of the story went to Campbell's heart, and the figure of Paul the mariner was clearer than the figure of Paul the apostle.

"Howbeit, we must be cast upon a certain island.

"But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country—"

The intuition of seamanship, the flash. How modern! Oh, Paul lived in that sea. His ghost and memory were forever there, as were the ghosts of the Lion Heart; and of Sappho, singer of songs; and of the stout Phenician sailing men; and of the doges of Venice, lovers and husbands of the sea. On the tideless Mediterranean beauty still abided as nowhere else; would abide, when nowhere else—

Would it, though? Would it abide anywhere? A pang came into Campbell's heart. Off Finisterre he had been passed by Robert Steel of Greenocks *Falcon*, every sail drawing, skysails and moon-rakers set, a pillar of white cloud she seemed, like some majestic womanhood. And while boats like the *Fiery Cross* and the *Falcon* tore along like greyhounds, they were building tubby iron boats to go by steam. The train was beating the post-chaise with its satiny horses, the train that went by coal one dug from the ground. And even now De Lesseps and his men were digging night and day that the steamboat might push the proud clipper from the seas. Queer! Would there come a day when no topgallants drew? And the square-rigged ships would be like old crones gathering fagots on an October day. And what would become of the men who built and mastered great racing ships? And would the sea itself permit vile iron and smudgy coal to speck its immaculate bosom? Must the sea, too, be tamed like a dancing bear for the men who are buying and selling? It seemed impossible.

But the shrewd men who trafficked said it must be so. They were spending their money on De Lesseps's fabulous scheme. And the shrewd men never spent money without a return. They would conquer.

Poor sea of the vikings! Poor sea of the Lion Heart and of Sappho of the songs! Poor sea of Admiral Columbus! Poor sea to whom Paul made obeisance! Sea of Drake and sea of Nelson, and sea of Philip of Spain. Poor sea whom the great doges of Venice wed with a ring of gold! If they could bottle you, they would sell you like Holland's gin!

§ 6

He had figured his work. He had figured his field. It seemed to him that this being done, life should flow on evenly as a stream. But there were gaps of unhappiness that all the subtle sailing of a ship, all the commerce of the East, all the fighting of the gales, could not fill. Within him somewhere was a space, in his heart, in his head, somewhere, a ring, a pit of emotion—how, where, why he could not express. It just existed. And this was filled at times with concentration on his work, at times with plans of the future and material memories of the past, or thoughts of ancient shipmates, like his Uncle Robin. It was like a house, that space was, with a strange division of time, that corresponded not with time of day, but with recurrent actions, memories, moods. There would be the bustle of his work, and that seemed to be morning. There would the planning of future days, and that seemed like

an afternoon of sunshine, and there would be memories, as of old shipmates, as of Uncle Robin,—God rest his dear soul!—as of Alan Donn with his hearty cursing, his hearty laugh. And that was like an evening with golden candle-light and red fire burning. And then would come the quietness of night, all the bustle, all the plans, all the memories gone, the fire out, the rooms empty. And in the strange place somewhere within him would come a strange lucidity, blue and cold and absolute as the stars, and into that space would walk, as players stalk upon the stage, one of three ghosts.

The first was his mother, who was dead, an apparition of chilling terror. From afar she beheld him with eyes that were queerly inimical. She had done nothing to him, nor he anything to her. She had done nothing for him, nor he for her. Between them was nothing. When she had died, he had felt nothing; and that was the tragedy. No tears, no relief, nothing. She had carried him in her womb, borne him, suckled him, and he had always felt he had been unwelcome. There had been no hospitality in her body; just constraint. She had had no welcome for the little guest of God. Her heart had been hard to him, and him at her breasts. Nothing between them in life, and a horrible significant gulf in death. She could be with him always now, being dead. But where a man's mother should come to him smilingly, with soft hands, with wisdom and comfort passing that of life, she came with terrible empty eyes. He could see her gaunt profile, her black brows. She was like an engraving he had once seen of the witch Saul had used at En-dor to call up Samuel, who was dead. She had the same awful majesty, the same utter loneliness.

"You gave me nothing in life. In death give me peace," he would cry. But she stayed until it suited her to go, as she would have done in life. Her haunted, haunting eyes! . . .

And there would come another ghost, the ghost of the girl he had married, and he a boy, fourteen years ago. It was strange how he could remember her—her red hair, her sullen mouth, her suspicious eyes. Her shoulders drooped a little; there was no grace to her stance. She complained against something, but she did not accuse him. He had married her, and she had married him, and she had died. That was all there was to it. And though she had sorrowed his younger days, yet he felt very kindly to her. There she was, with her sullen mouth, her drooping shoulders, complaining, "Life was so short, and there was so little to it, and others have so much," she seemed to say. "I had a right to have my man and a place in the country, the like of other girls, but all I got was you. And death at the end of a short year. Was n't it hard, och! was n't it so!" And he had to comfort her. "It was nobody's fault, Moyra. It just happened. We were awfully young." But her lips were still sullen, her eyes suspicious, as she went away. "A short life and a bitter one. A hard thing surely!" When she left him there was a sigh of relief. Poor girl!

And the third ghost was hardly a presence, but an absence, or a presence so intangible that it was worse than an absence. Claire-Anne, who was dead, whom he had—made dead, whom he had taken it upon himself

to set free. For a year after he had left Marseilles she had seemed to be always with him, closer in spirit, now she was dead, than she had ever been in flesh and spirit when alive. A part of him she seemed always to be. Always there, in the quiet cabin, on the heeling decks, on the solid shore. And the long thoughts of him seemed to be conversation with her, on strange beautiful things, on strange terrible things, on the common commodity of life . . . And then one day she left him . . .

He was coming into Southampton Water and waiting for the pilot's cutter from the Solent one bright July morning. And all the Solent was dotted with sails, the snowy sails of great yachts and the cinnamon sails of small ones. Little fishing craft prowled near the shore. And afar off, in fancy, he could see the troops of swans and the stalking herons. The pilot's cutter plowed toward him, her deep forefoot cutting the water like a knife. Immense, vibrant beauty. And he felt, as always, that Claire-Anne was by him, her dark understanding presence, her clear Greek face, her little smile.

"In a minute now we will come into the wind and lower a boat, Claire-Anne." And a shock of surprise came over him. She was not there. It was as though he were talking with his back to some one, and, turning around, found no one there. For an instant he felt as if he had lost somebody overboard. And then it came to him that water, earth, material hazards were nothing to her any more. She had gone somewhere for a moment. And he turned to greet the pilot as he swung aboard.

"She will come back," he thought . . . But she never came back. Once or twice or maybe three times, a month, six months, and ten months later, he felt her warm lover-like presence near him. "Claire-Anne! Is it you, Claire-Anne!" And she was gone again. Something that had hovered, fluttered, kissed, and flown away. Never again!

She had become to him in death much more real than she had ever been in life. In life she had been dynamic, a warm, multi-colored, perfumed cloud. In death she was static. All the tumult of material things gone, he had a vision of her as clear as a line drawing. And he had come to depend on her so much. In difficulty of thought he would say, "Is this right, Claire-Anne?" And her answer would come, "Yes, Shane." Or, possibly, when some matter of trade or conduct seemed dubious, not quite—whatever it was, her voice would come clear as a bell. "You must n't, Shane. It is n't right. It is n't like you to be small." It might have been conscience, but it sounded like Claire-Anne. And oftentimes in problems, she would say: "I don't know, Shane. I don't quite know." And he would say, "We must do our best, Claire-Anne."

Well, she was gone. And he thought to himself: "What do we know of the destiny of the dead? They, too, must have work, missions to perform." The God he believed in, the wise, firm, and kindly God, might have said: "Claire-Anne, he 'll be all right now. At any rate, he 'll have to work out the rest for himself. Leave that. I want you to—" And she was gone.

That was one majestic explanation, but at times it seemed to him that no matter what happened in the world, or super-world, yet she must be in

touch with him. "Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thine arm," cried the prince's daughter, "for love is strong as death." If she loved him, she must love him still.

It suddenly occurred to him that the fault was not occult, but a matter of spiritual deterioration in himself. To be in harmony with the lonely dead there must be no dross about the mind. The preoccupations of routine, the occasional dislikes of some stupid ship's officer or boatswain, the troubles about cargo—this, that, the other pettinesses might cloud his eye as a mist clouds a lens. There came to him the memory of a translation from some Chinese poet he had heard somewhere, in some connection:

> How am I fallen from myself! For a long time now
> I have not seen the Prince of Chang in my dreams.

He decided he would clear and make ready the quiet sweet place in his heart, the room of ghosts, so that she might come and dwell there. But induce the spiritual mood of the quiet October evening much as he could, yet she never came again.

From his mind now there faded the memory of her face, the memory of her hands, the memory of her voice even. With every week, with every month, with the year, she was gone. Like a lost thought, or a lost bar of music, she was gone. She had been there, but she was gone. The loss was a terrible one. To lose one who was alive was much; but to lose one who was dead was unbelievable, horrible . . . to lose the sun . . . forever . . .

He decided he would go back to the Prado of Marseilles, where first he had met her, where she would of all places have kept a tryst with him. There was no risk. The folk of the sea come and go so easily, so invisibly, and French law bothers itself little about the killing of a woman of evil repute . . . One of the risks of the trade, they would say. Even had there been a risk he would have gone. He went.

It was a dark night, a night of wind, with the waves lashing the shore. A night of all nights to keep a tryst with a dead woman. Immense privacy of darkness and howling winds and lashing waves. With awe he went there, as a shaken Catholic might enter a cathedral, dubious of the mystery of the eucharist, expecting some silent word, some invisible sign from the tabernacle . . . He went with bowed head . . .

She never came.

He concentrated until all faded away, even the night, the wind, the insistent waters. He might have been standing on a solitary rock in an infinite dark sea, to which there was no shore. Asking, pleading, willing for her . . . But she never came . . .

And it suddenly became inevitable to him that she would not come, and slowly, as a man comes slowly out of a drug into consciousness, he came back into the world of lights and laughter and sodden things. And turning on his heel without a look, he went away . . .

He never called to her again . . . He thought over her often enough, and she had never been real, he decided. His mother and his wife had been real. They were their own dimensions. But she was something he had made in his head, as an author

may create a character. She was a hallucination. And she had never been with him after death; that had been a mirage in the hinterland of the mind.

And he asked, "Who was she, anyway?" She was a woman who said she loved him, might even have believed it. Women under stress believe so many things! A little anger, a little passion, a little melancholy, and things resolve themselves into so many differences of color and line. And what standard of truth is there? Supposing he were to tell any man of the world of the occurrence, and to ask who she was, what she was, and what he had been to her. They would have said it was simple. She was a harlot of Marseilles, and he was her *amant de cœur*. But the beauty of it he would have objected. All the beauty was in yourself. Or, as they would have put it, all imagination.

What a snare it all was, and what was truth? How much better off a man was if he had never anything to do with them! And yet . . .

A world of men; there would be something lacking. Friends he had in plenty; men would help him, as a ship stands by another ship at sea. Friends to talk to, of ships and sports, of ports and politics; but when one left them, one was left by oneself. And all the subtleties of mind came again like a cloud of wasps. To each man his own problem of living. To each man to decide his own escape from himself.

"And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone—" the Hebrew chronicler had imagined. No, it was not good. It was terrible. After the day's work was done, after the pleasant evenings of friends, then came the terror of the shadows. Unreal they might be, but they hurt more than real things did. Unless one sank into the undignified oblivion of drink, there was no escape. Shadows came. Acuter than the tick of a watch, they were there, the cold mother with the haunting eyes, the dead wife with the sullen mouth, visible as stars. And empty as air was the space Claire-Anne should have occupied, with her clear-cut beautiful features, her understanding eyes. Three ghosts, and the ghost that was missing was the most terrible ghost of all . . . He could not stand them any more . . . He must not be alone . . .

§ 7

He could not marry a Christian of the East; they were such an unspeakably treacherous race. He could not marry a Jewess, for about each one of the nation there seemed to be an awesome destiny, a terrible doom, or an ultimate majesty blinding human eyes. A wall so high that it was terrible . . . He could not marry a Moslem woman, for that would mean acceptance of Islam. And though Islam was very fine, very clean, and Campbell believed in resignation, and acknowledged there was no God but God, as the formula was, yet the Scots-Irish honesty of him would not accept Mohammed as the prophet of God. It would be like putting Bonaparte above the Lord Buddha. A faith is a very solemn thing and not to be approached lightly. To accept a faith publicly, the tongue in the cheek, was the sin of insincerity and rank dishonesty, having committed which no man should hold up his head. And, moreover, Moslem women were queer things. For centuries they had been held to be a little more beautiful

than a flower; a little less valuable, less personal, than a fine horse. Being told that for centuries, they had come to believe it, and believing one's self to be particular, tends one to become it. Moslem women, no!

He had become familiar with the Druses around Beirut. There was something in the hard, independent tribesmen that reminded him of the Ulster Scot. Aloof, unafraid, inimical, independent, with a strain of mysticism in them, they were somehow like the glensmen of Antrim. Fairly friendly with the Moslems, contemptuous of the Latin Christians, impatient of dogma, they might have been the Orangemen of Syria. Their emirs had a great dignity and a great simplicity, like an oldtime Highland chief. They acknowledged God, but after that their faith ran into esoteric subtleties of nature worship, which they kept to the initiates among themselves . . . And the common run of them had strange legends, as that in a mountain bowl of China lived tribe on tribe of Druses, and that one day those of Syria and of China would be reunited and conquer the world . . . They were very dignified men, and muscular . . . Their women had the light feet of gazelles . . . One only saw their sweet low foreheads, their cinnamon hands . . . They claimed they were Christians sometimes, and other times they said they were Moslems, but the truth no stranger knew . . . A secret sect, like the ancient Assassins, who had the Old Man of the Mountain for their king . . . With them dwelt beauty and terror and the glamour of hidden things . . .

To Shane they were very kindly. They recognized him for a mountainman born, and for an honest man. They could not understand him as a Christian, seeing he took no part in Greek or Latin politics. They decided he must have some faith of his own . . . He did them some kindnesses of errands, and they were very hospitable to him . . .

In sixty-one, after the massacres, when the tribesmen were preparing to retreat to the mountain of the Druses, he returned to find Syria occupied by the troops of Napoleon III, and to hear that his friend Hamadj Beg of Deir el Kour was dead in the war . . . He went to condole with the family . . . Arif Bey, Hamadj's brother, was preparing to retreat toward Damascus . . .

"Arif Bey," Campbell suddenly said, "also this; I seek a wife."

"Yes." The grizzled Druse scratched his head, and looked at him keenly.

"I am making Lebanon my home; therefore I don't want a wife of my country. There is no people sib to me here but the Druse people . . . Would a Druse woman marry me?"

"I—I see nothing against it."

"Do you know a Druse woman who would have me?"

"Well, let me see," Arif said. "There is Hamadj's daughter, Fenzile."

"Is she young, Arif Bey?"

"Not so young,—nineteen,—but she is a mountain woman and lasts."

"Is she good-looking?"

"Yes, she is very good-looking."

"Is she kindly?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so."

"Is she wild?"

"No; she is very docile."

"You trust me a lot, Arif Bey."

"Yes, we trust you much."

"And I trust you, Arif Bey . . . Will Fenzile marry me?"

"Yes," Arif Bey decided, "Fenzile will marry you."

§ 8

It seemed to him, at thirty-five, that only now had he discovered the secret of living. Not until now had his choice and destiny come together to make this perfect equation of life. The work he loved of the bark *Queen Maeve,* with her beautiful sails like a racing yacht's, her white decks, her shining brass: the carrying of necessities from Great Britain to Syria, the land he loved, next to Ulster, his mother; and the carrying from Syria into the harsh, plain Great Britain cargoes of beauty like those of Sheba's queen, on camels that bore spices, and very much gold and precious stones. And the great ancient city where he lived, not even Damascus, the pride of the world, exceeded it for beauty. Forward of massed Lebanon, white with snow, it lay, a welter of red roofs and green foliage; the blue water, the garlanded acacios, the roses, the sally branches. Beauty! Beauty! The Arab shepherds in abas of dark magenta, the black Greek priests, the green of a pilgrim's turban, the veiled women smoking narghiles and daintily sipping sherbet, pink and yellow and white. The cry of the donkey-boy, and the cry of the cameleer, and the cry of the muezzin from the mosque. The quaint salutations as he passed along the staired streets: *Naharkum Sayeed!*—May your day be blessed. *Naharaka abyad!*—May your day be white! *Allah yahtikum el afiyeh!*—God give health to you! They were chanted like a refrain of a song.

Beauty! Riot and slashing of color. Yet there was line here, and massive proportion. The sparkling magenta city had been the theater of great marching hosts. The Phenicians had built it. "The root of life, the nurse of cities, the primitive queen of the world," they had named her. And gone the Phenicians, came the slim, subtle Egyptians. And the massive, burly Assyrians came next. And now the memory of them was forgotten, also their love and their hatred and their envy were now perished. And then came the tramp of the Roman legions, Agrippa's men, and held the city for centuries. Justinian had one of his law schools there, until the earth quaked and the scholars dispersed. And then the Saracens held it until Baldwin, brother of Godfrey de Bouillon, clashed into it with mailed Crusaders, and Baldwin, overcome with the beauty of the land, took him a paynim queen. And then came the occult reign of the Druse; and then the Turk. And Saint George had killed the dragon there, after the old monk's tale.

Shane Campbell was never weary of looking at the inscriptions on the great cliffs at the River of the Dog. The strange beauty of that name! It was like the place names of native Ulster—*Athbo,* the Ford of Cows, *Araid-cuacha,* the Cuckoo's Lane. One name sounded to the other like tuning-forks. And the sweet strange harmony of it filled his heart, so that he could understand the irresistible charm of Lebanon—the high, clear note like a bird's song. Here was the sun and the dreams of mighty things, and the palpable proximity of God. Here was beauty native, to be picked like a nugget, not to be mined for in bitter hours of torment and distress.

High, clear, sustained, the note held. Arose the moon and the great stars

like spangles. The slender acacios murmured. The pines *hush-hushed.* The *bronhaha* of the cafés was like a considered counterpoint. Everywhere was harmony, beauty. And there would be no depression. It would last. There would be no ghosts. They were exorcised. For now there was Fenzile. How understandable everything was! It must have been under a moon like this, under these Syrian stars, to the *hush-hush-hush* of the pine and the rustle of willow branches, that Solomon the king sang his love-song. And it must have been to one whose body was as white as Fenzile's, to eyes as emerald, to valued lips, to slim hands with orange-tinted finger-nails that he sang. Surely the Shulamite was not fairer than the Fenzile, daughter of Hamadj, a Druse emir.

How beautiful are thy sandaled feet, O prince's daughter!

The joints of thy thighs are like jewels,

The work of the hands of a cunning workman.

Thy navel is like a round goblet,

Which wanteth not liquor:

Thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies.

Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.

Thy neck is like a tower of ivory;

Thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon,

By the gate of Bath-rabbim:

Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.

Thine head upon thee is like Carmel,

And the hair of thine head like purple;

The king is held in the galleries.

How fair and pleasant art thou,

O love, for delight!

This thy stature is like to a palm tree.

Thy breasts to clusters of grapes.

I said, I will go up to the palm tree.

I will take hold of the boughs thereof:

Now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine,

And the smell of thy nose like apples;

And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved,

That goeth down sweetly,

Causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak . . .

§ 9

Where before he had made his mistake with women was allowing them to become spiritually important. His mother had been important; he had suffered from the sense of her lack of heart to him. His wife had been important; they had n't understood life together, had made no attempt to . . . They were so young . . . And Claire-Anne had become spiritually important to him. So that when she was gone, it was hell.

If he had treated his mother casually, depending on his uncles, it would have been all right. If he had discerned—and he had discerned, though he knew not how to act—that his wife and he would forever be inharmonious, it would not have been a scar on his youth. If he had gone, for instance, to Alan Donn and said: "Uncle Alan, I 'm a-feared there 's a mistake been made. And what are we going to do about this woman o' Louth?" And Alan would have said: "I ken't well you were a damned young fool. Ah, well, gang off aboard your bit boatie, and I 'll

see to her." Alan would have ditched her and her mother mercilessly, and there would have been no scar on his youth . . .

And Claire-Anne, had he only taken her as he should have taken her, as a light love, easily gotten, to be taken easily, instead of tragedizing until his fingers were scarlet . . . God! . . . Yes, where before he had made his mistakes with women was allowing them to become spiritually important.

Well, he would n't do that with Fenzile. He knew better now. Keep the heart free. Let there be beauty and graciousness and kindliness, but keep the heart free, and ask for no heart. All tragedies were internal, all the outward deeds being only as sounds. Keep the heart free.

There were so many aspects to her! She was like a bird about the house, gaily colored, of bright song. He loved to see her move here and there, with movements as of music. And she was like a child at times, as she solemnly made sherbets; very like a child she was, intense, simple. And she was like a young relative; there was emptiness in the house as she went, and when she came back it was like a bird singing.

And she was so beautiful about the place, with her eyes green of the sea, her dusky, velvet lips, her slim cinnamon hands, with the dramatic orange tinting on the nails. Always was some new beauty in her, a tilt of the head, a sudden gracious pose. She was like some piece of warm statuary. From any angle came beauty, shining as the sun.

And in the dusk, when his arms were about her, she was no longer child, relative, or statue. She was woman, vibrant woman. Tensed muscles and a little stifled moan. And an emotional sob, maybe, or a tear glistening on her cheek. Relaxation, and a strange, easy dignity. With her arms about her white knees, her little head upraised, thoughts seemed to be going and coming from her like the little bees in and out of their straw skep. And often he was tempted to ask her what she was thinking of. But he stopped himself in time. Of course she was thinking of nothing at all, barring possibly a new sherbet to be made, or whether, if they sold Fatima, the Abyssinian cook, who was becoming garrulous, would Fatima have a good home. Trifles! What was the use of asking her? And here was another possibility. She might—anything was possible—be in some deep subtle thought, into which, if he asked, he might get enmeshed, or be trapped emotionally. Better not ask. He wanted to know nothing of her heart, and to keep his.

He loved her in a happy guarded way. And she loved him. When he came back after a voyage she looked at him with an amazed joy.

"Oh, Zan! Zan dear! Is it you? Is it really you?" She would rush and hold him. What amazing strength her little arms had! And she would stand back and look at him again. "Oh, Zan! Zan!" And she would bury her perfumed head in his shoulder to hide the glad tears. "Oh, Zan!"

"Do you know why I love you so much, Zan dear?" she once said.

"Why, Fenzile?"

"Because you are so big, and yet you are so gentle. And you would n't do a little thing, my Zan."

"Don't be foolish, Fenzile!"

"I am not foolish."

Only once she asked him of how he loved her.

"I wonder—how much do you love me, my Zan?"

"Oh, lots, Fenzile. A terrible lot." And he smiled.

"As much as you do your ship?"

"Yes, as much as I do my ship."

"That is a lot, Zan . . . Zan, would you miss me if I should die?"

"I should miss you terribly."

"If you died, I should die, too." Her voice quavered.

"Don't be silly. Of course you would n't."

"Don't you think I would?" And she laughed with him one of her rare, rare laughs. And that was the way it should end, in pretty laughter. Let there be none of this horrible emotionalism, this undignified welter of thought and feeling. Kindness of eyes and pleasantness of body, but keep the heart away. Let there be —how? There was n't a word in English or in Gaidhlig to express it; in French there was *des amis*, not *des amants*. Let them be that. Let there be no involution of thought and mind about it. Let there be this time no mistake . . . Where before he had made his mistake with women was allowing them to become spiritually important . . .

§ 10

Into this idyll of Beirut came now the wrestler from Aleppo, Ahmet Ali, and the occurrence irritated Campbell to a degree which he had not conceived possible. There he passed the door with his dreamy Syrian face, his red rose, his white burnous, his straggling followers. And Fenzile smiled her quiet aloof smile.

There might be amusement in it, a queer Eastern comedy of the mountebank who raised his eyes to a Druse princess, and wife of a Frank ship's master. It might be amusing for Fenzile to see this conqueror of men conquered by her presence, but it was not dignified. By God! it was n't dignified!

But it was n't dignified to talk about it. To show Fenzile that it mattered a tinker's curse to him. So he said nothing, and the wrestler went by every day. It was becoming intolerable. It seemed to amuse Fenzile, but it did n't amuse him.

And suddenly a chill smote him. What did he know of these people of the East, anyway? In six years one could learn their language perfectly, know their customs, know themselves, but know only as much as they wanted to be known. The outer person, which is hallucination, one might know, but what of the inner, which is reality? A strange country, where the merchants spoke like princes and the princes like cameleers, and the *sakyeh*, the water-carrier, might quote some fancy of Hafiz as the water gurgled from the skin. The obedience, the resignation in the women's eyes might cover intrigue, and what was behind the eyes of the men, soft as women's?

"Fenzile, you say you love me because I am kind. Don't you love me because I am strong?"

"Anyway, anyhow, dear Zan."

"I am strong, you know. As strong as your friend, Ahmet Ali."

"Of course, dear Zan." But somehow her tone did not carry conviction. If she understood there was nothing this wrestler had he did not have better, it would have been all right. All attributes in the world would have been for her in him. But

she thought the wrestler was strong. Damn women! Could n't they understand the difference between the muscles of a hunting leopard and the bulk of a sea-cow? It was silly, but it irritated him.

And then a thought came to him that he felt degraded him, but of which he could not rid himself, try as he would. What did he know of Fenzile, barring that she was young and strong and beautiful? Nothing. Of what was she thinking in those dreamy eyes, green of the sea? And women always admired strength in a man. And he was away most of the time, half, anyway. And the breath of the East was intrigue.

"Oh, don't be rotten!" he told himself. But the occasional hot and searing pain remained, and the little black cloud was in his mind. When they were close in the soft gloom, shoulder to shoulder, eyes closed, her slim cinnamons clenched, pain stabbed him like a knife. And in the gay mornings, when she was arranging her flowers in vases of Persian blue, it made him silent as the grave. And in the evening when she was doing her subtle Syrian broideries, it aroused in him queer gusts of controlled fury . . . Could it be possible? A mountebank . . . And the Thousand and One Nights began with Shah Zamon's queen and her love for the blackamoor slave . . .

If the wrestler would only go away, become tired of parading, and Fenzile would tire of smiling . . . And later on Campbell would laugh . . .

But the wrestler stayed, and many times Campbell met him in the streets, and each time was exaggerated, insulting courtesy from the Aleppo man as he drew aside to let the Frank pass. There was hostility and contempt in his veiled eyes . . . There was nonchalance in his smelling of the rose . . . Campbell passed by frigidly, as if the man were n't there, and all the time his blood was boiling . . . But what was one to do? One could not make a scene before the riffraff of Syria. And, besides, there was too much of a chance of a knife in the back . . . Franks were cheap these days, and it would be blamed on the war of the Druses . . .

Argue with himself as much as he could, it was intolerable. It was silly, but it was intolerable . . . To think of another caressing that perfumed hair, of another kissing the palm of that slim hand, of another seeing those sleek, sweet shoulders . . .

Was he jealous? . . . No; irritated just, he told himself. Was he in love with her himself? Of course not. She was n't close enough to him for that . . . Then why? . . .

Oh, damn it! He did n't know why, but it was just intolerable . . .

§ 11

The bark was in the open roadstead, cargo all ready, Levantine pilot on board, a reaching breeze from the north, and all favorable. And when he would get home to Liverpool, he had a design to spend a few weeks in Ulster . . . The roads would be glistening with frost there, and the pleasant Ulster moon at the full . . . The turf would be nearly black, and bare as a board, and there would be coursing of hares . . . November mists, and the trees red and brown . . . Eh, hard Ulster, pleasant Ulster!

He should have been happy as he

made his way down the Beirut streets to go aboard, leaving the land of his adoption for the land of his birth, leaving pleasant Fenzile for the shrewd pleasantry of his own folk . . . A little while of Ulster, and he would be coming back again . . . One's heart should lift at the glory of the world, the bold line of Ulster and the lavish color of Syria; the sincere, dour folk of Ulster and the warmth of Fenzile . . . He should have left her so warmly: "In a little while, dearest, I 'll be back, and my heart will speak to your twin green eyes." "Yes, Zan. I 'll be here." But he had left dourly. And Fenzile had watched him go with quivering lip . . . Oh, damn himself for his suspicions, for his annoyance, and damn the fatuous Arab fool for arousing them . . . If only he had that fellow on board ship! And suddenly he met him, with his attendants and hangers on. The wrestler drew aside with his insolent smile. Campbell's temper broke loose.

"Listen, O certain person," he insulted the Aleppo man, "there is a street in Beirut down which it does not please me to see you go."

"Will the foreign gentleman tell me," the wrestler's voice drawled, and he smelled his rose, "who will stop a Moslem from going down a Moslem street?"

"By God! I would." The Syrians of Ahmet Ali's escort gathered around, smiling.

"The foreign gentleman forgets that I am the wrestler from Aleppo."

"Just so. I happen to be a bit of wrestler myself."

"Some day perhaps the foreign gentleman will condescend to try a fall with me."

Syrians, Egyptians, Turks, were pouring from all quarters. Six French soldiers, walking gapingly along the bazaars, stopped wonderingly.

"*Dites, les soldats,*" Shane called. "*Vous ne voulez pas voir quelque chose d'intéressant?*"

"*Mais, si, monsieur!*"

"*Eh bien, je vais lutter contre l'homme avec la rose. C'est un lutteur arabe. Voulez-vous y assister?*"

"*Mais, pour bien sûr, monsieur.*"

"All right, then, by God!" Shane looked square at Ahmet Ali.

"We 'll wrestle right here and now."

"But the stones, the street," Ahmet Ali looked surprised. "You might get hurt."

"We 'll wrestle here and now."

"Oh, all right." The Arab lifted an expressive shoulder. Carefully he removed the great white robe and handed it to an attendant. To another he gave the rose. Shane handed his coat and hat to a saturnine French corporal. Ahmet Ali took his shirt off, kicked away his sandals. There was the dramatic appearance of an immense bronze torso. The Syrians smiled. The French soldiers looked judicially grave. Ahmet Ali stood talking for an instant with one of his men, a lean, bilious-seeming Turk. The Turk was urging something with eagerness. The wrestler's soft girl's face had concentrated into a mask of distaste. He was shaking his head. He did n't like something.

"How damned long are you going to keep me here?"

Ahmet turned. There was a smile on his face, as of amused, embarrassed toleration. He was like a great athlete about to box with a small boy. And the boy in earnest!

"Ready?" he asked.

"Any time," Shane snapped.

"All right."

Very easily he came forward over the cobbled street. He was like some immense bronze come suddenly to life and shambling. Like the brazen servant Thomas Aquinas made under the influence of particular stars. His great brown shoulders, his barreled chest, his upper arms like a man's leg, his pocked fore arms, his neck like a bull's, his shaven head—all seemed superhuman; and then came his shy, embarrassed smile, his troubled eyes. One felt he hated to do this.

He dropped suddenly, easily into his wrestler's crouch. His shoulders swayed lightly. He pawed like a bear.

Campbell stood easily, left foot forward, like a boxer. His left arm shot out suddenly. The heel of his hand stopped, jolted Ahmet on the chin. The Syrian shook his head, pawed again. Campbell slapped him on the fore arms, jolted him again on the chin, broke away easily to the right. Ahmet's brown forehead frowned. "Don't be childish," he seemed to chide Campbell. The crowd pressed. The French soldiers rapped them back with the scabbard of their side-arms. *En arrière, les puants! en arrière!* "Back, sons of pole-cats! get back!" The scabbards clacked like slapsticks.

Ahmet Ali stood up straighter. He wanted to get away from that annoying hand on his chin. His fore arms

moved faster now, like brown pistons. There was a slight frown on his face. He was becoming impatient. Shane broke again to the right. Ahmet followed, his immense hands poised. Campbell feinted for the chin again with his left hand. The wrestler's smile flickered. His right arm went out in guard. Campbell shifted, caught the brown wrist in his right hand, his left hand shot forward to the chin again. He brought forward all his forces to twisting that gigantic arm. He held the Syrian locked. The right arm began to give. If he could only shift his feet, get some sort of leverage. But how in God's name? How? How could he get behind. With an immense wrench of shoulders Ahmet got free. He stood for an instant, nursing his numbed wrist. He nodded and grinned. "That was n't bad," he seemed to say. The lean, bilious Turk on the edge of the crowd began talking viciously. The saturnine French corporal turned and smacked him terribly across the nose with the edge of the scabbard of his bayonet. *"Et ta sœur!"* He had the air of a schoolmaster reproving a refractory pupil. But his language was obscene, and his blow broke the man's nose . . . He vouchsafed no further interest in the Turk, but turned to watch the wrestling, twirling an oiled mustache . . .

The Syrian closed his mouth, breathed heavily through his nostrils. His brow corrugated. His eyes became pin-points. He was a workman out to do a job. He began to weave in, his brown arms describing slow arabesques. The crowd around became oppressively silent. They breathed hissingly.

Shane feinted, dodged, broke away. Doggedly, Ahmet Ali followed. Faster than time, Shane's right hand shot out and gripped the wrestler's right wrist. His right foot hooked around the Syrian's right ankle. He pulled downward with sudden, vicious effort. Ali crashed forward on his face, a great brown hulk like an overturned bronze statue. Shane stooped down for either the half-Nelson and hammer-lock or full Nelson . . . An instant too long hesitation. Light as a lightweight acrobat, Ahmet Ali had rolled aside, put palm to ground, sprung to his feet. His face was bloody, his right knee shook. With the back of his hand he wiped the blood from his eyes. There was a twitter from the Syrians. The wrestler lumbered forward again . . . A little quake of fear came into Campbell's being. There was an impersonal doggedness about his eyes, a sense of inevitability . . . Shane's eyes shifted, right and left . . .

Then, suddenly, the wrestler had him . . .

He felt a twirl to his shoulder, and then he was pinioned by two immense brown arms. They caught him above the elbows around the chest. First they were like boys' arms, light. They became as firm as calipers. They settled, snugged. Then they tightened slowly with immense certainty. There was something about it like the rise of the tide, a gigantic cable around his chest. At his shoulder-blades the Syrian's pectoral muscles pressed like shallow knobs of steel. His arms began to hurt, his breathing began to be hard. With every output of breath the arms tightened . . . All his vitality was flying through his opened mouth . . . He bit futilely with his knuckles at the rope-like sinews

of the brown fore arms . . . His head throbbed like drums . . . In an instant he would be like a bag bound midways . . . His ribs were giving like saplings in the wind . . . Lights danced . . .

Stupidly, he looked down at the clasped hands, and a sudden fury of fighting came on him . . . Something terrible, sinister, cold. His free hands caught the Syrian's little finger, tugged, pulled, bent, tore . . . He wanted to shred it from its hand . . . Rip it like silk . . . He felt the great arms about him quiver, grow uncertain . . . Tear, tear! . . .

With a little whine, like a dog's, the wrestler let go . . . He nursed the finger for an instant like a hurt child . . . Opening and shutting the hand . . . Looking worried . . . Great waves of air came into Shane's chest . . . His knees were weak. . . The Syrian walked around an instant, thinking, worrying . . . He was serious now . . . Suddenly he plunged . . .

But swifter than Ahmet's plunge was thought and memory . . . Of a day at Nagasaki . . . of a little brown smiling Japanese and a burly square-head sailorman . . . Of the Japanese' courteous explanation in smiling pidgin . . . With luck and timing he could do it . . . Fast, but not too fast, and steady . . . Handsomely, as the ship word was . . . There!

The hands trained to whipping lanyards caught Ahmet's wrists as he plunged. Shane's right leg went outward, foot sunk home. Backward he fell, leg taut, hands pulling. Above him Ahmet's great bulk soared, hurtled grotesquely. For an instant a flash . . . The squalls of startled Syrians, the panic of feet . . . Then a crash, an immense crash . . .

A long shuddering, frightened *eh* from the crowd . . . A French soldier mumbling . . . *'Cré nom de nom de nom de nom de Jésus Christ!'*

He staggered to his feet, put his hand to his face . . . It came away dripping . . . His face was like the leeward deck of a flying yacht . . . swimming . . . A few feet away Syrians and French soldiers were milling over . . . something . . . The corporal wrenched Shane's arms into his coat. Pushed his hat into his hands . . .

"Courez donc, le citoyen . . . Come on, get away . . . Get . . ."

"Is he dead?"

"No, not dead . . . But get away . . . He 'll never wrestle again . . . *Vite, alors!"*

He pushed him down the street.

"But—"

"Go on! We can take care of ourselves . . ." He shoved him roughly forward . . .

Shane staggered, walked, ran a little . . . Behind him a few blocks away an ominous hum . . . He ran on . . . Some one was shrieking . . .

"Ma hala ya ma hala Kobal en Nosara . . . How sweet, oh, how sweet, to kill the Christians . . ." The crack of a gun . . . Tumult . . . The long Moslem war-song . . . Two rifles . . . *"A nous, les Français . . . A nous, la légion!"*

A nausea, a great weakness, an utter contempt for himself came over him in the boat pulling him toward his ship

. . . God! He had fought with and nearly killed, possibly killed, a man for personal hatred! From irritation, and in a public place! A spectacle for donkey-boys and the riffraff of French towns . . . He tottered on the ship's ladder . . . The sailors caught him. The mate ran up.

"Anything wrong, sir? You look like a ghost."

"No, nothing. All aboard? Everything ready? Is she a-drawing? Anchor apeak? All right. Get her up . . ."

§ 12

"Arif Bey, where is my wife? I come back to Beirut. I find my house deserted, my servants gone. Where is Fenzile? Is she here?"

"No, son."

"Is she dead?"

"No—no, son. I wish she were . . ."

"Then where is she gone? With whom?"

"Trebizond. Stamboul. Cairo. I don't know where."

"With whom?"

"With—oh, don't bother yourself, son. Forget her."

"With whom? I must know."

"With—do you remember that wrestler you crippled, the wrestler from Aleppo?"

"With Ahmet Ali! Impossible! I all but killed him."

"She went, though . . ."

"No, Uncle, no. If he had been strong she might, but—"

The old Druse chief shook his head, smiled in his beard, a little bitter, wise smile.

"You were never sick with her, never poor."

"No, never sick, never poor."

"Well, he was sick and poor; so she went with him."

"Then she loved him all along."

"No, son Zan, she loved you—until you threw him. She might have been amused at seeing him pass the house, laugh a little, be flattered . . . Such a big strong fool, and she a little woman . . . But she would never have left you . . ."

"But she did."

"Well . . . after the fall, he had no friends . . . the Christians despised him, the Moslems hated him . . . There was no train to follow him . . . he went on crutches . . . He passed her door and looked and looked . . . What could she do but come out? . . . It was her fault, after all . . . And she was very tender-hearted . . ."

"Tender-hearted?"

"Did n't you know?"

"No, I never knew."

"She used to cry when the leaves fell from the trees . . . You did n't know your wife well?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Well, she is gone, Zan . . . Where, one does n't know . . . What will become of her one does n't know . . . Destiny is like a blind camel . . . He does n't know against what he stumbles . . . We do not see him come . . . Only when the harm is done, do we say, we might have listened for the tinkle of his bell . . . Eh, one is young and does everything and sees nothing . . . One is old and sees everything and does nothing . . . There is no mystery . . . only ignorance . . ."

"You say she was very tender-hearted, my Uncle. I did n't know

. . . I thought of her as something else . . ."

"Son Zan, you had better forget her in another woman. Listen, son, I will give you Aziyadi in marriage, my own daughter. She is just as pretty and younger and not so foolish as Fenzile—"

"Oh, no, sir. No!"

"Well, I don't blame you."

"It is n't that, Arif Bey. It is n't that . . . I 'm very beholden to you . . . for your kindness . . . and your patience . . . I did n't know . . . And I thought I knew everything nearly, and am so ignorant . . . Why, until now I did n't know even this—the sun shone so brightly, and life was so pleasant, I thought that was the way of life . . . But I was in love with Fenzile . . . And that was what made everything so wonderful . . . in love with the wife you gave me . . . head over heels, sir . . . just simply—head over heels . . ."

(The end of the fourth part of "The Wind Bloweth")

Migration

By LEONORA SPEYER

The dawn is busy with birds!
Summer's last handful scattered wide,
Summer's last pennies sung aside.

Jingle of birds in the dawn!
And fields and bushes in beggared need
Reaching brown hands with a desolate greed.

Spendthrift content in the dawn!
Squandered uncounted across the sky,
But into no hand will these winged coins fly.

The dawn is a resolute path
Of irresolute flight and dim half-tunes,
But I am a miser of hoarded Junes!

The dawn is dizzy with birds!

Percy Bysshe Shelley

By Llewelyn Powys

IT is just one hundred years ago since Trelawny stood watching the boat that was carrying Percy Bysshe Shelley to his death make its way out into the clear blue of the Mediterranean. "The devil is brewing mischief," was the ominous utterance that fell from the lips of a weather-beaten Italian sailor whose eyes were also following the craft as, in the sultry heat of that far-off afternoon, it slid forward toward the open sea. And it was remembered after the melancholy event that there had been other less natural whisperings and premonitions heralding the fate that was about to overtake the ill-starred English poet.

For several weeks previous to that afternoon of heavy destiny Shelley had slept ill. A strange restlessness seemed to possess him. Again and again in the small hours of the night the little Italian villa where he lived had been shocked to wakefulness by the shrill voice of the poet crying out in his dreams as mysterious figures at his bedside beckoned him toward the sea, or supernatural voices sang to him of his impending doom. "Are you going to join your friend Plato?" were the last words written to him by Jane Williams, and even in his own work there are verses whose import those curious in such things have not hesitated to attribute to prophetic psychic power. In "Julian and Maddalo," *Maddalo*, who was Byron, cries to *Julian*, who was Shelley:

" . . . . . O ho!
You talk as in years past . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . If you can't swim
Beware of Providence."

Indeed, something of the same uncanny mystery hangs over those last sublime lines of "Adonais":

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Perhaps it is foolish to take such strange coincidences too seriously, but one cannot help remembering that if ever a human being was a fit medium for "elemental revelations," that human being was Shelley. The curious ethereal quality that seems to be an intimate part of him—a quality which we might almost call incorporeal—is apparent to all of us. We see it in the famous portraits, where he looks out at us with delicate, frail, almost unhuman sensitiveness. We see it in his poetry, so chastely winnowed of the

dross of ordinary clay, and we see it in the tragedy of his life, which almost too fearfully suggests the stay of some creature of "aërial hue" accidentally and unhappily come to rest for a few years on the alien sunlit boundaries of the grape-bearing earth.

Look where we may, we shall never be able to find another poet whose genius is so separated from the dull soil of our planet. His singing is more spontaneous, more inspired, more free of artistry than that of any other lyricist. It has in its cadence, in its melodious harmony, a note more sublime, more "God-given" than ever came from the magical throat of nightingale or linnet. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that its echoes remain in our ears more persistently, after we have read it, than any other poetry. It is like "the music of the spheres," like the singing of the sons of the morning, who shouted from sunlit clouds, or like the silver ditties of revenants, whose spell-charmed voices rise from "moon-illumined dew." And it is to this supermundane quality in him that we must look if we wish an explanation for the unfortunate difficulties that marred his life. It will readily be surmised how rash an undertaking it would be for a spirit from some remote planet of abstract beauty, with its godlike limbs still "trailing clouds of glory," to find an incarnation as the son and heir of a well-to-do English squire in the County of Sussex at the end of the eighteenth century!

He is reported to have actually fainted one day when in a meadow his senses were suddenly assailed by the loveliness and intoxicating fragrance of certain spring flowers! And his moral susceptibilities were as finely adjusted as his physical.

Francis Thompson, in his most lovely essay on Shelley writes:

"He is gold dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand." And it was just this stellar aloofness from the green earth which made it so hard for Shelley to adjust his ways to the kind of life agreeable to his father, that worthy man "who had been to Oxford and learnt nothing, who had made the grand tour only to bring back to Field Place a smattering of bad French and a bad picture of an eruption of Vesuvius." It is easy enough to be sarcastic at the expense of Sir Timothy, but when so tempted, we should ask ourselves how it could have been possible for a middle-aged man, brought up amid the secure material surroundings and intellectual inertness of that epoch, not to be shocked by a boy who as a child held chattering communication with a great garden snake, who as a boy published a pamphlet on the necessity of atheism, and who as a young man married for pity an innkeeper's daughter, forgave his friend for having tried to seduce her on his honeymoon, then, eloping with another girl, saw nothing inconsistent in asking his wife to join him with his new love. Any single one of these actions would have been sufficient to nonplus such a parent, and their accumulative effect was altogether too much for Sir Timothy. He was simply bewildered, and could only gather himself together sufficiently to make that touching suggestion that used to amuse the urbanely cynical mind of Matthew Arnold "of himself reading Paley's Natural Theology for the better instruction of his infidel son."

It will be seen that at the root of all

Shelley's eccentric actions there was the cold idealism of the kind that was exceedingly disconcerting to ordinary mortals. He was prepared to make any sacrifice if he felt his principles to be at stake. On one occasion, by refusing to have the family estate entailed, he gave up an assured income of two thousand pounds a year. And it was the same with his philosophic views; at the root of them all will be found the cold seeds of a high morality. When they grow to bloom, it is in the chilling atmosphere of impossible absolute truth. This is certainly so with his anarchistic axioms, with the stress that he lays on such words as "equality" and "love," and also with his Tolstoian hatred of war and violence.

"To love and bear—to hope, till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

The same iconoclastic method of thinking is found in his theories of sex morality: "husband and wife ought to continue to live together only so long as they love each other." It shows also in his attitude toward Christianity:

"A God of wroth and revenge such as Christianity too often pictured is not the creation of Jesus but of the hatreds of men. Against this superstition which destroyed man and blackened the character of God Jesus protested with earnest eloquence."

It is, however, interesting to notice how deeply Shelley was affected and fascinated, despite his unbelief, by the character and personality of Christ. Did he, this angel-faced boy, whose "step seemed to pity the grass it pressed," recognize in the sweet secret of Jesus the same passion for the ideal in opposition to the actual which so tormented his own magnanimous soul and brought his life to such a calamitous clash with the pharisaical and unimaginative world? We might fancy as much from some of his utterances. In the notes on "Queen Mab," for instance, he speaks of Christ as "in the foremost list of those true heroes who died for humanity." In that one sentence does one not get the very intonation of that naïve, gallant enthusiasm, that generous natural attitude, of every boy and girl who has refused to compromise with the blunt facts of existence, and refused to believe that they cannot be altered! In every corner of the world, in England, in America, in Russia, and in Germany, such pure, passionate voices can be heard above the racket of industrialism, above the clamor of creeds outworn, and they all acclaim Shelley as their leader.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy!
The world is weary of the past—

Indeed, at moments of great moral indignation at what he deemed base injustice or oppression he was perfectly capable, despite his declared distaste of violence, to write lines that have sounded to the ears of latter-day revolutionaries like the call of a battle-trumpet.

Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number—
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep has fallen on you—
Ye are many—they are few.

Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Eldon, an ermined gown;

His big tears, for he wept well,
Turned to mill-stones as they fell.

And the little children, who
Round his feet played to and fro,
Thinking every tear a gem,
Had their brains knocked out by them.

And what a sweet sadness there hangs over many of his verses, the sadness of the sound of falling rain on an empty summer garden, the sadness of drifting spray upon a wintry sea, the sadness of stormy wind gusts against the branches of leafless trees, or against the forlorn masonry of smokeless chimneys!

In those moments of our lives when a feeling of vague melancholy catches at our throats we are in touch with a recurring mood of Shelley's poetry. It is retrospective in timbre, retrospective with a retrospection that looks back beyond the hour of our birth.

Come, be happy!—Lie thee down
On the fresh grass newly mown,
Where the grasshopper doth sing
Merrily—one joyous thing
In a world of sorrowing!

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear.

A heavy weight of hours has chained
and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift,
and proud.

Shelley is the great nature poet that he has been called, but not in the intimate way that Wordsworth was, whose slow, sensuous nature was able actually to merge itself in the life of sap-drawing roots and opening blossoms. On any spring morning Wordsworth's spirit in some earth-initiated way of its own would become one with the damp green leaves of the primroses, with the jocund yellow petals of the daffodils, with the tiniest star-headed celandine, while the spirit of Shelley would be separated from the earth, caught away into the dancing April sunshine, draped in the mist that lingered by stream and hedge-row tree. His flowers deck a planet remote and abstract, a planet whose very soil has been transformed into golden dust.

Where the lawns and pastures be,
And the sandhills of the sea;—
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers—

Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

One hundred years have passed since the pure flames on that scorched sandy shore consumed with their mysterious alchemy the physical body of Shelley—a hundred years, a century whose long, slow-moving decades included the reign of Victoria, the American Civil War, and the agony of the great European Armageddon, and today the immortal legacy of his verse is as fresh and inspired as when his songs first fell from his lips. His ashes, as everybody knows, lie near the grave of John Keats in the cemetery at Rome; his heart snatched from the flames by Trelawny is buried in England, and his immortal spirit, as long as the English tongue is spoken, will remain in the safe keeping of the human race.

Adventures of an Illustrator

VII—Getting Arrested

By Joseph Pennell

Drawings by the author made at the time

I, who am the most inoffensive of mortals, am always getting arrested; that is, since I have come to years of discretion and the world has gone mad about spies. I have never fired a gun, and I always run away from a fight and faint at the sight of blood; yet governments have over and over again regarded me as a dangerous character, spied upon me, and, after due precautions, arrested me, and then apologized, or made laws for my benefit or my hindrance.

Now, from these arrests I have had so much experience that I would make an admirable spy. One thing in my favor is my innocent face and my unmilitary figure. But if I really wanted to spy, I could do it easily and would be a valuable asset to a government. The thing would be perfectly simple in this country. If I wished to obtain detailed and accurate information concerning a fort or a harbor, I would stroll innocently and aimlessly about the place and sit down for half an hour and look at it. An hour later, in my own room, I could draw an accurate picture of it. I know I could do so, for I have trained myself, and I have done it.

I was in Essen after Germany declared war on France in 1914. I was there officially, but I was perfectly certain I would not be allowed to see the gun-fitting shops; I was warned away by sentries from anywhere near the testing-grounds. But I know Essen, or did so before the war, and I saw it was only necessary to follow, or, rather, go with the clerks into the shops, get busy looking about with my eyes wide open, remember what I saw, and then walk out, though I felt it ticklish; and even in Essen, at the end of July, 1914, there were illustrated post-cards of the very gun-fitting shop, or, rather, turret shop, I wanted to see.

And over here what a mystery was made of Ford's Eagles! I knew nothing about them when the War or the Navy Department—I think it was the War Department—sent me to Detroit to draw Ford's place; but as I was taken around I was told I must not draw. The first Eagle boat-destroyer was almost finished, and no one but those in the bay where it was being built, and they were mostly working on it, were supposed to have seen it. Luckily, while I looked, some one called the military guide away, and I kept on looking hard, and went straight back to the hotel, locked myself in my room, and before night the drawing was finished, though I had absolutely nothing but my memory to work on. But I could see on the paper the boat in the shop; I can see it now. The naval authorities who have seen the

drawing in the national collection at Washington will not believe a word of this, though I should think a real memory for a real naval officer might be of as much value as dancing or even base-ball. But is there a sailorman in the navy with a memory? I doubt it.

A few years ago at the Gatun Lock I saw the workmen for probably ten seconds mount as I have drawn them, clinging to a chain, the most decorative thing I ever saw. The subject never could occur again. Take rapidly running water. Anybody can draw it if he learns to look at it. Thaulow drew from photographs,—snap-shots,—and it killed him. And as for crowds, it 's only a question of memory and observation. This is very simple, for people and animals are only machines, and do the same things over and over and over again, and one has only to look at and remember these repeated motions. As for nocturnes, Whistler showed the way. The Japanese had, he thought, taught him how; but I believe great observers among them, like Hokusai and Hiroshige, are no more common than with us, though they are better trained.

The first time I was arrested was at Pontailler, in France with Hamerton; and so was the second. But the third—after that they are so numerous that I can't keep track of them in order—was the most amusing of all. This was in Avignon. I was working away, drawing the old broken bridge across the Rhone. I had sat all the morning on the Ile de la Barthelasse and drawn the bridge jutting out from the opposite shore toward the island, behind the half-demolished walls of the city beyond the Rocher des Domes, the tower of the cathedral, and the palace of the popes. I noticed a seedy person loafing about, and when

Pontailler, on the old Saône

I packed up my numerous traps, sketch-book, camp-stool, and water-color-box, he gruffly invited me to come with him. I asked where and why, and he said, to the *commissaire de police*, and that he would show me why. I of course refused till he pulled a package from somewhere within his blouse, wrapped in a dirty handkerchief, and from that a dirty card, "*Agent de Police.*" I then produced a brand-new permit from the *ministre des Beaux Arts*, which he quietly consulted upside down before he announced that it was no good. It is useless to argue with such people, so I went to the town hall with him, refusing to walk by his side, however, but went at such a pace that he almost had to run to keep up with me. There I was shown into not a cell, but a sort of official tomb, and waited and waited. By and by an official came, and I was asked to follow him to the *commissaire*, from whose room I saw the agent departing by another door, for one is never confronted in France by one's accusers.

"Have you been drawing in Avignon?"

"Of course; for a week."

"Had you a permit—for Avignon?"

"No."

"Then it is serious."

"But I had for the whole of France." I showed it to him. He had never seen anything of the sort; how did he know I had n't stolen it? Well, here was a letter from M. Jusserand of the Foreign Office, vouching for me. Of course he had never heard of M. Jusserand, and as they had found out where I lived, a very easy matter, as one has to write one's name in the hotel-book, as well as one's nationality, birthplace, and profession,—if I were a spy, I should sign that of my favorite enemy,—they had brought my traps, and they were most incriminating, full of drawings and machines and things. And I must be examined and meantime be confined until they heard from Paris or I could prove my innocence; for one is guilty in France till one can do that, and here, too, nowadays.

"Well," said I, "you say I have stolen the papers and you never heard of M. Jusserand. Unless you telegraph instantly to him and the minister, I will telegraph to the American ambassador." And I produced my battered passport. "If they deny me, do what you like. Only till they do deny me, I refuse to leave this office unless you apologize and give me a paper saying I am innocent."

A lock on the Marne

In ten minutes I had the paper. Yet within a few miles of this town Carnot was killed after he had passed through it, and the wise *commissaire* never spotted the assassin, who doubtless was also in Avignon. The only use the paper was—and this I meant it to be—was that a few days later I was arrested for drawing in the Castle of Beaucaire from Tarascon, and when I showed my paper to the *maire* of that immortal city, his delight at the discomfiture of the hated Avignonais resulted in my instant release and an adjournment to a café on the shady *cours*, where the stupidity of *ces gens là haut* was roared over.

The last time I was arrested in France was when I was cycling down the tow-path of the Marne. The lock-keepers' houses, embowered in flowers, got prettier and prettier, and at a point I believed could not be prettier I began to make a drawing. That part of France, it is true, is almost in sight of Germany, and I had not been at work long when the lock-keeper came round behind me and, seeing what I was doing, seized hold of the drawing, yelling to some men unloading a barge, *"L'Espion! L'Espion! Au secours! Au secours!"*

They dropped their work and secured me and the bicycle. It was useless to explain: they had caught me in the act of making maps! *"Voici qu 'il tire des plans!"* I mildly protested, but a *garde champêtre* coming up at the moment, I was lugged to the

mairie, and the *maire* rolled out of bed. Yes, there were the plans. They were charming, delicate pen-drawings, afterward printed in THE CENTURY. And I must be locked up in the *mairie* until

The Marne near St. Dizier

the *gendarmes* could be sent for, and they would take me to Châlons-sur-Marne, back to the old Saône scrape, and I would there be tried, imprisoned, and shot. And how long would this take? Châlons being some ten or twelve miles off,—I had ridden from there that morning,—oh, two or three days, because one must write, and there were always formalities with those gentlemen. I suggested as an alternative—it was about 5:30—that if there was a train, we might all take it to Châlons at my expense, and so expedite justice and have a little excursion.

There was a train. My bicycle was left in the *mairie*, the *maire* and the *garde champêtre* and I started, accompanied by a crowd of eminent citizens and citizenesses. I bought three single third-class fares to Châlons. I treated them to coffee at the station, for they said the officials would not be up. I was taken to the *commissire de police*. He said it was the concern of the *gendarmes*, and they said it was the affair of the *préfet*. To him, just up, we went. They went in first, carrying the drawings, and then I was called in. He said pleasantly, Could I prove that these excellent works were mine? I did in about five minutes, and then he rang a bell and said to an attendant, "*Fait entrer ces gens-là!*" And they heard something before they got out, and I went up considerably in my own estimation.

But why discuss things with such people? I explained it was n't discussion, but what might be called *force majeure*. Then I went back to the station, and there were the *maire* and the guard. I returned first-class to the town at my expense, and the *maire* and the guard third-class at theirs. Crowds filled the station when we arrived. The *maire*, good patriot, would be reëlected, and doubtless I was in prison already. The scene in the station when we got out, and on the streets, was indescribable; but all the same I thought it best to get the bicycle and leave, and I did not even wait to hear the *maire* explain the conduct of the *sale cochon d' un préfet*, but left for the next county as fast as possible, and saw them no more. I hope the *maire* was reëlected!

There have been lots more. One was in Italy, where, in Mestre, on a motor-tricycle, when the *piazza* was crowded and I was just moving, I knocked down a fisherman whom I dodged right and dodged left, and then I hit him fair and knocked him ten feet. He was picked up bleeding, and I promptly fainted. Luckily, the mayor was there, and saw I did all I could, and as I paid the doctor's bill for the broken head, stood a lunch for the mayor, a journalist of the "Gazettina di Venezia," and the doctor, I was

allowed to go, leaving the machine as security. I notified the authorities when I was coming back, and the first person I met on the pier was the fisherman, who said he had had a delightful holiday, and would be willing to be knocked down on the same terms again.

The last one I remember was in New York, or, rather, on Governor's Island. General Grant had given me a permit, and I had had no trouble. I was hardly asked to show it. I was only reasoned with by a sergeant,—I am sure from the Middle West,—who, when he read it and saw I was doing "the statue," said that that was not New York, which the permit said I was to draw. As he was an American and I was, too, and this was my country, I am afraid I made fun of him in the presence of his men, who, if he did not, seemed to appreciate my remarks. But a few days later an American citizen, with a brogue, who seemed to be employed to pull down flags at

The bridge near Châlons

sunset,—a trick he would do, I know, if the British ever got near New York,—spotted me and told me to stop. I think I told him to mind his own business and let me alone.

"Oh, I 'll let yer alone, you an' yer permits. I fotch the liveteenent," and he vanished. Time passed, and nothing happened; the effect also passed, and I took the *General Hancock* back to New York; but as she pulled out of the dock, I saw the American-Irish patriot and a corporal making a flank movement behind some lumber piles to surprise me. Which was the most surprised when they did n't find me, or what they did, I don't know, only I hope they sent the fool Briton back to his native bog. It 's a pity there are not enough Americans to make an American army, if we have to have one to ape other countries!

When I was doing the "New New York" with John Van Dyke, a delightful person,—I should not care to have anything to do with the other one,—I had a police pass for the city, though I was told never to show it till I had to. And one day I was working on the end of the elevated platform at Brooklyn Bridge,—it was open then,—and as I worked, I noticed a policeman watching me while he fanned himself with his club, walking up and down; and then when people got in front of me, I stood at the top of the stairs on the side where they could not see, and when they got behind me, I backed over to the stairs on the other side, and they fell down them. But I went on, and soon the policeman came over and said:

"Well, gov'ner, when I seen yer fust I thought I 'd have ter ask yer to retire; but when I seen the way yer got on to them rubber-necks, you 's is all right." And after that he fanned the populace.

In London once I got in a corner at Ludgate Hill, and the people got in front and blocked the pavement; but I could see over them, and a bobby came and told me I was obstructing

the traffic. I said I was n't. I did not bring the people, did not want them; and he moved them on. Back they came again. He told me to move. I refused, and he went away and came back with a sergeant. And then the sergeant went away and came back with two privates and kept the crowd moving; but he had a sense of things. After that I got a government permit, with the name of every public building in it. It was issued to builders usually, but to me specially, and all I had to do, when a policeman stopped me, was to be drawing a public edifice, even if miles away, and tell him he would find I had permission to sketch it; if he would look in the paper he would find it. As the paper was several pages long, I was often nearly done before he was. Another time I was drawing the Houses of Parliament or Westminster by night, and a bobby tried to stop me. I refused to stop or be arrested, and he soon came and said it was all a mistake: the rule was intended only for Americans and spies!

One of the funniest arrests was at Bethlehem, not of Judea, but of my native State, though I imagine there are more Jews in Philadelphia than in Jerusalem. I think it was in 1912 that I got the idea I should like to do the Bethlehem Steel Works; so after writing and asking permission to draw them, and getting no answer, as is the way with American business men, who really have proved since the war that they are as ignorant of business as they are of manners, I started off, and the afternoon I reached the place from the bridge which runs through the middle of the mills I drew them in a glory of smoke and sunset. The Government has the drawing.

But I saw on the other side of the bridge the great cranes and the great dumps of ore, and came back the next morning and started at them. "Git out of that!" said a cop, a long way off. I never pay any attention to such people, and when he finally came up, he said if I did not leave at once, he would run me out. I told him that physically he was able, but if he tried it, he would lose his job. When he sufficiently calmed down under a little good, but rather new, advice that I gave him, I asked him where I could get permission to draw this precious bridge. Having under further good advice become quite friendly, he told me to ask at the main office for some one I never heard of. I went, then sent in my card, which would impress any intelligent person; but most steel men are intelligent only concerning their job, and many know little of that, as the present state of affairs in the steel business proves. He merely sent word back, or his clerk did, that no one was allowed to draw in the works. I expected it, and so went across the street to a Hungarian cigar-store, and bought a series of photographs of the very cranes I wanted to draw, made from the very bridge, and I left. I reported these facts to the Philadelphia papers, and even they saw the joke. But the first time I came out of the works by the big gate during the war, the head guard came up and said:

"I want to thank you, sir, for getting me this post."

"How?" said I.

"Why, you got it for me because I turned you off the bridge that day—because I did me duty." Nice Sunday-school story, but true.

The Month in World Affairs

By Lothrop Stoddard

Russia and Germany—Trouble in the Far East—Things Worth Watching

One of the outstanding events at Genoa was the Russo-German treaty. Whether its published economic provisions are supplemented by secret political clauses, and whether the treaty is the forerunner of a close alliance between the two nations, we do not yet know. One thing, however, ought to be clearly understood: this treaty should not be judged solely by the contemporary European situation, but rather by the long and intimate relations between Russia and Germany, which, particularly on their economic side, extend back more than three centuries.

Modern Russia dates from the reign of Peter the Great, a little over two hundred years ago. When Peter ascended the throne toward the close of the seventeenth century, Russia was an Asiatic rather than a European country. Russia had received its Christianity and civilization not from western Europe, but from the semi-Oriental Byzantine Empire, and later on it had been conquered by the Mongols, who had intensified the Asiatic aspect of Russian life. Russia was virtually cut off from western Europe by Poland. Then as now the Poles and Russians were bitter enemies. Therefore, not only were all Western matters suspect in Russian eyes as "Polish," but also the Poles systematically endeavored to keep Western ideas and Western travelers out of Russia, in order that the dreaded Muscovite giant might remain plunged in Oriental barbarism.

However, Western influences did trickle into Russia, and by Peter's day a considerable number of western Europeans were settled in Moscow, the Russian capital. These Westerners were segregated in a foreign quarter and were regarded with suspicious aversion by the general population. They were a cosmopolitan lot of adventurers from every corner of Europe, maintaining themselves in their unpopular situation by their special knowledge and abilities. Peter liked these foreigners from the start. As a boy he spent much time in the foreign quarter, and there became convinced of the superiority of Western civilization. As soon as he became czar he began that extraordinary process of Westernization, which changed the whole current of Russian life and turned Russia in less than a generation from an Oriental into a European state. In his herculean labors Peter had little assistance from his own subjects. The vast majority of Russians, high and low alike, detested Peter's Western innovations, and thus Peter was forced to rely upon foreigners. Assured of royal favor and unusual opportunities, adventurous spirits flocked to the country.

Now, among these Westerners the most numerous and successful contingent were Germans. The Germans possessed just those qualities of discipline, industry, and technical knowledge which Peter most desired in his subordinates. Furthermore, these Germans came not only from Germany proper, but also from a new Russian possession, the Baltic Provinces. The acquisition of the Baltic Provinces (Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland) is an event of capital importance in Russian history. Back in the Middle Ages these lands had been conquered by a German crusading order, the Knights of the Sword, who had subdued and converted the warlike heathen inhabitants and had settled down as a master caste, giving the provinces a veneer of German culture, but never mixing their blood with the natives, from whom they held proudly aloof. The Baltic Province Germans (often known as "Balts") thus developed into an unusually energetic and masterful aristocracy of landowning barons and town burghers, accustomed to the dominating and disciplining of a large subject population. After a considerable period of independence the Baltic Provinces fell into the hands of Sweden, but the Balts were not disturbed in their prerogatives and remained the masters of the provinces, rendering the Swedish kings feudal service, but never really becoming incorporated into the Swedish state.

Now, Peter the Great had felt from the first that if he was to Westernize Russia, he must break an "open window" to the West. This he could do only if he acquired those Baltic Provinces and adjacent Finnish lands that barred Russia from the Baltic Sea. This meant war with Sweden and led to the Homeric duel between Peter and the Swedish King, Charles XII. Victorious at last, Peter acquired the Baltic Provinces, and those Finnish territories immediately to the eastward on which he built his new capital, St. Petersburg. But in acquiring the Baltic Provinces Peter also acquired the Baltic Province Germans. And Peter was well pleased. Recognizing in the Balts invaluable drill-masters for his recalcitrant subjects, Peter continued the policy of the Swedish kings, confirmed the Balts in their rule over the provinces, made no attempt to assimilate them with the Russian state, and bound them to him as a feudal overlord rather than as a direct master. The Balts in their turn accepted the situation cordially, eagerly entered the czar's service, and fell to disciplining the Russians as masterfully as they had disciplined their own Esth and Lettish serfs. Furthermore, they made common cause with the German adventurers from Germany itself, and the result was that the foreign caste which ruled Russia under the czar became more and more German in character.

This was particularly the case under Peter's successors. Peter himself was too masterful a person to allow anybody to have much to say but himself. Some of his successors, however, were much inferior to him and allowed themselves to be swayed by favorites, mostly Germans. Also, the Romanoff dynasty was itself becoming German in blood. Intermarrying with German princesses, one of these, the famous Catharine II, became czarina and ruled Russia as masterfully as Peter himself. Of course it must not be thought that these Germans con-

sciously favored the political interests of Germany, for at that time there was no "Germany," what is now the German state being divided into many principalities. Nevertheless, they did favor Germanism, and instinctively worked together in maintaining their ascendancy over the Russian masses, whom they despised as barbarians. Catharine II systematically encouraged the immigration of German peasants, who were settled in large agricultural colonies, especially in southern Russia, with full local privileges. At the same time multitudes of middle-class Germans entered Russia, establishing themselves in the towns and virtually monopolizing certain trades and professions. Throughout the first half of the nineteenth century German influence in Russia steadily increased. Everywhere Germans played an important rôle. The court, the army, and the bureaucracy were filled with Baltic Province barons. The cities were full of German bourgeois, who had Russia's foreign trade largely in their hands. The landed estates of the nobility were largely run by German overseers. Higher education was largely German, and Russian students who went abroad tended to go to German universities. Furthermore, by this time Germany was ceasing to be a mere geographical expression and was being welded into political unity by the Hohenzollern Kings of Prussia, who were on the best of terms with the Romanoff Czars of Russia. Bismarck, the creator of the German Empire, made friendship with Russia the corner-stone of his policy and did all in his power to maintain good relations between the two nations.

This was, however, an increasingly difficult task, because the latter decades of the nineteenth century witnessed a progressive cooling of Russo-German political relations. Becoming racially and nationally more self-conscious, the Russians reacted angrily against German influence in their country. This anti-German feeling was intensified by the trend of Russian foreign policy. Russia aimed at dominance in the Balkans and the ultimate acquisition of Constantinople. Here she was opposed by Austria. The Berlin Congress of 1878 marks the beginning of the deadly feud between Austria and Russia, which culminated in 1914. For a time Bismarck tried to steer a middle course, but he finally had to choose Austria as his ally, and thus brought down Russia's wrath upon Germany as well. Czar Alexander III was frankly anti-German and did much to lessen German political influence in Russia. The political privileges of the Balts in the Baltic Provinces and the German agricultural colonies in southern Russia were abolished, and attempts were made to Russify the German elements everywhere. Meanwhile the foreign policies of Russia and Germany became more and more antagonistic, culminating in open war in 1914.

Politically, the Germans had thus lost ground in Russia during the half-century previous to the Great War, though economically matters were quite otherwise. Despite political antagonisms, the Germans steadily strengthened their position in Russia's economic life. Russian industry and commerce remained largely in German hands. The economic relations of the two countries were extraordinarily close. For example, in the year 1913 Russia's total foreign trade amounted to 1,220,000,000 rubles'

worth of imports, and 1,420,000,000 rubles' worth of exports (the gold ruble worth fifty-one cents). Now, out of these totals, imports from Germany were valued at 642,000,000 rubles, while exports to Germany were valued at 452,000,000. In other words, more than one half of all Russia's imports came from Germany, while nearly one third of all Russia's exports went to Germany. No other country could compare with Germany in her hold on the Russian market. This is evident from another glance at Russian trade statistics for 1913. Here is the list of the five leading importing nations into Russia in that year:

Germany	642,000,000 rubles
Great Britain	170,000,000 "
United States	74,000,000 "
France	55,000,000 "
Austria-Hungary	34,000,000 "

These figures become doubly significant when we remember that every phase of Russian economic life was largely in German hands. In 1914 there were fully 2,000,000 Germans in Russia. As far back as 1897, the last racial enumeration, the Russian official census figures gave a total of 1,813,000 Germans in the Russian Empire, distributed as follows:

European Russia	1,333,000
Russian Poland	407,000
Caucasus	57,000
Siberia	6000
Central Asia	9000

Furthermore, it must be remembered that the Germans had close business relations with another very active economic element, the Jews. The Jews of Russia and Russian Poland, numbering over 5,000,000 according to the census of 1897, speak a jargon (Yiddish) which is based largely on medieval German, and the two elements have had in Russia common economic interests which have tended to make them work together.

The Great War was of course a shattering blow to German interests in Russia. The long-smoldering fires of anti-German feeling flared up fiercely, and the elaborate network of German economic penetration was torn to tatters. This is of course well understood. What is not so well understood, however, is the shattering repercussion which this very destruction of German interests had upon the economic life of Russia. The sudden stoppage of Russo-German trade, the withdrawal of German financial backing, and the elimination of German technical skill and management could not be replaced, and contributed more than is generally realized to the economic demoralization which precipitated the Russian revolution and drove Russia out of the war.

The Bolshevik upheaval of course completed Russia's economic ruin. But this was really to Germany's advantage. For the moment, of course, Germany reaped no tangible profits. In the long run, however, Germany stood to gain, because, though German interests were shattered, all other business interests, native as well as foreign, were shattered, too, and Russia became economically almost an economic vacuum, which sooner or later would have to be filled, largely from abroad. Now, for this inevitable reconstruction the Germans were best fitted. Their established connections, their geographical position, their expert knowledge, all favored the Germans over other nations. Furthermore, the political relations of the two govern-

ments and the sentiments of the two peoples steadily improved. Of course Soviet Russia and bourgeois Germany were very far from seeing eye to eye; nevertheless, their points of difference were as nothing to those separating both from the western European powers.

Realizing these things, the Germans began to lay plans for resuming their economic penetration of Russia. During the last few years an immense amount of pioneering work has been done. German technical and business experts have thoroughly explored Russia, re-knitting old connections and laying plans for the future. German captains of industry, like Hugo Stinnes and Walter Rathenau have elaborated exhaustive schemes for the rehabilitation and exploitation of the Russian market. To name only one of these projects, consider the trust organized late last year in Germany, known as the *Wirtschaftsstelle für Verkehr, Handel und Industrie mit dem Osten*, which has as its aim the economic reconstruction of Russia. According to the prospectus of its promoters, this trust embraces bankers, manufacturers, groups of scientific men, and engineers, and has the support of the leading German trades-unions. The trust purposes to send technical experts to every part of Russia and to establish German chambers of commerce at all commercial centers. The trust is organized into three sections: (1) a group for intellectual and cultural relations; (2) a labor group, embracing representatives of the principal German trades-unions; (3) a banking, industrial, and trade group, which has subsections specializing on chemical products, agricultural machinery, railway materials, general iron and steel products, cement, etc.

The great handicap to all such schemes is lack of capital, the war having left Germany financially crippled and impoverished. To overcome this handicap the Germans have endeavored to interest foreign, particularly British, capital. The most notable attempt in this direction was the famous visit of Hugo Stinnes to London last winter. The German argument is that Germany is best equipped to reconstruct Russia economically in the shortest possible time. This would not only restore the Russian market, but would also better Germany's economic situation and thus enable her to meet her indemnity obligations and purchase largely from abroad. Also, by giving Germany an economic outlet, it would relieve Western countries from German cutthroat competition in the world markets.

These German arguments, while they have not yet enlisted British capital on the desired terms, have unquestionably impressed British finance and the British Government to a certain extent, and unquestionably have had their effect upon Great Britain's attitude at Genoa. As already explained in this department, the restoration of continental Europe to something like its pre-war prosperity is an absolute necessity for England if her industrial life is to recover. And it is quite obvious that even though Germany should dominate the Russian market, England would benefit indirectly in notable fashion through the resultant recovery of the German market and the economic rehabilitation of central Europe as a whole.

While these larger considerations have not yet been realized, it is interesting to observe that Germany has already made tangible progress toward

regaining her economic position in Russia. In the year 1921 fully twenty-five per cent. of all Russia's imports came from Germany. The volume was of course relatively small, since Russia's foreign trade is only about one tenth of that of pre-war times. The value is also hard to estimate, since Soviet Russia's trade statistics are reckoned by weight. The bulk of Russia's imports from Germany are metals and metal goods, chemicals, textiles, clothing, and miscellaneous manufactured products.

It is also by no means as impossible as it might at first sight seem that Germany would be unable to finance Russian economic recovery. Judged offhand, the spectacle of two financial cripples like Germany and Russia effectively aiding each other may appear farcical. But a closer scrutiny reveals the fact that something like this may, within limits, be perfectly possible. It is well known that the great German financial and industiral interests have succeeded in building up outside Germany really large credits, which may aggregate as high as 5,000,000,000 or 6,000,000,000 gold marks ($1,250,000,000 or $1,500,000,000). These foreign credits of course escape domestic taxation and Allied requisitions, being safely banked in neutral countries like Switzerland, Holland, and Sweden. Out of these credits it would not be impossible to mobilize a considerable sum, say $200,000,000 or $300,000,000, for use in Russia. Furthermore, by a system of revolving credits, by loaning goods as well as money, the amount of actual cash required might be materially decreased and the power of the transaction multiplied. It is also possible that neutral capital might be enlisted to a certain extent; even that the whole transaction might appear as though engineered by neutral capital, though British and American capital should refuse to participate.

Of course not even German capital will risk itself in Russia unless the Soviet Government gives satisfactory guaranties. But what German capital may consider satisfactory guaranties depends, in turn, upon the political situation. If the pressure of the Western powers, particularly France, upon Germany were less severe, it might well be that German capital would not enter Russia except upon terms analogous to those desired by Western capital, and that if these were not forthcoming, German capital would be content to wait until the situation in Russia had become more favorable. The policy of France, however, has, to use Lloyd George's recent phrase, been tending steadily to "throw an angry Germany into the arms of a hungry Russia." The effect has, in fact, been twofold: it has inclined German capital to take Russian risks, and it has inclined the Soviet Government to make special terms to German capital. The upshot has been the economic understanding of which the Russo-German treaty is the most striking manifestation.

Of course it may be that the present Soviet Government will prove unwilling to make concessions sufficient to permit any considerable body of capital to intrust itself in Russia. In that case the Russo-German understanding would not extend further than the negative matters embodied in the explicit treaty provisions, such as the mutual canceling of debts and waiver of claims. On the other hand, the Soviet Government may make con-

cessions sufficient to attract not merely German capital, but the capital of Western nations, so that Russia would resume something like full economic communion with the world at large. Even in the latter eventuality, however, Germany would play a major rôle in Russia's economic rehabilitation, because of the special factors which I have already described. The thing to be borne in mind is the intimate nature of Russo-German economic relations in the past, which must inevitably influence profoundly their relations in the future.

TROUBLE IN THE FAR EAST

While Europe was endeavoring to compose its most pressing difficulties by an international conference at Genoa, acute troubles were breaking out in the Far East. In China civil war has actually begun, while in eastern Siberia fighting has also taken place both between the "Red" and "White" Russian factions and between the Russian "Reds" and the Japanese.

In China the decade of civil strife since the revolution of 1911, which deposed the Manchu dynasty and proclaimed the republic, has resulted in something very much akin to anarchy. China to-day has no real government. The effective political power is parceled out among a swarm of local leaders known as *tuchuns*, controlling one or more provinces by means of bandit-armies which aggregate the enormous total of more than 1,600,000. There are, to be sure, two so-called "governments," that of Peking in the North, and that of Canton in the South. The Canton government has the advantage of being headed by a number of influential personalities, such as the fiery republican leader Sun Yat-sen, the hero of the first revolution, and the veteran diplomat Wu Ting-fang. The Peking government possesses no men of equal prestige. However, both governments depend upon the support of various *tuchuns*, and since these *tuchuns* are all playing for their own hands and are forever intriguing and shifting sides, neither government possesses any real stability or authority.

The present civil war is a three-cornered fight between Chang Tso-lin, *Tuchun* of Manchuria; Wu Pei-fu, head of a confederacy of *tuchuns* in central China; and Sun Yat-sen, head of the government of the South. Within the last year Chang Tso-lin has become virtually master of the North, controlling the shadowy Peking government and occupying Peking with his troops. Against him are ranged most of the *tuchuns* of central China, jealous of his growing power and accusing him of being Japan's tool. It is these two factions which are now at grips around Peking. Meanwhile Sun Yat-sen has allied himself with Chang Tso-lin and is attacking the confederated *tuchuns* from the South. The present line-up is, therefore, north and south against central China. However, there is nothing lasting in the present alinement of factions. Chang Tso-lin and Sun Yat-sen have nothing in common beyond opposition to a common enemy, and if the confederated *tuchuns*, headed by Wu Pei-fu, should be defeated, the victorious North and South would almost inevitably quarrel over the spoils of the contests.

Thus China continues to tread the thorny path of political turbulence, while Japan and other foreign countries take advantage of China's weak-

ness to fish in troubled waters. Until China settles down, there will be no stability in the Far East.

THINGS WORTH WATCHING

Europe's complicated problems were for the moment centered at Genoa. The Genoa Conference had at least brought the European nations together, and had thus permitted discussion and comparison of points of view. Next month I shall discuss the conference's activities and results.

The situation in the Near and Middle East remains tense and full of momentous possibilities. No settlement of the Turkish situation has as yet been reached. In Syria agitation against French rule has become more militant; serious disorders have occurred, the French troops having been roughly handled on one occasion. In India things are for the moment quieter, but there has been no basic change in the situation.

Ireland continues to suffer from profound unrest. Despite the efforts of the moderate elements to avert the ruin which anything like civil war would entail, civil war continues to loom upon the horizon. Conference has proved unable to reconcile the conflicting aims of Free Staters, Republicans, and Ulstermen. Perhaps the most hopeful factor in the situation is the attitude of the Irish outside of Ireland. Whether in the United States or in the British dominions, the great majority of persons of Irish extraction are throwing their influence in favor of peaceful compromise and condemn violent or extremist courses.

The most hopeful development in contemporary world politics appears to be the forthcoming conference to be held at Washington between representatives of Chile and Peru for the settlement of the perennial Tacna-Arica dispute. In these columns I have already mentioned the seriousness of this problem and have pointed out the ominous likelihood that an armed conflict between Chile and Peru would involve neighboring states, and might even spread into a general war embracing all South America.

This sinister possibility has been realized by both the Latin-American chancelleries and our own Government. As an outcome of extensive diplomatic exchanges, President Harding sent notes to the governments of Chile and Peru, inviting them to meet at Washington, "on neutral and friendly soil," to settle the controversy which has embittered South-American politics for a generation.

Not only have Chile and Peru accepted President Harding's invitation, but both governments are apparently inspired by a genuine desire to come to an understanding. For example, in a recent interview given by President Alessandri of Chile to an Associated Press representative, the president was emphatic in expressing his confidence that "neither Chile nor Peru can afford to let this opportunity slip by, when mankind is going through a period of peace and good-will in the settlement of its difficulties."

One special reason for the desire apparently felt by both Chile and Peru to come to a definite understanding at this time is the approach of the great Pan-American conference scheduled to meet early next year at Santiago de Chile. It would be a notable triumph for both governments to be able to present to the conference a constructive settlement of the gravest political problem in Latin America.

An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times

By Glenn Frank

The Coming Renaissance

Last month, in a discussion of the spiritual outlook for Western civilization, I ventured to take issue with the prophets of doom who are predicting that we are on the eve of a new Dark Ages, and suggested that, on the contrary, we are perhaps approaching the springtime of a new Renaissance, that a vast "fresh advance of the human spirit is about to be made."

Since then I have further developed this discussion before audiences in colleges, universities, and theological seminaries, before specialized groups of business men, and before general audiences ranging from an audience in New York City to an audience in a Middle-Western village of two hundred inhabitants. From these varied audiences there came no end of keen questionings, prompted now by skepticism, now by whole-hearted faith in the future, now by an almost pathetic will to hope. With some of the issues raised by these audiences I want now to deal. Before plunging into these questions and answers, however, it may be well to summarize the tentative prophecy made last month.

After suggesting the scope and tone of the literature of despair that has been written since the war, I suggested that nothing can prevent Western civilization from entering a new Dark Ages except a vast spiritual renaissance, a process of moral renewal sweeping through the world like another Reformation. I did not arbitrarily predict such a renaissance; I only stated my belief that the raw materials for such a renaissance are lying all about us, waiting for some truly great spiritual leader to bring them together and to touch them into life. I suggested that while this renaissance will be a profoundly spiritual movement, it will not be primarily a church movement; that its prophets will not sweep the world with any one new doctrine, but that their services will consist rather in bringing together into a new synthesis all of the new idealisms and new spiritual values that have been springing up as unconscious by-products of the creative thought that has been going on in the fields of science, education, industry, politics, and religion. I suggested that the Erasmus, the Wesley, or the Luther of this new movement will in all probability be the lay herald of largely anonymous Christianity.

The response that this suggestion receives from all sorts of audiences convinces me that I am not amiss in assuming that the dream of a vast moral renewal is everywhere simmering beneath the confusion and despair

of our time. But it is not with the assent to my suggestion, but rather with the critical questioning of it that I wish now to deal.

Whenever I have discussed this spiritual renaissance of Western civilization, which I regard as both possible and probable, I have been careful to emphasize my belief that it will not be a revival of blind credulity that will fly in the face of modern thought, but that it will be rather the fine flowering of modern thought. In every audience to which I have made this statement some one has asked whether Mr. Bryan's present quixotic attack on the doctrine of evolution and the "fundamentalist" movement in many of the churches do not indicate that the exact reverse is true, that we are on the eve of a revival of blind credulity. I cannot agree with those who fear such a back-sliding of intelligence. There are, I think, quite clear reasons for the Bryan and the "fundamentalist" movements. I find, for instance, in a recent volume on "Leading Thoughts of the Nineteenth Century" by Professor Harald Höffding of the University of Copenhagen this paragraph, which seems to me to explain both Mr. Bryan and the "fundamentalist."

Professor Höffding says that "the general characteristics of a specific century do not apply equally to all strata of society, let alone to all individuals. In every age there are great numbers of people who are very little affected by what, from a historical standpoint, gives their time its peculiar character. During the century of 'enlightenment' many cherished quietly their old beliefs; and when the new thought became too obtrusive, they resolutely opposed it. . . . Even in circles where 'enlightenment' was the animating force, a certain weariness would intrude at times—a yearning for different mental food and other ideals. Wherever education and knowledge were more than a passing vogue, men were expected to strain every mental nerve, to think intensely upon every subject. Gradually this brought a desire for relaxation, for rest in the simple and the commonplace, for resigning oneself to formulas that did not need to be reëxamined anew every time they were used." This statement is justified, I think, by the present campaign of Mr. Bryan and by the "fundamentalist" movement, each of which seems to me to be nothing more than an eddy in the main current of the world's thought and aspirations.

Here and there in audiences I have discovered a difficulty upon the part of some minds in distinguishing between this renaissance of which I am writing and the innumerable Utopias that have been foisted upon the world from time to time. This prophecy of a renaissance must not be confused with the proposal of a Utopia. The coming renaissance of which I am writing will spring not so much from a plan to *set* the world right, as it will from a passion to *see* the world right.

It seems difficult for certain minds to grasp the notion that a vast spiritual movement can spring from the secular activities of science, education, industry, and politics. I have found it necessary in discussing this matter before audiences to guard against leaving the impression that I was predicting the approach of a mysticism that would sweep the world. I tried to make it clear last month that I have in mind no such movement. It is difficult to avoid this impression, however, if one uses the word "spiritual"; for all

through the centuries mankind has insisted upon a clean-cut distinction between the spiritual and the secular—a distinction that is in my judgment altogether false, a distinction that has resulted in a tragic splitting up of men's lives. It is said, for instance, of Michael Faraday, the great English scientist, that "when he entered a meeting-house, he left his science behind, and he would listen to the prayer and exhortation of the most illiterate brother of his sect with an attention which showed how he loved the word from whomsoever it came." John Haynes Holmes, who quotes this statement in his "New Churches for Old," adds also that it was the characteristic statement of John Tyndall that "when he opened the door of his oratory, he closed that of his laboratory." Dr. Holmes aptly expresses the spirit of the coming renaissance when he asserts that "as there are no 'spiritual' interests apart from general social interests . . . so there is no one movement in society which is to be characterized in distinction from all others as 'religious,' . . . any movement which is aimed at the fuller liberty and wider fellowship of the human race, is a sacred undertaking and therefore to be regarded as an expression of the religious consciousness."

It is interesting to note how many writers seem to think that the secularization of the world means robbing society of its spirituality. We find historian after historian saying that the secular movement of the Renaissance was the enemy of the religious movement of the Reformation. Preserved Smith, for instance, in his "The Age of the Reformation," says that "probably the heaviest weight in the scale against the Reformation was the Renaissance. . . . The goods they offered were not the same, not even similar, but the appeal of each was of such a nature that few minds could be the whole-hearted devotees of both. The new learning and the beauties of Italian art and literature sapped away the interest of just those intelligent classes whose support was needed to make the triumph of the Reformation complete." He goes on to refer to the "the loss of the Protestant cause in failing to secure the adherence of such minds as Dolet and Rabelais, Ronsard and Montaigne, and of the thousands influenced by them." It may well be that the Italian influence worked in rivalry with the religious interest at the time of the Lutheran Reformation, but much has happened to the world's thought since then, and the new renaissance, when it comes, will merge the sacred and the secular, and not, like the old Renaissance, substitute the secular for the sacred.

Everywhere I have found deep interest in the probable leadership of the coming renaissance. As I see it, much depends upon the appearance of the "truly great spiritual leader" of whom I wrote last month. As I said then, he may be a biologist, an educator, a labor leader, or a statesman. I doubt that he will appear as a wandering free-lance. He will probably be a man whose official position will give him a sounding-board, that will carry his utterances to the ends of the earth. I can conceive some future President of the United States or some British premier of the future as the leader for whom we are looking. This leader will have to be something of a combination of Francis Bacon and Theodore Roosevelt. That is to say, he will have to be a catholic-minded person, an om-

niverous reader, who has ranged over the whole field of knowledge, and made himself more or less at home with the great generalizations that have emerged from the sciences and philosophies. And he must have certain Benjamin Disraeli, Billy Sunday, Theodore Roosevelt facilities for touching the popular imagination.

This assertion met with stout objection the other evening from a dinner group with whom I was discussing this matter. One gentleman asserted that, without knowing it, I was falling victim to an easy faith in a Second Coming of some sort. He contended that the progress of the world had been definitely hindered by humanity's too facile faith in messiahs. He stated that the time had passed when humanity dare trust to the great leader; that we were living in an age of group leadership. He contended that the coming renaissance would have no leader in the ordinary sense. He asserted that the mere mass of the world's knowledge has become so great that it is intellectually impossible for any man to know enough about the various fields of human thought and interest to bring authoritative general leadership into the situation.

I cannot bring myself to agreement with this point of view. I think we are unduly awed by the amount of the world's knowledge. I believe that in any given field the great ideas that are vital to the future of the race are very few and very simple. I believe that one of those rare, intuitive minds that the race produces every now and then can bring together into a fresh synthesis the important new social and spiritual values that have been thrown up by all the sciences and undertakings of mankind. But such a leader, when he comes, will in no sense supplant group leadership; he will be the impresario of our group leaderships, he will lure the now isolated scientists and philosophers out of their air-tight compartments and weld them together into a fighting fraternity. There will be just enough of the alloy of mountebankery and theatricalism in his personality and tactics to dramatize the values of our various group leaderships. He will, in short, humanize the results and aims of science, industry, and politics. He will invest the modern adventure with that absolving passion for humanity which has characterized all great epochs of civil and religious progress.

At any rate, we are beginning to see that the war set astir in men's minds questions that are entirely out of reach of the ordinary leadership of diplomats, big business men, and politicians. We are coming to see that the problem of our time is not merely the economic reconstruction of Europe, not merely the substitution of democracy for autocracy, but the infusion of an element of spiritual purpose into our materialistic civilization, an element of synthesis into our scattered and distraught civilization, an element of control into our at present uncontrolled civilization. We have seen enough between Versailles and Genoa to know that paper plans and political machinery are not enough. Spiritual redemption must be brought to the morally impossible condition into which our Western civilization has drifted.

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

THE truth is that all the other vital parts of the Hupmobile are just as exceptional, in their way, as its wonderful motor.

As long as the motor functions—and everyone knows it does function for years—just so long does the frame, for example, retain its sturdy, rigid strength.

Just so long, also, do the front axle, the heavy steering pivots, the steering gear, the driving pinion and ring gear, the propeller shaft, the wheels and wheel bearings, and so on, faithfully perform their duties.

There is no one outstanding virtue in Hupmobile construction. All essential parts work together with the same long-lived, repair-proof dependability for which the Hupmobile is so well known.

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BUYING a Goodyear Cord Tire is economy of the finest kind. You get a uniformly good product known the world over for quality. You get mileage, comfort and freedom from trouble, in extreme degree. Yet you pay no more for Goodyear Cords than for the ordinary kind.

GOODYEAR
CORD TIRES

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One symptom they don't discuss

NO matter how well you know a person—maybe even your very closest friend—there is one subject you instinctively avoid.

You may discuss the most intimate things about your family, your business and your most personal affairs, but this one topic you dodge. There is something about halitosis (the scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) that seems to forbid honest conversation about it.

Yet the insidious thing about halitosis is the unfortunate fact that any one may suffer from it and in nine cases out of ten you are not conscious of it yourself. So unless you use some sensible scientific precaution you may go through your day or evening uncomfortable and concerned, wondering whether or not you are offending people about you.

Unless halitosis is a symptom of some serious organic disorder which a physician or dentist should correct, you may easily put yourself upon the safe and polite side by using Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic. In most cases it is merely local and temporary.

Meet halitosis in a scientific way—with Listerine. It is the ideally effective mouth deodorant.

Fastidious people everywhere make Listerine a regular part of their daily toilet routine. Simply use it as a mouth wash and gargle. It acts quickly and pleasantly. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Your druggist has handled Listerine for years and regards it as a safe, effective antiseptic of great merit. It has now been on the market for half a century.

Start using Listerine today. Put your mind at ease. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Mo.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

Depending on

GARCO

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Motorists use GARCO Asbestos Brake Lining because it is *solidly-woven* and wear-resisting. In industry, public service, on the seas and in the home, GARCO Asbestos Products are selected because of *standardized* Quality.

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PLUMBING FIXTURES
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"Music, the very spirit of the dance, that seems to lift and carry you along."

MUSIC FOR DANCING, played by masters of that difficult art, is instantly at the command of any owner of the AMPICO—for it re-enacts their playing with the same perfection with which it re-enacts and immortalizes the playing of Rachmaninoff.

Impossible to describe—the Ampico must be heard
There is but one *Ampico—Easily identified—Obtainable* only *in these pianos:*

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Franklin Haines Bros. Marshall & Wendell

AMERICAN PIANO COMPANY

437 Fifth Avenue New York City

Largest Manufacturers in the World—of Pianos of the Highest Grade

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For days the directors' choice hung in the balance between two able men. This one was called to bigger things because he had placed the true commercial estimate on health.

It pays to take good care of the teeth.

Thousands have their efficiency lowered and their resistance to disease cut down by their failure to heed the first warnings of Pyorrhea, which afflicts four people out of five who pass the age of forty and many younger.

Are your gums tender? Do they bleed easily when brushed?

Those are the signs of Pyorrhea's presence. If neglected the germs attack the teeth, which loosen, drop out or must be pulled. Pus pockets form and the whole system may pay the penalty of neglect.

If you would prevent Pyorrhea, see your dentist often and heed his advice. Also, start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. If used consistently and used in time, it will prevent Pyorrhea or check its course. An excellent dentifrice, it keeps the teeth white and clean and the gums pink, firm and healthy.

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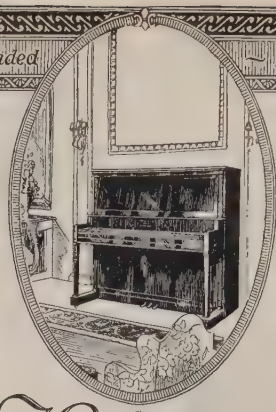

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The Century Co.

353 Fourth Avenue **New York City**

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc. Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

of THE CENTURY

published monthly *at* Concord, N. H.,

For April 1st, 1922

COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.
STATE OF NEW YORK, }

Before me, a *Notary Public* in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared W. MORGAN SHUSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the *President* of The Century Co., publisher of THE CENTURY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of	*Post-Office Address*
Publisher, THE CENTURY CO.	353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Editor, GLENN FRANK	353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, MAXWELL ALEY	353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Business Manager, NONE.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Owners, THE CENTURY CO.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Stockholders: W. Morgan Shuster, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; William W. Ellsworth, New Hartford, Conn.; Geo. L. Wheelock, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Robert Underwood Johnson, 327 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Donald Scott, 9 East 9th Street, New York, N. Y.; Edith True Drake, 17 East 8th Street, New York, N. Y.; W. F. Clarke, Scarsdale, N. Y.; George H. Hazen, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Egerton Chichester, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; The Pennsylvania Company, Trustee for Josephine Kern Dodge, Philadelphia, Penna.; Estate of Roswell Smith, 253 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Estate of Annie G. Smith, 253 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Wm. Ives Washburn, Jr., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; James Abbott, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Stella S. Chichester, 46 Kilburn Road, Garden City, N. Y.; A. C. Ferrin, Chester, Mass.; Dana H. Ferrin, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Herbert Adams Gibbons, 12 Boudinot Street, Princeton, N. J.; G. Inness Hartley, 344 West 87th Street, New York, N. Y.; Geo. Inness, Jr., Cragsmoor, N. Y.; Julia G. Inness, Cragsmoor, N. Y.; Lucy Wheelock, 100 Riverway, Boston, Mass.; Katherine H. Parker, Brixton Road, Garden City, N. Y.; Harry A. Franck, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.).....None.

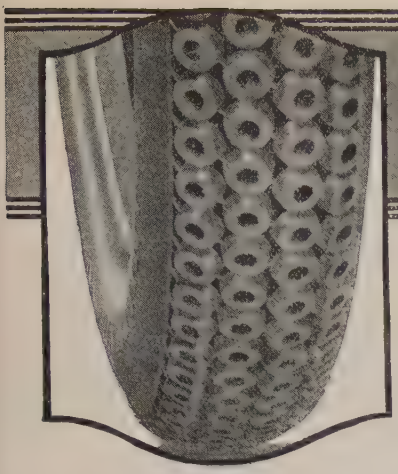
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE CENTURY CO.
(Signed) W. MORGAN SHUSTER, *President*,
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1922.

JAMES J. TATTAN,
Notary Public, New York County Clerk's No. 235,
(Seal) New York County Register's No. 4032.

(My commission expires March 30, 1923.)



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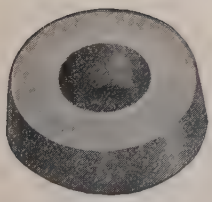

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She lost that fear of Sunburn!

Pack Absorbine, Jr. among your holiday or vacation trappings and you, too, will go and mix wherever good outdoor fun may be had.

Use it freely. It is instantly cooling and soothing. It both prevents and stops that tormented condition of the skin after sun exposure, and the soreness and inflammation that follow.

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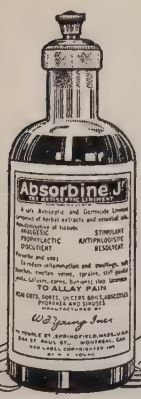
Know that Absorbine, Jr. combines, in one container, the properties of liniment, antiseptic and germicide. It is safe and of a clean, pleasant odor.



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YOU need not be a judge of piano quality to buy with the certainty of choosing an artistic instrument. Just look for the trade-mark of the Wessell, Nickel & Gross *Piano Action*. This famous action built by the oldest, largest and leading makers of high-grade piano actions is found only in pianos of proven excellence. It is virtually a guarantee of piano worth.

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Established 1874 New York City

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You know what you wish said, they show how it can best be put before the public.

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What is the matter with your hair?

Falling? *Dandruff?* *Oily?* *Dull?*

All largely due to a single cause
Make this free test—A way to correct it

THERE is an oil in the scalp called Sebum, secreted by the glands of the hair. It lubricates the hair — gives it luster and softness. It keeps the scalp flexible, or should. It is the hair's chief friend.

But, like all skin secretions, there is often an excess. Then the hair becomes too oily. The surplus Sebum decomposes on the scalp. It forms fatty acids which inflame the scalp.

Cleanliness the first essential

You must aim at Sebum — that particular scalp oil. Dissolve it, remove it, then get into the pores. Not with ordinary soaps or shampoos, but with studied, tested, scientific methods.

Our experts have embodied in Palmolive Shampoo the best ways known to do that. It combats the Sebum correctly and efficiently. That is the first essential. Don't rely on guesswork, on ignorance, on non-scientific means. Your hair is too important.

Beauty—softness—luster—health

Palmolive Shampoo is based on the oil blend which for ages has held supreme place for the skin. The purpose is to give to the hair luster, softness, beauty. And to fit the scalp to maintain healthy hair roots. Those are results which you want and need regularly. The other helps are told in our book.

A home demonstration—free

To show these effects we will send you a treatment to try. We will send you the oil blend and the Sebum combatant combined in Palmolive Shampoo. It will show you the ideal way to give your hair care, beauty and protection. You will know that in an hour.

With it we will send a book — "How to Take Care of the Hair." That will tell you just what to do for any wrong condition.

Think what your hair means to you. Let us show you how to beautify it, how to preserve or restore it. Send this coupon now.

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Be sure and send for this new booklet on the care of the hair, which explains authorized scientific hair treatment, supplied by leading specialists.

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Please send me the trial hair treatment and free booklet, "How to Take Care of the Hair."

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It fits into a case only four inches high and can be carried and used anywhere. It has the STANDARD KEYBOARD, with four rows of keys and no shifting for figures. It has the automatic ribbon reverse. It has every feature you associate with typewriting at its best.

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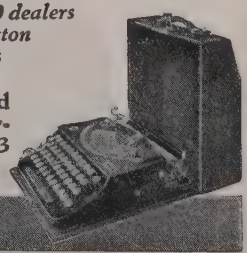

LONDON PRESS COMMENTS ON "The Love Story of Aliette Brunton"

SUNDAY TIMES:

"Mr. Frankau has put his best work into the story and too much praise can hardly be given to his illuminating analysis of character and to the care he has taken that his thesis shall not unduly disturb the intrinsic interest of his story. His characters are not puppets, but live people fighting out a problem in actual life and his scenes are staged with the authority of one who is at home in such surroundings. There is, for instance, a description of a run that would be not unworthy of Whyte Melville, and another of a cause célèbre at the Old Bailey that is undeniably thrilling."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:

"The murder trial is powerfully described; this tense and eager passage will, of itself, sell many copies of the book. On a higher level of art, however, is the detailed and tender portrait of Cavendish's mother, Julia, a distinguished novelist, whose devotion to her son ennobles the rather squalid atmosphere of the divorce court and lends a fine pathos to the tragedy of long suspense."

THE TATLER:

"This is a very interesting and very well-written novel. Mr. Frankau's characterization is excellent, especially of Julia Cavendish, the writer who disapproves of easy divorce until her own son proves to her how cruel the present system can be. But every character in the story stands out as a real human and extremely vivid picture of London society. It is by far the best novel Mr. Frankau has written."

PALL MALL GAZETTE:

"An exceptionally good story and well told."

DAILY GRAPHIC:

"A vigorous and convincing story, illustrating to perfection Frankau's complete understanding of the motives that guide the hearts and minds of men and women."

THE DAILY CHRONICLE:

"Will arouse much discussion. It is a daring story of modern life."

("The Love Story of Aliette Brunton," by Gilbert Frankau, author of "Peter Jameson," etc., is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for $2.00.)

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At smart evening affairs the men *not* wearing Krementz Correct Evening Jewelry usually can be counted on the fingers of one hand. *Only at the better shops.*

Tuxedo Sets $4.50 to $11.00
Full Dress Sets $7.50 to $17.50

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262K	264K
Pair Links	3 Studs
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You will, for its fine subject, rare color, charm of drawing, masterly handling. It is Carel Eugene Mulertt at his best. It is called "The First Lesson." Framed and hung, you could not tell print from original, side by side. Every movement of brush on canvas is repeated—soft as the sunshine peeping in at the window.

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THE LOVE STORY OF ALIETTE BRUNTON

By Gilbert Frankau

Author of "Peter Jameson," etc.

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Altogether, "The Love Story of Aliette Brunton" is a novel which promises to interest a very large number of American readers.

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The absolute purity and cleanliness in manufacture, for which this product has always been famous is maintained with meticulous care, and the delicate blend of the mild spices is the same today as it was in the beginning. Always sold by leading grocers everywhere.

Look for this seal of quality on Underwood's Sardines in Oil, Tomato Sauce, and Mustard Dressing; on Underwood's Clam Chowder, Clam Bouillon, and Clams in Bouillon.

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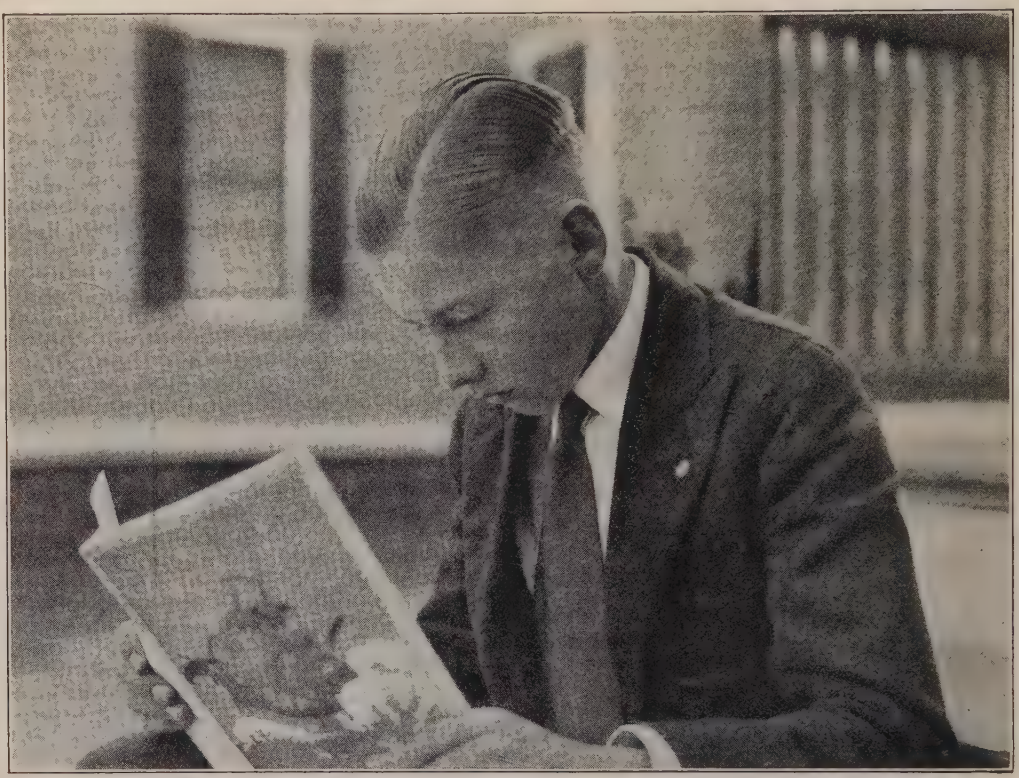

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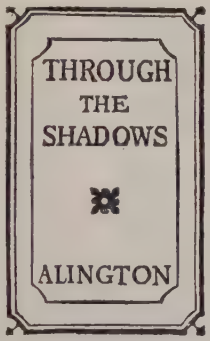

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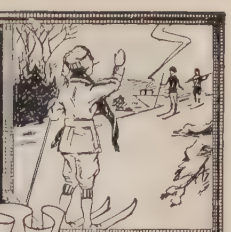

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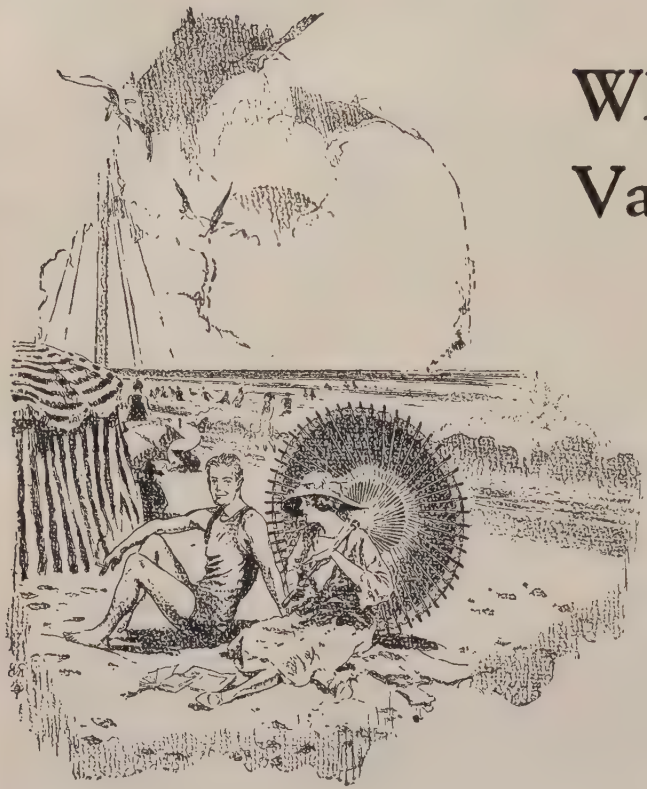

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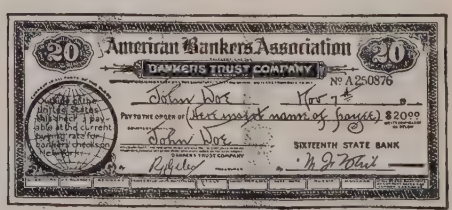

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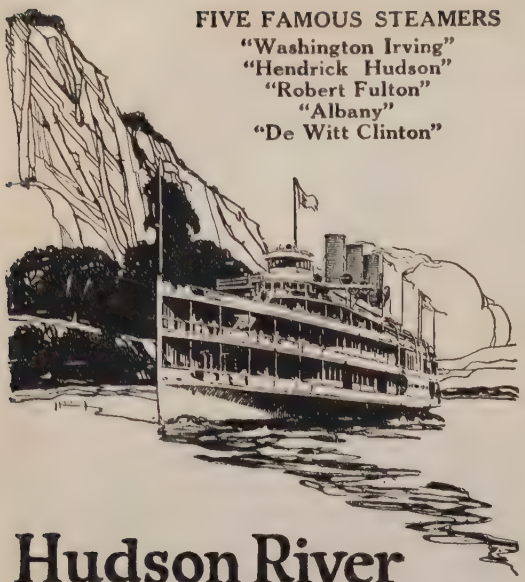

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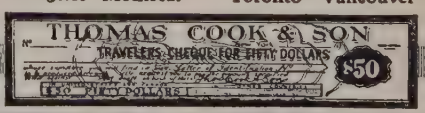

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of this magazine is maintained for the purpose of assisting CENTURY readers in their choice of hotel and transportation facilities.

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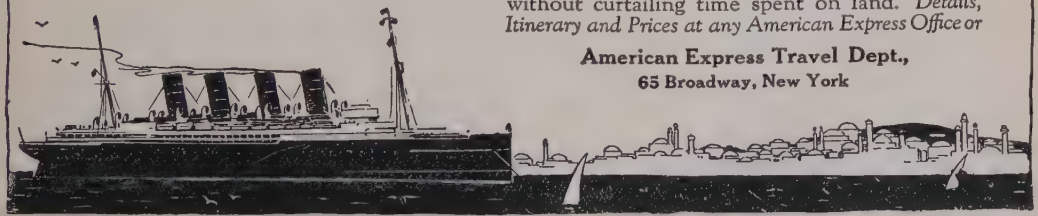

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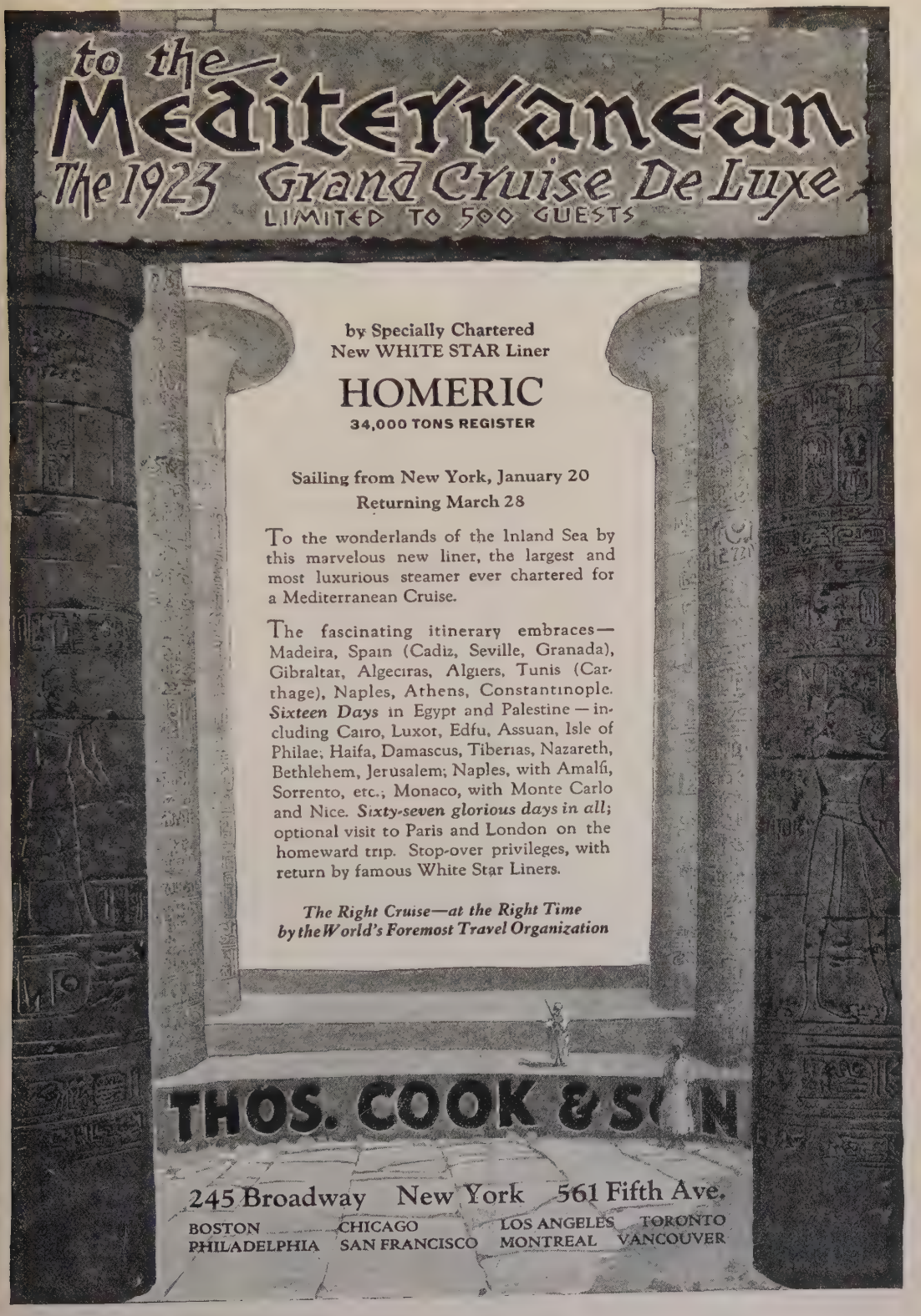
IN his new book, "Asia At the Crossroads," E. Alexander Powell tells of visits to Japan, Korea, China and the Philippines, and a most fascinating narrative he makes of his travels in those countries. The book is rich in substantial, well-authenticated information as to the pressing problems facing the peoples of those countries today; it is rich also in information about the genius and the habits and customs of the various peoples, all this being necessary to supply the proper background for a consideration of the tremendously important questions which the author discusses, though this background itself is as intrinsically interesting as the material in a first-class travel book.

ASIA AT THE CROSS-ROADS

Henry B. Russell says in *The Springfield Union:* "Mr. Powell's book which, as has been said, also covers his observations in Japan, China, Korea, is written in that charming style of which he is a master and should be read by any wishing to lay a sound foundation for a knowledge of the Orient. With true journalistic instinct and skill he depicts both the virtues and defects of the different Oriental peoples. It is an interesting fact that, though he is quite severe in his criticism of the recent policy of Japan, his proofs were read by Prince Tokugawa and Baron Shidehara during the recent conference, who, while verifying his facts, did not complain of his opinions. His chapters on China were submitted to similar tests; though unpleasant to high officials, their fairness was recognized."

The Buffalo Commercial says: "It goes without saying that Major Powell's style is intensely interesting and with his vast experience and knowledge of international affairs his book is a work that makes clear the most perplexing subjects in the field of international politics."

("Asia At the Crossroads" is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City. The book is profusely illustrated from photographs. Price $3.00)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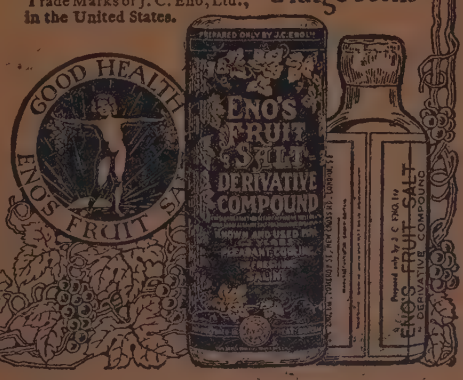

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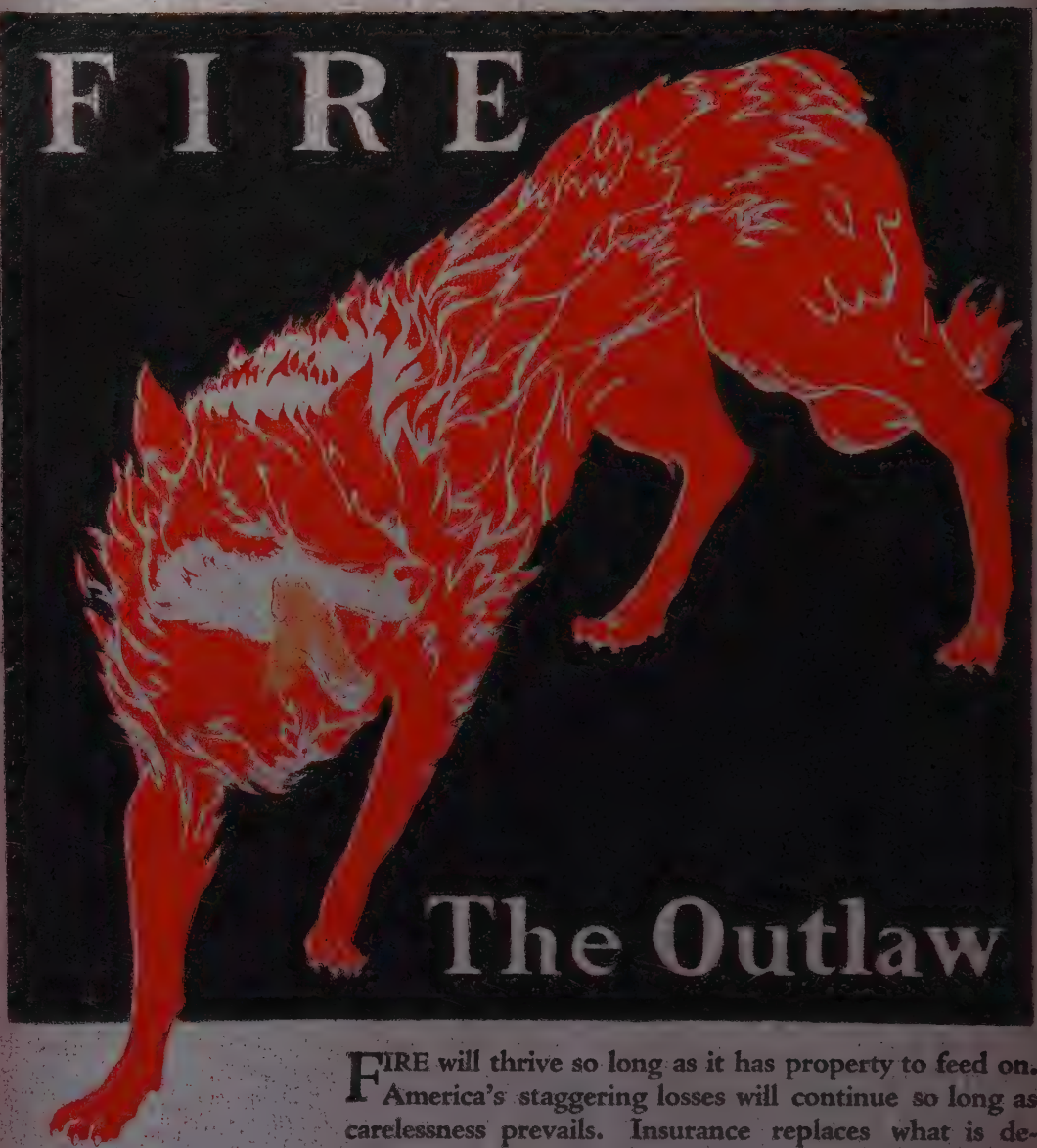

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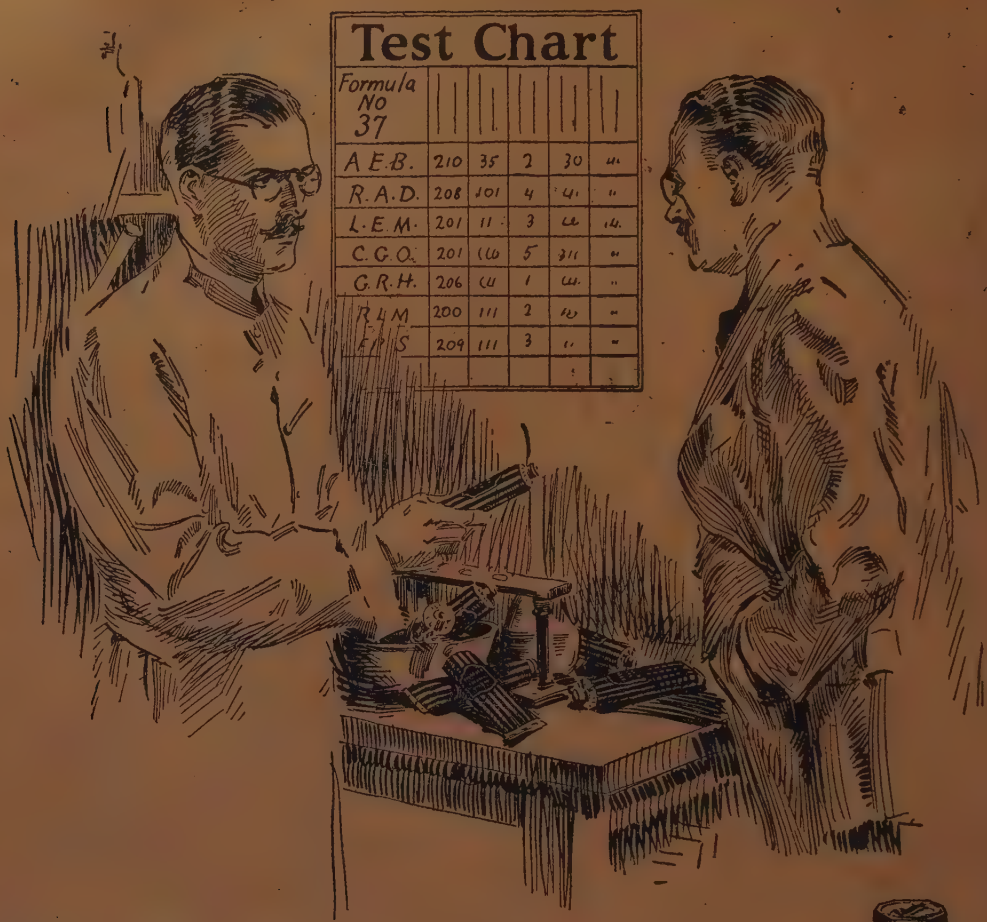

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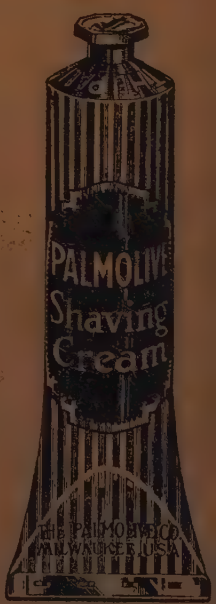

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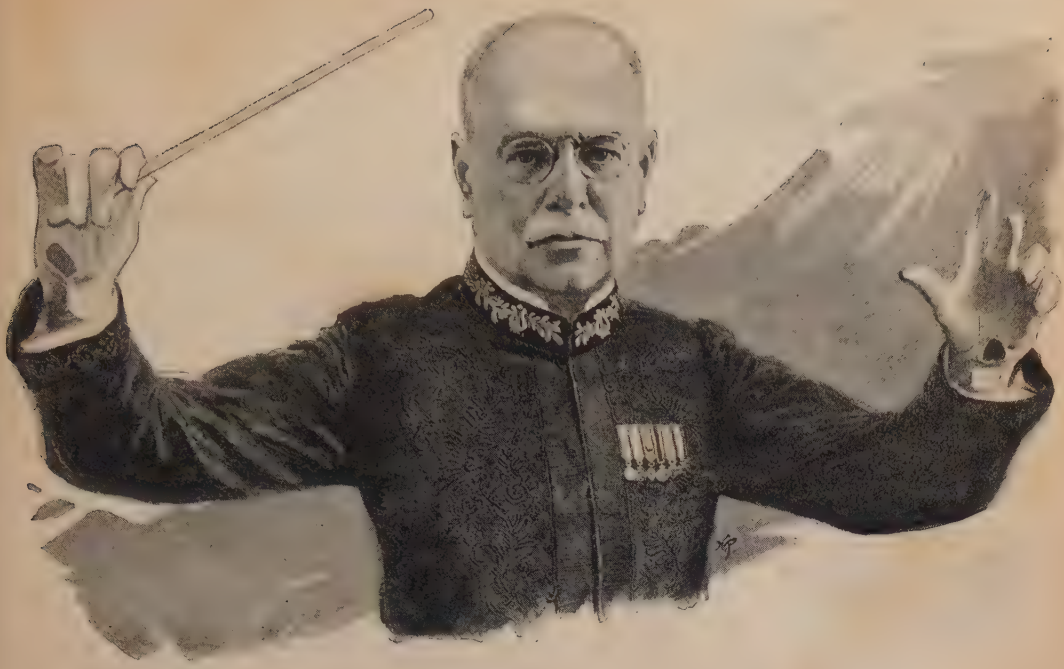

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

GLENN FRANK, *Editor*

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In the

SEPTEMBER CENTURY

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GEORGE ELIOT

An interesting packet of letters written by the great English novelist to an American contemporary, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

ON THE SENSE OF DIRECTION — *by W. H. Hudson*

The third of a group of nature papers by the author of "Green Mansions."

MY ADOPTED CHILDREN — *by Honoré Willsie*

An intimate, human story of the mother instinct and how it found satisfaction in the adoption of two children.

THE SNOW MAN — *by Franz Molnar*

An engaging short story, by the author of "Lilliom."

OUR THEATRE AT CROSS PURPOSES — *by Oliver M. Sayler*

An expressionistic review of a theatrical season of perverse paradoxes.

THE FLY — *by Katherine Mansfield*

A short story by the author of "The Garden Party."

OBERAMMERGAU — *by Winold Reiss*

Nine remarkable drawings of Oberammergau Passion Players, with the artist's own story of his experiences in securing them.

Other short stories by Garet Garrett and Elinor Cowan Stone; a continuation of Donn Byrne's "The Wind Bloweth"; a group of poems by Albert Frederick Wilson; more of "Our Medicine Men," and an additional chapter of "Adventures of an Illustrator," by Joseph Pennell.

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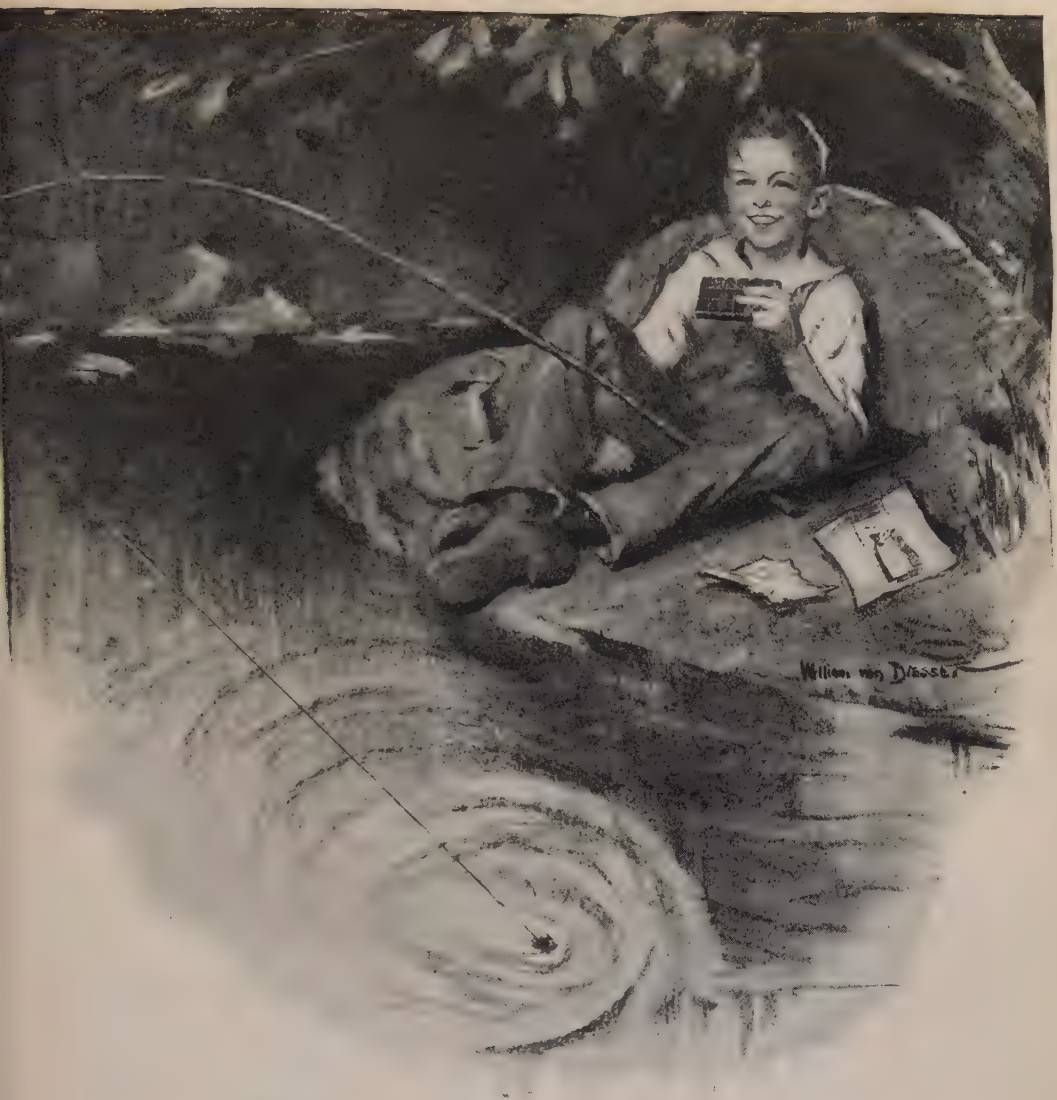

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Among Our Contributors

Walter de la Mare ("The Tree") has been represented in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE heretofore only by his poetry. Mr. de la Mare was until recently known only for his poetry, but with the publication of his novel, "The Memoirs of a Midget," critics and public realized that here was a writer of fiction to be reckoned with. This distinguished short story, "The Tree," is one of the first of Mr. de la Mare's stories to be published.

Of **W. H. Hudson** ("On the Sense of Smell") we gave in this column last month as complete a sketch as one can extract from so modest an author. Mr. Hudson was born in South America of English parents; and his extraordinary appreciation, knowledge, and understanding of the wild life of the South American jungle were acquired in the years between small boyhood and the age of fourteen, when he was sent overseas to England for his schooling. "The Little Boy Lost," one of his finest achievements, tells something of this strange and adventurous boyhood. Mr. Hudson later returned to South America; but it is the strength and beauty of these early impressions which have most colored his literary work.

Bernice Brown, ("Miracle") appears in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the first time. She was born in Iowa, but the family moved to Duluth, Minnesota, when she was eight. Duluth was, and still is, perhaps the center of the lumber district of the Northwest. Just over the great shoulder of hill to the north still stands the virgin forest threaded by narrow roads that are only enlarged deer trails over the hills and following the streams. Miss Brown went to public school and the talk of all of the sons and daughters of lumbermen and miners and sailors was of the forests and the "range" and the Great Lakes. She writes: "Much that I now remember of this country is probably pretty inaccurate, but I still have an impression as vivid as then, and the accuracy of that feeling I do not doubt at all." From Duluth the family moved back to Iowa, and Miss Brown was sent East to college. There she was one of the associate editors of the Wells College Chronicle. She writes us:

> It was not difficult, considering my position of vantage, to see a story of mine each month in print. Since coming to New York, however, I find my college record of assured publication impossible to maintain, though I must say I work a great deal harder now than in the old days of "first, fine, careless rapture."
>
> The first story I ever had published in a regular magazine was located in England. I have never been in England, but I did n't let that interfere with any descriptive details with which I felt inclined to enrich the story. The editor of the magazine, after several ungentle readers had pointed out various inaccuracies, suggested that next time I write something about which it might be assumed that I had more accurate knowledge. He even suggested that I write about Iowa. I protested that nothing ever happened in Iowa, that Iowa was n't interesting. He pointed out to me that neither was New England until Hawthorne and Edith Wharton and Robert Frost had made it so.
>
> Just by chance I stumbled upon an Iowa story, and the editor who published it decided he wanted a series. So I had to go in for the Middle West in earnest. And I discovered how terribly various it is. Iowa is very unlike Minnesota, and Minnesota is very unlike itself. There is endless fiction material, picturesque, dramatic, enthrallingly human all through that tame country.

Mary Austin ("Religion in the United States") is known throughout the world as one of America's genuinely creative minds; sometimes her medium is poetry, sometimes the novel or the short story, and frequently, as in this case, the essay. Mrs. Austin was born in Carlinville, Illinois, of the fifth generation of American stock, the founder of her family having come to America from France with Lafayette. When she was graduated from college at nineteen, she went to southern California where the next sixteen years of her life were spent. She came to know intimately the desert and the mountains and gained

1,820,000 Telephones Moved

In the telephone business every day is "moving day". Telephone subscribers are probably the most stable and permanent portion of our population; yet during the past year one telephone out of every seven in the Bell System was moved from one place of residence or business to another at some time during the year.

The amount of material and labor, and the extent of plant changes involved in "station movement" are indicated by the fact that this item of service cost the Bell System more than $15,000,000 in 1921.

To most people, the connecting or disconnecting of a telephone seems a simple operation of installing or removing the instrument. As a matter of fact, in every case it necessitates changes in the cables and wires overhead or underground. It also necessitates changes in central office wires and switchboard connections; in subscribers' accounts and directory listings; and frequently requires new "drop" lines from open wires or cables.

The problems of station movement are among the large problems of the telephone service. Because of the double operation of disconnecting and re-connecting, the work involved is often twice as great as in the case of new subscribers. With nearly 2,000,000 changes a year, it is only by the most expert management of plant facilities that Bell service is enabled to follow the subscriber wherever he goes.

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a real knowledge of Indian life, customs, and literature. In 1903 her first book, "The Land of Little Rain," a description of her desert experiences, appeared and at once attracted wide attention. The most important of Mrs. Austin's desert books is "The Flock," which H. G. Wells drew on heavily for certain parts of his "Outline of History." She spent several years abroad and in 1910 returned to this country to produce her play "The Arrow Maker." Since then she has made New York her working headquarters, but spends part of each year in the Southwest. Every year she disappears for a time and, usually under another name and identity, loses herself in the common life of the American people. One year she was with the Penitentes in New Mexico and another with the Non-Partisan Leaguers in Minnesota. Last summer she lectured at the Fabian Summer School in England, giving interpretations of American life and literature. Mrs. Austin wrote us not long ago:

Bernice Brown

I don't know that I am distinguished for anything in particular unless it be for the gift of access to the collective American mind. If I had time I could tell you quite convincing tales of how I have always been able to anticipate the turn of general interest in a given and otherwise unsuspected direction.

But as this is something I was born with, I suppose it really isn't half so much a credit to me as the fact that I once took a prize for my apple jelly.

Richard Connell ("A Reputation") will be recalled as the author of "Mr. Pottle and the South-Sea Cannibals." At first, Mr. Connell proved gun-shy when we attempted to unearth matter of biographical interest to our readers. Finally patience was rewarded with the following "scholarly" communication:

The Home Life and Habits of a Typical Specimen of the Domestic Genus of Author (*Scribendus Americanus*). *Being a Scientific Monograph by Prof. H. Fabre Blab*, (*Sometime Incumbent of the Chair of Natural History, Gumph University*).

Many varieties of the common or garden variety of author (*scribendus americanus*) are to be found, especially in and about New York. They run in schools and are found most often in the shade of publishing houses. The habits of this interesting little creature differ widely from the habits of the plumber (*pipemonius domesticus*) and the business man (*Rotarius profitus*) to whom, however, it is distantly related.

When young, authors are shy and hard to approach, but if treated kindly and given crumbs, they rapidly get over being camera-shy, will learn to feed out of the hand, and, when house broken, make excellent pets. They should be fed with checks and puffery, and the location of their cage changed frequently.

When older they tend to have savage spells, during which they snap at the hands that feed them, and go into perfect paroxysms of rage if a critic (*dumbellus sourballus*) approaches the cage.

Let us, fellow scientists, examine a new specimen recently caught and now observable in the Century Literary Zoölogical Gardens. It is known as a connell, and is a young male, about twenty-eight, weighing 180 pounds, in good condition, and is still comparatively wild. It has brown markings about the face and arms, due to exposure to the tropical sun of Connecticut, its habitat. I cannot agree with Professor Dr. Gugg of Munich that the steel spectacles on its nose are hereditary. I do agree with Professor Pyzzyky of Prague that its habit of serving double faults and driving volleys into the net is due to environment. The connell, by nature, is migratory. If allowed to, it summers in Connecticut, falls and winters in New York, and springs in Paris. I deduce that it spent its larva days in a Harvard cocoon, and its nursing period in a newspaper *crêche*. I detect evidences that it has been engaged in warfare.

The connell has periods of great activity; it holds a pencil in its mandibles and makes marks on paper with great speed. It then has periods of rumination. Its temper is uncertain. I made it quite furious by waving a blue pencil before it one day.

One morning two months ago I discovered in its cage a bright orange object, called a book, a thing to which these creatures apparently attach great importance. I deciphered this inscription: "The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon, and other Humorous Tales," by Richard Connell.

It consists of a great many words placed end to end. My analysis of these words leads me to the sad, but unescapable, conclusion that the connell does not take life seriously, and that he appears to consider all creatures, including those of his own species, inexpressibly droll. A lamentable attitude! I note that one of the "stories" as these creatures call them, appeared in The Century; I shall have to write to the editor about this. I shall ask him, right to his face, "Wither are we drifting?"

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J. J. Lankes (Six Woodcuts), whom Boardman Robinson has described as "the finest wood-block man in this country," wrote us of his struggle for an art education and an opportunity to do the work he loves in a letter we regret we cannot quote entire. He says:

I was twenty-four years old when I got my first glimpse of an art school, an age when all art students should either be established or fallen by the way. Then, after a row in the so-called Art Students League, caused by the students wanting a hand in running it, I squandered a year trying to run an art school on enthusiasm alone—and studying at the same time. Another year in odd study and at odd jobs—I am just bound to drag in my pick and shovel experience, for it seems the fashion now-a-days to boast of having been a real working man. Well, put me down then as an ex-unskilled laborer, who sees no romance in raw, blistered hands and excrutiatingly painful muscles. Also if there is any glory in having been a grocery boy, I want it.

After an attempt at commercial work I discovered that my tendency was to bold effects—towards a wood-cut technique. Why an imitation when the real thing should not be harder, I asked myself? So my interest in woodcuts started. But tools, materials,—where to get them and how to use them! In 1916 I was working as chief draftsman in a sporting rifle factory and there I happened upon a small gouge used in checkering gun stocks. I acquired it. I had read pear or apple wood was used by the early wood-cutters. I hacked some blocks from an apple tree which had fallen in my father's orchard, and got busy, putting into effect the old saw about saying nothing and cutting wood.

My associates liked the results (I was working to please myself) and urged me to commercialize the work, but woodcuts would n't take worth a cent. I sent a batch of prints to the "Liberator" because I did not know of any other magazine that would publish the work of a totally unknown person, especially when the work bore no relation to the literature of the publication—that is, as an independent art expression existing for itself alone.

The fact that I am now able to devote all my time to woodcuts is because we, my wife and I and the babies, are willing to forego the thousand and one pleasures and recreations that almost everybody has. And furthermore, if any thanks are due to anybody for such things as I have done, they are due my wife who has had to put up with all the idiosyncrasies of an unbusinessly artist wrapt entirely in his work to the neglect of almost everything else. I will say she stands the gaff well.

Mary Austin

Eugene S. Bagger ("Admiral Horthy") studied in the University of Budapest and then began his career as a newspaper man in Hungary, later serving as correspondent in Copenhagen, London, and Ireland. He came to the United States in 1915 and was for a time foreign editor for the New York "Tribune." Mr. Bagger has been a contributor to "The New Republic," "The Atlantic Monthly," "The Nation," "The Survey," and other magazines. This paper on Admiral Horthy will form a chapter in Mr. Bagger's forthcoming book "Eminent Europeans."

James Hopper ("Jerrup") was born in Paris, where his father, an Irish revolutionist, had sought refuge and married. The family eventually came to this country, and settled in Oakland, California, where Mr. Hopper attended the public schools and the University of California. He taught French for a time, but newspaper work seemed to hold greater possibilities for excitement, and it was in that field he chose his career. He went to the Philippine Islands at the time our government was establishing schools for the natives, and his first stories are centered about his experiences in the tropics. Mr. Hopper went to France in 1914 as war correspondent for "Collier's." He returned to join the American troops on the Mexican border; and in 1917 went abroad once more, remaining there to the end of the war. He went over the top with the infantry at Cantigny—probably the only non-combatant who had that experience. He spends part of each year in New York, and part at Carmel, California, where "Jerrup" is set.

For the benefit of those who have not read the first three parts of Donn Byrne's novel, "The Wind Bloweth," we append the following synopsis:

Because it was his fourteenth birthday, they had allowed wee Shane Campbell a day off from school, and

Tire Competition — Good, Bad and Indifferent

THE average American was raised on the idea that the more people who competed for his trade the better off *he* was.

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* * *

There are tires which prefer to compete largely on a *price basis.* Believing that the public is more interested in the dollars and cents they pay than in the worth of what they get.

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he went alone up to the top of the Mountain of Fiona, and suddenly as he climbed he saw Dancing Town high in the air, swinging between his Ireland and Scotland across the sea. Later he met a sailor, a Raghery man, who told him about Dancing Town, which he called "Fiddlers' Green." Together they went to Shane's Uncle Robin to ask that Shane might go with the sailor to learn the trade. But five years at sea, as apprentice and navigator, had shown his eyes much and his heart little, so that when he met Moyra Dolan, it was love and not a matter of sweethearting. He had followed his dream of coming home from the sea to a swept house and a gracious, kindly woman until he was old and their sons sailed the sea in his stead. But the real house was cold and strange, and his wife was cold and strange until sudden death had come to her while she was beating Shane's faithful old hound. For six years after the death of his wife women were alien to Shane Campbell until he met *la Mielleuse* on the road to Aix. But later, when he asked her to marry him, she would not. Seven years too late, she said, and now they could only cheat destiny for a while, a sweet while. Nor would she go on a voyage with him. He was to sail his ship from port to port, then back to Marseilles, and come up the garden path in the dusk and call, "Claire-Anne!" But once when he came back he was bruised and hurt. The consul had said something about Claire-Anne; had got himself knocked down for his talk. But she said it was no lie of the consul's, and she told him how she had lived before she met him. But Shane asked her again to marry him, and again she would not. He must leave her to her appointed end, to be an old light woman, beside a little fire of straw sticks in an archway. She spoke of Shane's dagger, of how she wished she had the strength to set herself free, but she knew she had not. So when Shane climbed aboard his vessel again, the dagger was left behind, its work done. Never again would he see *la Mielleuse*. His decision was irrevocable, but right, of course; right. But it is not good that man should be alone, and when Shane made Lebanon his home, he sought a wife and found Hamadj's daughter, Fenzile, very beautiful, very kindly, very loving. And this time he vowed he would make no such mistake as before. He would not allow Fenzile to become spiritually important. But into this idyll of Beirut came Ahmet Ali, the wrestler from Aleppo, who paraded past the house, and Fenzile was only amused, not angry. Shane, however, found it intolerable. But if Fenzile should learn that he was stronger than this famous wrestler, surely she would know her husband to have all the virtues of this world, and so he fought with Ahmet Ali in the streets of Beirut and crippled him. But when Shane returned again from his voyage, Fenzile was gone—gone with Ahmet Ali, for she was very tender-hearted, and the Arab was sick and poor and without friends.

Joseph Pennell ("Getting into Russia") presents in this paper the eighth of his delightful "Adventures of an Illustrator," a series which has attracted wide and favorable comment.

Despite the fact that we have announced several times that the illustrations used in connection with Mr. Pennell's articles are purposely reprinted from old numbers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, some of them as far back as 1883, a few readers have misunderstood the intention, and have accused us of trying to foist old illustrations on them. We admit the charge of the old illustrations, but to any one who has read Mr. Pennell's articles it is apparent that new illustrations would entirely miss the point. The series has been called "The Adventures of an Illustrator," and it narrates Mr. Pennell's adventures in securing the illustrations reproduced. The drawings themselves are, further, of importance in the history of American illustration, in addition to their own intrinsic beauty. Many of them, it is interesting to know, have been printed direct from the original wood blocks made three and four decades ago. A few have been taken from book illustrations, though with one or two exceptions these were first used in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE before book publication.

The anonymous paper, "A Confession," published in the June number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, has brought forth a very interesting correspondence from readers, some of it surprising for its violence. One correspondent asks that we forward to the author a letter in which he tells him that hell is the only place for such a person as he is, and invites him to go thither. Another writer produces ten pages of manuscript of the most copious Biblical references and notes to prove every question brought up in the paper.

To offset the violence shown by these objectors to the anonymous confessor's point of view, have come half a dozen or more letters of appreciation, most of them too personal for us to print here. One is reproduced in "Informal Talks about THE CENTURY MAGAZINE" in the Centurion section. By the mass of magazine readers, however, the paper seems to have been received in the spirit of its intention: as an honest expression of one man's point of view.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for September will contain among other things an interesting group of unpublished letters of George Eliot's and an unpublished portrait of the great English novelist. The letters were written to her American friend and contemporary, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and cover a long period. Another interesting feature is Honoré Willsie's account of her adopted children. With deep human understanding and feeling Mrs. Willsie, who as a novelist and as former editor of "The Delineator" is known to a wide public, tells of her unsatisfied longing for children, of how she finally decided to adopt a child, of how she went about it, of adopting a second child, and of the many problems that arose in connection with both. Her paper is in the real sense a human document.

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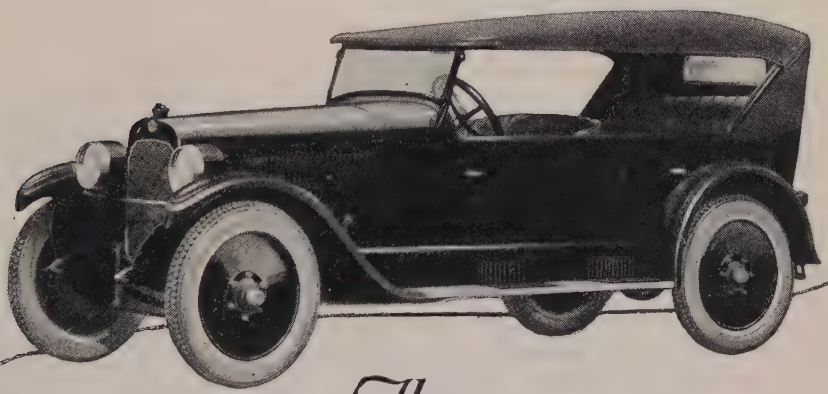

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The CENTURION

A Review of Century Publications

AUGUST, 1922

THE CENTURION is published each month first as a 16-page insert in The Century Magazine, and then is bound separately in a cover of its own and sent without charge to anyone upon request. Address The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

HOW MANY SOLDIERS?

By John Dickinson

How large and what kind of an army shall we have? Our naval policy was settled at the Washington Conference: our army policy has never been settled. Do Americans realize that a bill providing for peace-time conscription for compulsory military training was seriously considered, bitterly fought for in Congress, and deeply regretted by a considerable body of public opinion when it was lost? Do we understand what a departure from our traditional army policy this would mean, how undeniably near it approaches, whether for better or worse, an ideal of the Old World on which we once looked askance? There is a book on the land army policy of the United States which will richly repay a reading by any good citizen a portion of whose goodness as a citizen is open-mindedness. "The Building of an Army," by John Dickinson (The Century Co., $3.00), sets forth our traditional army policy and then tells the story of the A.E.F.—of the National Defense Act, the Selective Service Act, of social organization and educational work in the army: in short, the whole story of the preparation and direction of our greatest military effort. But this is not all. With all this for an enlightening background of his discussion, the author then considers our future military policy. Mr. Dickinson sets forth, and fairly, the arguments of every school (except the extreme pacifists), but he is himself an advocate of the kind of preparedness which the American people on the whole want and understand, and he inquires just what this may be with a realism that few such discussions have had, whether on the floors of Congress or elsewhere. A brief excerpt from the discussion follows.

THE question is not one which can be properly solved by general references to the practices of other countries, or by theoretical speculations as to the possibilities of war in general; it needs to be approached with a direct eye to the present conditions of American national life and to an estimate in detail of the special emergencies in which there is reasonable likelihood that the United States may become involved. The problem of preparedness has been too much dealt with in the air; what is needed is a more definite forecasting of the nature and variety of the possible military emergencies of the future and a closer attention to the materials, social, political, and economic, which limit the lines of a workable American policy of preparedness.

. . . . . .

But while individual views as to the nature of possible emergencies will vary as widely as views of what constitutes a proper foreign policy, the views which need to be given serious consideration are happily confined within the narrower limits set by the more or less discoverable temper of American public opinion; and this lends something tangible to what would otherwise be an insoluble problem made up wholly of variables. For it may be laid down as fairly certain that American foreign policy will not consistently follow the views

of aggressive imperialists on the one hand any more than it will realize the dreams of advanced pacifists on the other. It will be a human policy determined by the temper of the American people and thus ultimately by current conditions of American life. This means that for one thing it will not for a long while at least be a consistent or continuous policy in any one direction. The conditions of American life are changing too rapidly and the scope and direction of American interests are fluctuating too widely for that. While these forces of change are at work, America cannot be counted on as ready or willing to adhere to any settled line of foreign policy, least of all to a policy of deliberate and well-planned political expansion. Our situation is very different from that of the Continental nations of Europe prior to the war. Those countries had a foreign policy imposed on them by a long tradition and by a conventionally accepted conception of national needs. The possibility of extensive land warfare formed a recognized incident of that policy and was accepted as a natural consequence of expanding population coupled with nationalistic ambitions. There was general acceptance of premises which made large armies evidently necessary. Under such circumstances public opinion in France, Austria, Russia and Germany submitted sympathetically to a policy of expensive preparedness. That is not our situation. The United States may in the future become involved in a great war on land in America or some other continent, but, if so, it will be due to a hasty decision taken at the moment and to no settled plan of steady expectation of such a war as inevitable. American public opinion does not, as did European opinion in the early twentieth century, contemplate such a war as a foregone conclusion. And therefore American opinion is not ready to make the grinding sacrifices of money and effort required for adequate preparation for such a war. Hence the elements of American opinion which do look forward to such a war as unavoidable are prone to condemn the majority opinion of the country as recklessly blind to our needs. The accusation is justified if a great land war is within the range of not distant probabilities. But there is no reason to suppose that it is; and, if not, the cost of preparing for it, together with the influence that preparation would certainly have in bringing on a war of that kind, goes far to justify the normal American belief that preparation on a great scale would not be worth what it cost. But, justified or unjustified, it seems that the weight of American opinion does not contemplate or justify a foreign policy which would make elaborate preparedness a necessity; and therefore public opinion is unwilling to submit to the burdens which such preparedness would entail.

It is in any case to this public opinion that any preparedness policy which has a chance of being adopted must conform.

Lyric Hills

By T. Morris Longstreth

In the spirit of sheer lyric beauty the Adirondack mountains have been conceived, says T. Morris Longstreth, in his delightful super-guide book, "The Adirondacks" (The Century Co., $3.50): sternness tempered by a smile; silence—broken by the call of birds. His book is at once a delightfully readable narrative of happy adventurings, a miracle of putting the great outdoors between covers, and a mine of practical information. It gives routes, park regulations, a chapter on duffel; there is a good large-scale map.

HERE and there among the epic groupings of scenery upon our planet one chances upon a little lyric landscape and ever afterward cherishes it. When one comes to consider the matter, it all at once seems strange that upon a surface as extensive and as varied as this, there should be so little domestic scenery,—if that be the term for what is neither wild nor commonplace.

. . . the truth is that nature abhors a vacuum only a little more violently than she eschews a happy medium. For the most part, her mountains are too high, her oceans too big, her plains too excessively plain.

In our own country there is such an example of natural extravagance. . . . Our smallest unit is a thousand miles. A little prairie is a pleasant thing, but day after day of it takes on the nature of an extravaganza. A few Rockies here and there add considerably to the view, but ten thousand square miles of splendour is an emotional tax upon any tourist. . . .

I know a country, however, where there are no

Vesuvian smoke-pots, no Himalayan heights, no Samoan trances, no abominable abysses, and yet there are quiet lakes and haunting vistas that are utterly satisfying to a man's soul. It is a country where there is sternness, but sternness tempered by a smile; where there is silence, but silence broken by the call of birds. And if this should seem too soft to those who pine for tragic deaths, I would say that there are still spaces, wild and wide enough, wherein the bewildered man might perish of starvation were his heart set on it.

. . . . . .

How much humanity there is in the act of pitching a tent! The race seems more tender in the deed. It compounds all the past and sweetest emotions—doorstone, hearthstone, shelter, home. These are all there, renewed each setting-up time with a newness that house-buying never feels. But with Lynn and myself the rite always began with a bit of folly that I find we share with most pitchers of tents. We always had an eye to the view. The practice was even more preposterous than the theory.

The theory presupposed that we would retire at sunset with the glorious orb fading away behind the encrimsoned peaks, that we would drowse off with the evening star etching itself into our dreams, that we would awake to the enjoyment of limpid beams upspringing from a gilded horizon. The theory is flattery. The reality is disillusion. We mostly turned in dog-tired and rather late. We fell asleep with the usual speed of falling bodies. We woke in the extremity of hunger. We rose with never a glance at the horizon. There was no margin for rhapsody and only a legendary interest in anything but breakfast. And yet we always posed that tent. I trust that a subtler influence than logic can suspect, ratified the instinct.

. . . . . .

And while I am on the question of influences, I would like to add my testimony concerning that enigmatic sensation, the fear of the dark. Why, do you suppose, that two grown men who have deliberately fled the great white ways because of the enjoyment of the great unlighted,—why should they prefer to stick around the camp-fire after dark?

Once I slept alone in the woods for two months and at the end of that time I was no more broken from the faint distrust of something beyond the firelight than at the beginning. It was the safest place in the world, my Adirondack camp. There were no dangerous animals, no dangerous insects, no snakes, no tramps. I took supper regularly with friends on the other side of a lake, I paddled over alone under glorious heavens, and suffered no feeling of the nerves. But my tent was fifty feet back from the water's edge, and those fifty feet through the darkness up the familiar path verged on the unpleasant. If they had been more unpleasant I should have left a lantern at the landing to light me home, but that seemed childish. There was always a relief when I had lighted the lantern in my tent—a very slight relief, but actual. I never thought about being alone after the light was burning or minded waking up at night.

I would like to know whether forest rangers, Yellowstone guards, night watchmen and all the citizens whose legal business is conducted after dark, have this same faint distrust of it that is many degrees less than fright, yet a shade different from daylight ease. All our cave-men ancestors could not have been arrant cowards, lying in mortal terror at the approach of twilight. Yet anything short of that could scarcely have survived as instinct when so many other instincts have fallen by the way. On the other hand, if it be imagination, it should be controllable and not involuntary. Children are brave by nature, yet they suffer most. There are more things in heaven and earth and in the dark, than are dreamt of in our philosophies, Horatio.

A Really Good Western Story

By Joseph B. Ames

Just how attractive a highly popular kind of book can be when it is better than most of its kind is being proved by Joseph B. Ames's "Shoe-Bar Stratton" (The Century Co., $1.75). It is a very successful novel, and has not only a generous number of admirers among those who devour any example of the Western story generic—but many who ask a good deal of a book of any sort before awarding praise, and are inclined to ask just a bit more of a typical Western Story. It has to be a more than commonly good yarn, more than average-well handled, to gain the particular kind of praise quoted below.

THE "Philadelphia Record" says: "His story is one of the best Western stories of the year. He puts into the book the action one associates with the West, the characters that ever enliven the setting and the romance that stirs the heart and arouses the emotions. He who will live through the adventures, the conflicts and the passions of the novel will thank Mr. Ames for the delightful experiences.

"The cattle country of the Southwest is pictured glowingly by Mr. Ames. He knows that amazing region and he is acquainted with the hardy people who inhabit it. His familiarity with ranch life and the fact that he has a real lively story to tell make 'Shoe-Bar Stratton' a novel of extraordinary merit.

"In addition to adventures that relate to cattle, there develop others which relate to oil, which is remaking the Southwest with remarkable celerity.

. . . . . .

"An excellent story, which nearly all men and many women will read with delight."

THE "New York Herald" thinks that even those tired of the average thing of its sort will be pleased with "Shoe-Bar Stratton." "The motion picture and the jerry-built Wild West yarn," it says, "have so disgusted and bored most readers that we are in danger of forgetting that in competent hands even the cowboy, the ranch and the oil well can be made extremely interesting. Even where the skeleton of the plot is familiar to the point of being hackneyed, if the people are alive and really move, the stock material is just as good as ever. As to that, what more solidly engaging theme for romance is there than the good old prince in disguise coming to the aid of the beleaguered lady? And here we have a modern instance of a tale at least as old as Odysseus in the trials and surprises that await the long absent wanderer upon his homecoming—not, nowadays, to a faithful Penelope, but to a nice, fresh, up-to-date heroine. A little nearer us in time is our old friend Richard the Lion Hearted and other Crusaders too numerous to mention who came back from their pilgrimages or battles to find affairs in a mess at the home castle and often an ogre or a wicked enchantress in possession.

"The comparison to those beloved old tales is not extravagant, for Mr. Ames has more than a touch of the true romance, and he is, indeed, retelling the old story in ultra modern terminology.

. . . . . .

"It is an unusually pleasant and wholesome love story, much more real than most such, and excellently worked in as a true part of the plot. And of course it all ends as it should. But Mr. Ames lifts it out of the commonplace with entire success."

THE "New York Evening Post" finds that "the tale is well told, the characters are never overdrawn. . . . There is . . . no lack of thrilling situations. . . . So . . . it is an entertaining story with a natural and very satisfactory conclusion."

"Better Than 'Moon Calf'"

Reviews of "The Road to the World"

The book Webb Waldron wrote of a man's life from early childhood to manhood in an environment that is wholly and characteristically American—"The Road to the World" (The Century Co., $1.90)—has been received as an important and significant piece of literature. We are gratified to place before readers reviews written in such a high note of serious appreciation of a finely conceived piece and rarely sincere work.

HEYWOOD BROUN, in the "New York World," says: "It is a novel which may be described as belonging to the 'Moon Calf' school, but it seems to us an even better piece of work. . . . It cuts deeper.

"You are not likely to find many books more true than this one. . . ."

"This realistic novel is written with a fine care and feeling," says the "Brooklyn Eagle." "It is full of authentic detail, amusing and revealing. . . . The book is genuinely consistent. . . . We suspect that a sequel is on Mr. Waldron's mind. We hope so. He has done a distinguished piece of work."

William Allen White wrote to Mr. Waldron: "I enjoyed 'The Road to the World' very much. I think you have done a real job. If I can help you in any way with the book, let me know. I am very much for it."

"Commerce and Finance" believes: "That 'The Road to the World' will create a profound sensation is practically a foregone conclusion. . . . From the opening paragraph to the final chapter the author never loses his hold on the reader."

The "Boston Herald," in a long review from which the following are excerpts, says, among other commendatory things: "This is a novel of unusual quality," and, speaking of the fact that there has been something of an over-supply of books of its genre, it goes on, "But there are differences . . . and those who are getting a bit surfeited with that kind of fiction . . . are urged not to pass over 'The Road to the World.' . . .

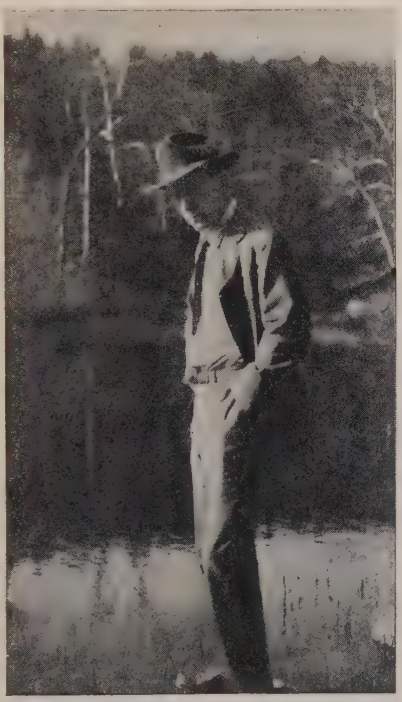
". . . For the most part the story deals with Stan's boyhood and with his college years, and it deals with them so intimately and searchingly that you know him through and through. We know of few pictures of boyhood development and gropings, of boyhood aspirations and reactions so penetrating and so convincing as that which fills the opening chapters of this book. . . .

"In its background and its situations, in its character study and its whole movement, the novel is a significant piece of work."

The "Pittsburgh Gazette-Times" says that "by the time he had read to the end . . . the reviewer felt certain that 'The Road to the World' was one of the best of the new books. A second reading strengthened that impression."

A comment on its difference from some books of its class closes a long review in the "St. Louis Star": "The book stands as the first sanely colored reply to sensational, outlaw, erotic novels. The treatment of the sex question is one of the few arresting considerations given the subject in our fiction. The story is one that will be discussed and that will influence writers as much as readers to see straight."

"It is a seriously written book to be taken seriously, to be read carefully and to be credited with a motive to write honestly the fruits of keen observation, sympathetic understanding of experiences and the reactions of a definitely outlined character to these experiences. It is this sort of writing that produces books of the superior sort."



Webb Waldron
On His Connecticut Farm

They Thrill To It!

By Readers of "The Blue Circle"

"We feel welcome thrills running from the base of the spine to the nape of the neck," says one; "one of the best mystery stories we ever popped our eyes out over," agrees another. We should not like any of its own proper friends to miss it—so here are a few selections from the things that are being said about Elizabeth Jordan's "The Blue Circle" (The Century Co., $1.90), beginning with Gertrude Atherton and Frances Hodgson Burnett.

"I READ 'The Blue Circle' through without stopping. It is one of the best, no doubt about that. I particularly like its swiftness; and although I generally can guess at the solution of a mystery story this found me unprepared," says Gertrude Atherton.

"Under the spell of 'The Blue Circle' I see myself becoming a slave to the 'mystery story,' by which I have always been bored, because it is almost invariably a relation of the adventures of cardboard figures. Real human beings are always interesting. When they become involved in strange happenings they become thrilling. The characters in 'The Blue Circle' are human. They might live next door." This is Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Then the "Boston Transcript": "Another mystery novel! Nevertheless the jaded reader, the tired working girl, the wearied stockbroker, even the exhausted mother seeking a respite from her domestic cares, will soon become absorbed in this latest story by Miss Jordan. For her style is clear and her touch sophisticated. Her method is driving, forceful exposition, with hints of adventure to come; and her character drawing makes her work easily equal to Oppenheim's earliest (and best).

"We first meet Renshaw arriving at the palatial home of David Campbell with a letter of introduction. 'I want to be sure we are not overheard' is Renshaw's first surprising statement. 'I—have come here to ask you to buy me,' is his second. Now, given these two 'leads,' much may be involved of an intensely exciting nature, as any connoisseur of mystery literature may perceive. When the heroine arrives, at the close of the first chapter, she treats Renshaw with contempt. That adds a zest to the narrative. When Jenks, the seasoned retainer, suggests to Renshaw that he ignore sounds heard after nightfall, we feel welcome thrills running from the base of the spine to the nape of the neck! Nor are such premonitory symptoms groundless. All expectations are realized before the hero and the heroine, chaperoned by a white linen nurse, plight their troth across a white linen pillow!

"Miss Jordan has written her story in good English. It is a story of indefatigable adventure, poison, royalty and—romance. Her abilities for this kind of writing place her in the front rank with Le Quex and Anna Katherine Green. Even the author of the Fantomas stories will soon be surpassed by her. This is an admirable tale of its kind."

A part of what "Town and Country" says is that "in the first place it is extremely well written, with very definite literary qualities." A bit more from a fairly long review is: "Miss Jordan succeeds within the covers of the same book, in addition to a very satisfactory mystery story, in creating a very creditable tale of love at first sight against an unusually real countryside background. The mystery side of the matter is handled conscientiously and thoroughly. . . . All in all it is a very well-done thriller."

The "New York Evening Post" thinks that "it is a mystery tale that develops its tension with considerable skill and preserves its suspense to the end. It produces its effects by suggested dangers rather than by accomplished deeds of violence and creates an atmosphere that has sufficient of the normal to emphasize the extraordinary nature of the happenings that arouse the hero's concern. The plot develops around the presence in the house of a wealthy and eccentric old man of a younger one who, to escape his own fear of responsibility, has sold himself to the former for the period of a year. Scarcely has he been installed in his home before strange occurrences begin to take place, and Renshaw finds himself confronted with a mystery of a baffling sort. How he discovers the source of the former and ultimately lays bare the latter, falling in love the while, form the ingredients of an interesting tale."

The "Richmond Times-Dispatch" offers advice. We think it good: "This is a great book for the porch hammock, or better still, a roaring fire and a pipe, provided you are not in the house by yourself. It is a refreshing departure from the moribund sex stories that have glutted the market of late. Put it in your grip for the summer—you will not regret it."

Loafing Down Long Island

By Charles Hanson Towne

A project of exploring afoot the "wonderful places, though handy to home" which Long Island provides to New Yorkers was carried out by Charles Hanson Towne together with several companions—one at a time. It yielded him an astonishing variety of experience, of beauty, of interest, and has been made into a book, "Loafing Down Long Island" (The Century Co., $2.50), which has been charmingly interpreted by Thomas Fogarty, in delicate line drawings laid over a tint plate, on many pages. Both artist and author have caught the very "feel" of Long Island.

THERE are many beautiful gardens in Southampton, but I saw only two of them, each lovely in a different way. One was that of Mr. H. H. Rogers, a formal Italian thing of glory, with the sea singing almost up to its very borders, and with nothing between it and Spain but this same plunging, foaming ocean. For the narrow strip of land that begins at Fire Island ends at Shinnecock Hills, and Southampton triumphantly touches the sea itself and listens to her song all day and night. The other was the less formal garden of Mr. James Breese, back in the town proper, a riot of luxurious beauty, with vistas east and west, north and south . . . a fragrance forever arising out of the clean, opulent earth. Down such garden walks one would love to loiter through the slow summer afternoons, or see the moon spill its silver on quiet nights. The peace of gardens! The assuaging comfort they bring with the noisy world on the other side of their high walls, over which only the green vines clamber and peep!

After the colorful and stiff parade of Southampton, it was soothing to get to quiet Water Mill, only a few miles away, where the dunes rise high, and where Gordon and I, thanks to a lavish hostess, were given a picnic on the beach on a certain evening when the stars were blazing the sky and the moon was a fragment of pearl against deep-blue velvet. If you ever pass through Water Mill, be sure that you turn sharply to the right when you come to a house set at the side of a little inlet, and make for the shore about a mile beyond. The sand has formed mighty hillocks here, and far as the eye can see there is a noble coast-line, with spray continually veiling the shore as the first snow softly envelops the world on a December day. A few houses bravely face the thundering sea, and one or two were recently washed away, I was told, in a great storm.

The day after our picnic we went by motor to Easthampton, that lovely old town with one of the finest main streets in America, shadowed by elms, chestnuts and maples. In the center of it, beyond the great flagstaff, is a quiet little cemetery rolling down to a stream, whereon a swan or two drifts and dreams the hours away, like those sleeping under the hill. It was here that "Home Sweet Home" was written, and the house where Paine penned his immortal words is still standing, a shingled cottage with old doors and windows and cupboards, now made into a little museum. John Drew, Augustus Thomas, and Victor Harris are among those who make their summer homes in Easthampton, and there is a colony of as interesting folk as one could wish to meet. By no means so smart as Southampton, this town has a charm distinctly its own, a rich tone and color like some old volume. And it *is* an old village, for it was settled in 1649. I know of no better place to wander about. There are byways in every direc-

tion, and there is always that broad, heavenly and shadowy main street to come back to. No wonder Paine would write his deathless poem in such a spot!

Amagansett, another old village, as fragrant as fresh hay, lies just beyond, drowsing the long summer hours away, dozing peacefully through lazy afternoons.

And then you reach a poorer hamlet, with the delightful name of Promised Land. We saw a tiny cottage here by the edge of the road that spelt serenity, if ever a house did. It was covered with thick vines, and its three stone chimneys rose like protecting bastions. The clipped lawn told of order and harmony and a sense of decent pride, and I imagined charming old ladies living here on a patrimony, content with life, happy in a hamlet with such a heavenly name. What a place for the sunset days of one's allotted span!

Until you reach Montauk, this is the last cluster of houses before the point is finally won. Many people had discouraged us from going beyond Easthampton, saying the roads were impossible, if not utterly impassable. But do not be deceived. The cinder path that begins almost as soon as you are out of Promised Land, and soon develops into a good dirt road, is fine and hard, equally good for foot-farers or motorists. True, it is narrow, and if you are in a car, you will have to watch out for other travellers and turn at the right spot, as trolleys must delay at given sections when there is only a single track. Beyond this, there will be no difficulty, and soon you will find yourself entering a locality as bleak as that country described in "Wuthering Heights." The moon must look like this. Gaunt ribs of sand rise on the ocean side, and here and there is a lonely coast-guard hut. It is as forlorn as the devastated regions of France, with formations in the dunes like shell-craters. Only the tanks are missing, and the stark lines of telegraph poles make you think of the crosses in Flanders Field, row on endless row.

There is waving salt grass, once in a while a pink marshmallow rose will lift its pathetic face in the sun. The sand-dunes take on a purplish tint, and there are purple shadows like miniature caves, with the sea forever chanting and beating its tireless hands upon the lonesome shore. Scrub-pines appear, and then a little forest of scrub-oaks, until you imagine you are in Italy. A lonely railroad-track follows you on the left; and that, with a wireless station farther on, are the only reminders of civilization. You are suddenly and gloriously out of touch with the world; and then you realize that, through the miracle of a modern invention, you can never get quite away from the vast city you have left so far behind you.

The island grows very thin here, and with the loud ocean on your right, you have also glimpses of Napeague Bay, Fort Pond, and Great Pond on your left. It is a constantly and curiously changing scene through which you wander. One moment you exclaim, "Why this is Scotland!" and the next there will come a definite dip in the land, and you will discover farmers tilling the soil, and think you are in Connecticut. It is astonishing that so restricted a territory can contain so many shifting scenes.

And now the lighthouse, which has stood on the point one hundred and twenty-three years, gazing with its great eye from the edge of the world out to the limitless ocean. The present keeper has been there nine years, and his assistant told us that last winter, in a heavy storm, they were virtually cut off from the world for three months, and he and the keeper's young daughter trudged through drifts of snow to Promised Land, nine miles away, for groceries and other supplies, and had, as one can imagine, a hard time of it. This young assistant, Mr. Keirstead, had been slightly shell-shocked in the war, and he found the quiet life at the point soothing to his nerves.

"But is n't it lonely for you all?" was the inevitable question, asked of every lighthouse-keeper.

"O, maybe, a bit; but we love it. And there are plenty of visitors in summer. In winter we can read, and we have a happy time of it."

The quarters where these two families live are as neat as wax, and I can imagine how the fresh salt air helps one's appetite. We grew hungry, seeing a delicious plate of hot cakes on the table.

During the Spanish-American War certain of our troops were camped at Montauk Point, and the spot hummed with soldiers and Sunday visitors. Now it has almost forgotten those busy days, and has gone definitely back to its natural calm and peace.

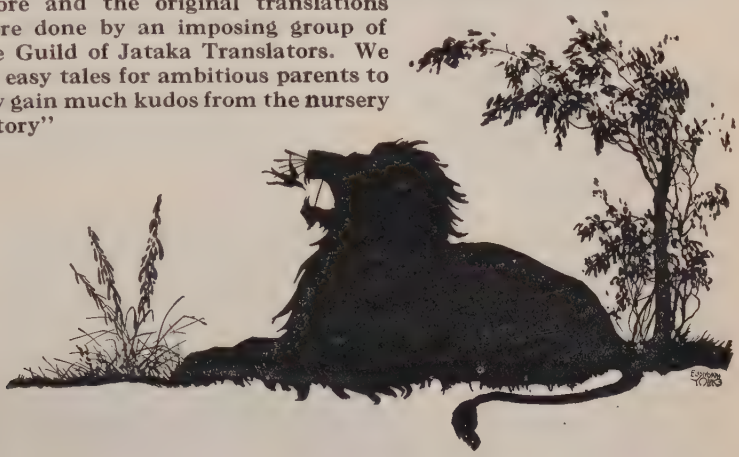
Gordon and I were motored back to Southampton, and there we took a train to town. This was always an anticlimax, for no matter how tired one might be, after footing it here and there, or even after motoring, one has no desire, particularly after a period of exultant freedom, to become part of a common package—a bean, as it were, joggling against other beans in a stuffy smoker . . .

Of course the ideal way to return would be not in a motor, but in an airplane—exultant freedom magnified a hundredfold, since there is no sensation of aloneness and aloofness to compare with a journey through the air. To get back thus romantically and ecstatically to the workaday world would be the essence of delight. But one cannot ask, and expect to receive, every known form of joy on this prosaic earth . . .

Sanskrit for Babies

By Ellen C. Babbitt

Quaint, wise, brief tales for little children, very simple in form and of enthralling interest to them, are the selections from the East Indian Jatakas contained in "More Jataka Tales" (The Century Co., $1.25), by Ellen C. Babbitt. They have a quality that gives them an interest to adults, too, and might justly be described as "bedtime stories that do not bore"—the reader. No wonder—for they are in fact drawn from a basic primitive folk-lore and the original translations from the Sanskrit were done by an imposing group of learned professors, the Guild of Jataka Translators. We suggest that these are easy tales for ambitious parents to memorize, and thereby gain much kudos from the nursery tribe when "tell us a story" time comes round.



LIKE the story that follows, many of these Jatakas are tales of animals, wise or foolish, playing one another all sorts of tricks, somewhat after the manner of the Uncle Remus stories—but with the beautiful and classic simplicity of the sacred fable rather than the delightful but somewhat easy and shuffling gait of the inimitable Southern darkey.

The first volume of these tales retold by Miss Babbitt, published with a foreword by Felix Adler in 1912, has been so popular as to suggest another volume. The new stories are in the same mood as those earlier ones, and are illustrated, as were those, by the highly original silhouettes of Ellsworth Young.

ONE day while a Lion was eating his dinner a bone stuck in his throat. It hurt so he could not finish his dinner. He walked up and down, up and down, roaring with pain.

A Woodpecker lit on a branch of a tree near-by, and hearing the Lion, she said, "Friend, what ails you?" The Lion told the Woodpecker what the matter was, and the Woodpecker said: "I would take the bone out of your throat, friend, but I do not dare to put my head into your mouth, for fear I might never get it out again. I am afraid you might eat me."

"O Woodpecker, do not be afraid," the Lion said. "I will not eat you. Save my life if you can!"

"I will see what I can do for you," said the Woodpecker. "Open your mouth wide." The Lion did as he was told, but the Woodpecker said to himself: "Who knows what this Lion will do? I think I will be careful."

So the Woodpecker put a stick between the Lion's upper and lower jaws so that he could not shut his mouth.

Then the Woodpecker hopped into the Lion's mouth and hit the end of the bone with his beak. The second time he hit it, the bone fell out.

The Woodpecker hopped out of the Lion's mouth, and hit the stick so that it too fell out. Then the Lion could shut his mouth.

At once the Lion felt very much better, but not one word of thanks did he say to the Woodpecker.

One day later in the summer, the Woodpecker said to the Lion, "I want you to do something for me."

"Do something for you?" said the Lion. "You mean you want me to do something more for you. I have already done a great deal for you. You can not expect me to do anything more for you. Do not forget that once I had you in my mouth, and I let you go. That is all you can ever expect me to do for you."

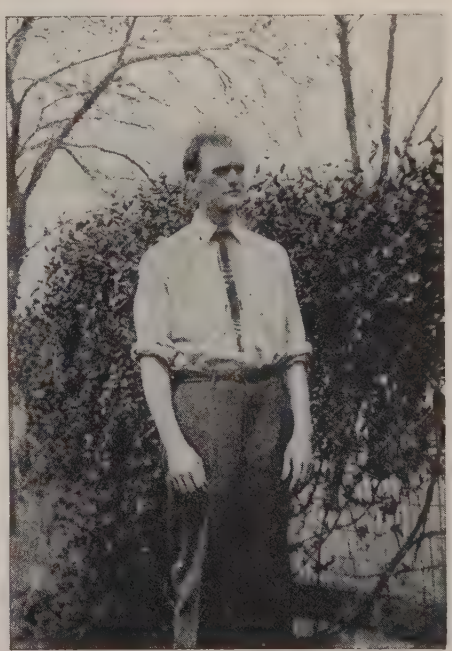
The Woodpecker said no more, but he kept away from the Lion from that day on.

"The Best Southern Novel of a Decade"

By Charles Hanson Towne

Many extraordinary reviews have appeared of T. S. Stribling's "Birthright" (The Century Co., $1.90). We choose to reprint a portion of Charles Hanson Towne's in the "New York Tribune," in which he says of this story depicting a negro Harvard graduate returning to his Southern home town that the author has "done it nobly and beautifully—yes, superbly—without the slightest sentimentality . . . not only a splendid study of the negro, it is a splendid American novel; a story which could be the result only of years of patient and keen observation."

NOT in years has a tale held me as this one has, the petty meanness that Peter Siner came to experience at the hands of those who should have read deeper into his sensitive consciousness; the awful day-to-day struggle in the face of circumstances that stood like a bastion before his spirit; the lack of some one—any one—with whom to talk things over, until finally his path crossed that of old senile Captain Renfrew. He thought, for one brief hour, that his griefs were at an end—that he had found the perfect friendship, the perfect relationship with a Caucasian, that the doors of life had at last opened wide, and he could walk in light and beauty ever after. But his hopes were dashed to the ground, and the old order prevailed once more, the old darkness came upon him again: and the shadow of his dreams was distorted as they tumbled and crumbled in a mass at his feet.



No, He Is Not a Negro

The contrast in the man's pitiful life, after the New England university, when he comes back to that little ill-smelling village in the Tennessee mountains—how terrible it must have been! The very odor of the kitchen in his mother's cabin breaks through the printed page and smites you. The hopelessness of it all—the unbelief of his own people in what he aspires to do; the dogging of his footsteps by the light-fingered Cissie, who loves him and craves marriage with him, though she knows he should seek someone higher in their sad social scale; the hideous quarrel with Cissie's lover, and that awful walk through the dusk, with a pistol pointed at his back; the encounter with the Sheriff and the poor girl on her way to the county jail; the death of his mother and the wailing of the inhabitants through that long night, until the whites, over the river, woke and wondered what the eerie sounds could portend—all these things and more Mr. Stribling puts before you in a gleaming panorama, and the whole novel moves forward with the inexorableness of a Greek tragedy. It is a symphony, with shades of sound, gradations of tone, shaking chords and trembling violins. But it is not all grief and tragedy. Mr. Stribling catches the mirth of the negro from time to time, though he insists that the white man's conception of him as an eternally happy being is utterly untrue. . . . He does not gloss the negro over, he does not apologize for his shortcomings. He is too great an artist for that. He merely shows the black man as he is . . . He simply states the terrible facts as they are . . .

"Birthright" cries aloud for quotation, but it would be unfair to give here even one sentence from this magnificent chant of the pathos and power, the joy and sorrow of the American black man. If you do not come away from it with a fuller sense of what a man like Peter Siner must suffer each hour of his life, then you must be callous indeed. This book is worth a dozen like "Main Street" and "If Winter Comes."

A PERSONALITY PAGE

CENTURY travel writers are pretty well spread over the globe at this season: E. Alexander Powell is in Persia and nearby territories for book and magazine material. Harry A. Franck, at the moment when this will be read, is probably eating in the home of a Hairy Ainu in Northern Japan. Herbert Adams Gibbons is in the country around Constantinople at present, and will cover all the Near East before he returns. Charles Hanson Towne, whose cheerful book of a walking trip, "Loafing Down Long Island," has been so well received, has just departed from New York to ramble in the land of the Acadians for another book. And Webb Waldron, Frederick O'Brien, Sydney Greenbie and T. M. Longstreth probably will soon be on their separate ways to new, strange or far-off places.

RAYMOND FRANCIS YATES, author with L. G. Pacent of "The Complete Radio Book," has a title somewhat rare in the magazine field: not only is he radio editor of the "New York Evening Mail," but he is "editor emeritus" of "Popular Science Monthly."

DR. JUNE E. DOWNEY, co-author of "Plots and Personalities," had experimented somewhat along the lines of the new book—that is, in making studies of the creative faculty as it actually functions—before she agreed to work out Dr. Slosson's ideas with some of her classes in the University of Wyoming, where she is Professor of Psychology, and the University of Chicago, where she has been a lecturer. She is the author of "Will-Temperament and Its Testing" and other books, and a contributor of critical articles, poetry and psychological material to the general and psychological magazines.

JOSEPH BUSHNELL AMES, author of "Shoe-Bar Stratton," was born in Titusville, Pennsylvania, in the oil region, but removed to Morristown when only twelve. He has lived there, for the most part, ever since. He was educated for a career as a mechanical engineer at Stevens Institute, Hoboken, and did actually spend five years with the Public Service Gas Co. of New Jersey. But he took up writing as a profession in 1914, beginning with outdoor articles and boys' stories of the Boy Scout and outdoor variety, "Shoe-Bar Stratton" being his first novel. As will be seen from a glance at even the few reviews we have been able to quote in this CENTURION, it is a highly successful one.

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS is revisiting his familiar ground, the Near East, to observe conditions there following the World War—conditions which have already impressed him in such a way that he has agreed to the title "An Optimist in the Near East" for the book he is to bring out.

He is evidently known to the Soviet officials. Perhaps as a writer who has shown a special sympathy for France (no friend of Russia, these days), perhaps only as one of those dangerous creatures, a writing bourgeois. At any rate, he sends a letter to a friend in The Century Co. as follows:

"After three weeks with the Greek armies in Asia Minor and a fortnight in Constantinople, I decided to take a peep into Soviet Russia before beginning my journey through the Balkans.

"So I went to Batum. But when I got off the ship the Bolsheveki saw me. Thank God, I saw them first, and was able to beat them to the gang-plank.

"I am returning to Constantinople a safer and a wiser man."

YOUNG HARRY A. FRANCK, JR., may or may not appear in the columns of THE CENTURION, some day, as a Century author. But the story of what happened to him on his first major journey with his famous wanderer father shall be told. The young man's father writes to his publishers that:

"He can trot about the deck in the stormiest weather and very rarely get even a light tumble.

"One mean trick was played on him, however. As you probably remember, he was born on April 25, 1920. Therefore he had naturally been looking forward to that date this year, in order to celebrate properly. But there was n't any such date. On the evening of the twenty-fourth we crossed the 180th meridian, and when we woke up the next morning it was the twenty-sixth! So I suppose, never having reached his second birthday, he will never grow up—though he is giving every visible sign of doing so."

INFORMAL TALKS ABOUT THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

LAST month in this column we printed a letter from Major E. Alexander Powell telling of his adventures on a motor journey from Paris to Constantinople—the first journey of this kind across the continent since 1914. Now comes from Major Powell a letter that is a sequel to the one of last month, since it carries the story of his adventures on into the Near East. The letter is dated "East of Damascus, in the desert, thirteenth of May, 1922." Major Powell writes:

"I am writing this scrawl in a ramshackle Ford car driven by a crazy Arab on our way to join the caravan (which we shall overtake about 100 miles out in the desert) with which we are going straight across northern Arabia to Bagdad. If nothing happens, and anything *may* happen in the desert, we should reach the Euphrates in eleven or twelve days. We had planned to go across by motor, via Aleppo and Mosul, but the northern tribes are making trouble, the French have had to withdraw their outposts, and we could not find any one with a car who was willing to take us. We had about decided that we should have to go by the Red Sea—Persian Gulf route—when the British consul in Damascus informed me that a special caravan was just starting for Bagdad by the direct route, composed of former Turkish officers who fought with the Hedjaz forces during the war and are now being sent across to Bagdad to join the Emir Feisal, who is now King of Irak. There are about sixty camels in our outfit, and some thirty rifles; so, unless we fall in with a big tribe, we shall be able to take care of ourselves. Because of my back, which is not yet as strong as I should like, I am going to make the journey, about six hundred miles, on a horse, but the others are riding racing dromedaries. The French military authorities have provided me with rifles and ammunition, and from a sheik who is one of the most notorious gun-runners in Arabia I have obtained letters of introduction to the chiefs of the tribes we are likely to run into on the way, so I do not anticipate any serious trouble. Though Hadji Mohammed Bassam, the millionaire camel merchant who is running the show, assures me that he has already paid the regular tribute demanded by the big tribes through whose territory we pass, there is always a chance, of course, that we may be attacked by some smaller, irresponsible tribe out for booty. But the British military authorities are very reassuring. The chief of staff in Palestine was particularly optimistic about our getting through.

"'If you are kidnapped in the British sphere,' he said, 'we 'll send out our planes and jolly well bomb the beggars until they let you go.' He did n't explain how the British airmen were to differentiate between captors and captured, but I did n't press the matter.

"I think you will admit that it promises to be a very interesting trip. When General Gouraud, the French high commissioner in Syria, heard what we purposed, he exclaimed, 'Un voyage magnifique!' Don't get the idea that desert travel is cheap, for it is n't. We are paying Mohammed Bassam nine hundred dollars in gold for transporting the four of us from Damascus to the Euphrates, and our outfit and food cost four hundred dollars more. We have three camel-loads of food and two of water, the latter being particularly essential, as by the route we are taking there are no wells whatever for the first five days. My companions are Harvey S. Ladew, the well-known Long Island hunting-man; DeWitt Hutchings, vice-president of the Mission Inn of Riverside, California, who was a famous Princeton athlete in his time, and Sherin, Ladew's valet, who was in the British army during the war and is a mighty useful man to have along.

"I wish you could see us. We are all wearing Arab dress, with *keffiehs*, *agals*, and abayalis, bandoliers stuffed with cartridges, Mausers, and the rest. We look for all the world like the Arab contingent in Buffalo Bill's Wild West. As a matter of fact, we are facing precisely the same conditions which were faced by the American frontiermen who crossed the plains fifty years ago. The only difference is that we use camels instead of horses and are in danger of attack by Arabs instead of Indians.

"The desert across which we are motoring is a revelation. It is so hard and smooth that the Ford is making twenty miles an hour.

"Despite the discomforts, we have had a perfectly bully time thus far, and I have picked

up a tremendous lot of material for the articles and books. The day we left Constantinople I had an hour's audience with the sultan, who received me in the Palace of Uildiz Kiosk. At Beirut General Gouraud, the French high commissioner, gave a large dinner for us at the residency, and Sir Wyndham Deeder gave another for us at government house in Jerusalem.

"From Bagdad we shall motor across Persia to Teheran (about five days, I understand), thence to Euzeli, on the Caspian, and across Azerbaijan, Armenia, and Georgia to the Black Sea. If the trip continues according to schedule, I expect to sail from France for America about July 1 after one of the most remarkable and comprehensive journeys taken by any traveler in recent years. When the Sultan of Turkey heard our itinerary,—Anatolia, Syria, Palestine, Transjordania, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Persia, Azerbaijan, Georgia, Armenia,—he threw up his hands and exclaimed: 'How typically American! No one but an American would undertake such a journey!'"

There is still some adventure and excitement left on the American continent: one does n't necessarily have to go to Arabia. These extracts from a letter just received from Adriana Spadoni, several of whose delightful stories have appeared in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, tell of the adventures she and her husband, Mr. Turner, have been having on a trip in southern California. The letter is dated "Tassajara Hot Springs, California—some time in June." Miss Spadoni writes:

"Here we are, after a trip that would make a most exciting adventure story if I could concoct such. Seven miles of fearful up-grade and then six miles of sheer down-grade comprised the last part of this trip. Three of us in a very much overloaded Ford negotiated to within three quarters of a mile of the summit, when we burned out a bearing, and had to back two miles down mountain turns, then literally lift the car around, and slide a few more miles until we brought up in a gentleman's chicken yard, where we planned to camp while waiting for the stage to bring our needed bearing. We had just settled down to wait when a freight stage, piled at least a million feet high with mattresses, came along and offered to tow us. Hitched by a chain, we were hauled in a sirocco of dust back up to the summit, disengaged from the stage, and left to shoot down the remaining six miles, with our brake linings burning odorously. But here we are, camped happily under the volcanic peaks, with our little type-writers, pretending to work, swimming in hot sulphur water, fishing, and wondering why we ever had the illusion that we might put in a few hours at 'literature.'"

No recent article has caused wider comment from readers than the anonymous "Confession" published in June. Two readers were outraged by it and canceled their subscriptions. The following letter is more typical of the reaction, however:

"Had you published nothing but the article entitled 'A Confession,' your magazine would be worth its weight in gold. You cannot possibly know the comfort it has given me. Though trained for something totally different, I have been obliged for many years to work with my hands at most distasteful tasks. Constant rebellion has well nigh worn out my nervous system. The fact of this fine, splendid writer of 'A Confession' being able to find peace and poise, though compelled to chop wood and cut potato-seed, has fallen upon my bruised spirit like a soothing balm. As to his beliefs, or lack of them, thank the gods for an honest man!"

The drawings by Ross Santee, the young Western artist whose first published work appeared in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE more than a year ago, have been attracting wide interest from the art critics and the public in an exhibition at the Mussman Galleries in New York. "The New York Times" says of Mr. Santee's work:

"Ross Santee, by profession a cowboy, is doing remarkable work with his plates of pitching horses and broncho twisters. With a highly modern technique, he says everything by means of a couple of shadows and half a dozen lines; tells you the story of a formidable obstinacy in the downward pull—nothing like a downward sag—of the ugly big heads and hugged-in tails of vicious little beasts, struggling to maintain their independence of riders equally bent upon domination; gives you the main features of a costume that includes heavy leather side trousers, sweeping like a skirt across the flanks of the horse; tells you in the straight line that darts from the top of the rider's head to the saddle that the victory goes to the man. It is a racy narrative, told with the brusqueness and emphasis of one practiced in the sagas of the plains. And the simplicity of the vigorous darks, in contrast with broad patches of light, ends true distinction to the workmanship."

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE NOTES

"Down among the wharves when a stiff north wind is flying,
Schooners rub and bump against the docks they lie beside;
Half-way up the masts, the billowed sails are pulled for drying;
Hawsers all are straining at the turning of the tide.
The turning of the tide! Time of wonder and of dreaming!"

YES, interest in reading "goes out to sea" in August, too, and the August number of ST. NICHOLAS, from bow to stern, has enough salt flavor to suit any one who loves the wide wastes of the ocean. The above lines from Eleanore Myers Jewett's "Down Among the Wharves" is a sample, as is also the illustration on the opposite page. I. W. Taber, the artist who made the picture you see across the way, also made the cover for the August ST. NICHOLAS. It has a great deal of "go" to it—a big transatlantic steamer, outward bound at top speed. You 'll envy those on board!

Those who like sailing craft better will be interested in Kenneth Payson Kempton's story, "In the Blood," part one of which will appear in August. You doubtless remember Mr. Kempton and his serial story, "Phantom Gold," which ST. NICHOLAS published last year. This new, two-part "yarn" is just as seaworthy, and though not so long, will carry just as much interest to the paragraph.

The opening story of this August number deals with the sea in one of its fierce moods—a hurricane. Charles Tenney Jackson in the story, "In the Wake of the Hurricane," describes graphically the result of one of these West Indian storms, and also tells how two boys saved an entire colony of French fisherfolk who had been driven out to sea in a shrimp lugger. W. P. Couse has set off the story with three excellent illustrations, one of which has been taken for the frontispiece.

Did you ever, in your younger days, make a "hide-y hole" on the beach and secret therein your treasures? The five Clayton children make theirs into a savings-bank, the money to be used in purchasing a second-hand rowboat. Their fortune grew slowly, until a "friendly fairy" happened along and emptied her purse into their "chest." Dorothea Castelhun has made a good story of this generous act, and the generous impulses which it, in turn, brings forth.

Do you know how to swim? Perhaps you 've thought it required an ocean or a lake in which to learn, and perhaps, again, you 've not been near either one. George H. Corsan, swimming instructor of wide repute and skill, in an article entitled, "Splash!" in the August ST. NICHOLAS says that a giant could learn to swim in a three-foot swimming-pool. He describes a number of the better strokes to learn, and also how to do them in a shallow pool or home-made tank.

From statistics concerning the number of people who visit the Rocky Mountain national parks during the vacation season, one realizes that there are about as many who seek the higher climes as there are those who gravitate to sea-level. It may add to your enjoyment in contemplating the wonders of Nature, as expressed in peak and cañon, to read "Mountain Sculpture" by Francis B. Atkinson in the August ST. NICHOLAS. Mr. Atkinson always personifies Nature so well that you will easily recognize her, in this article, in the rôle of a great artist, modeling and chipping her masterpieces with sun and frost instead of chisel and mallet.

Other short stories which you will enjoy include: "The King of the Turquoise Mountain," "The Key," and "Outraging Stanford Tradition." Hildegarde Hawthorne contributes an inspiring paper on "Success and Failure," and there 's some fun from Arthur Guiterman, Reginald Birch, A. B. Walker, and Charles F. Lester.

Mrs. Seaman's "The Mystery and Number Six" begins to wax more mysterious, and in "The Turner Twins," by Ralph Henry Barbour, the great similarity between *Nid* and *Nod* serves the best purpose yet. Samuel Scoville, Jr., in "The Inca Emerald," always takes the prize for thrills. This eighth instalment deals with the man-eaters, which *Professor Ditson's* party encounters, and those who are keen for the sport of the rod and reel would have their ardor dampened if they angled for the kind of fish that *Judson*

Adams found in a little South American pool. Perhaps you would like to hear about them.

"His first step took him well above his knees. There was a swirl and a flash from the center of the pool, and in an instant the whole surface was alive with a furious rush of short, deep-bodied fish towards Jud. As they approached, the old man noticed uneasily their staring, malignant eyes, and that they had projecting, gaping lower jaws, thickly set with razor-edged, triangular teeth. Suddenly the whole school were upon him, crowding into the shallow water where he stood and snapping at his bare legs like mad dogs. Before he could stir, two of them had bitten pieces of flesh out of the calves of both of his legs. As the blood from their bites touched the surface of the pool, the fish seemed to go entirely mad, snapping their fierce jaws frantically and even springing clear of the water, like trout leaping at a fly. If they had not been so numerous that they jostled each other, or if Jud had not been quicker than most men twenty years younger, he would have been terribly mutilated. As it was, when he finally reached the safety of the bank, the water which he had just left boiled and bubbled like a caldron, and two of the fish followed him so closely that they landed flapping, snapping, and squealing far up on the white sand. When Will approached them, the stranded fish tried to spring at him, clicking their jaws with impotent, savage fury."

"THE TURNING OF THE TIDE!"

An illustration for "Down Among the Wharves," by Eleanore Myers Jewett. Drawn by I. W. Taber

MENTION has been made heretofore in these columns of ST. NICHOLAS' world-wide family of readers. A devoted ten-year-old reader in Watertown, Massachusetts, writes us that she has made a collection of letters from "The Letter-Box" in the various numbers of ST. NICHOLAS. "I am making a scrap-book of them," she writes, "and I have letters from twenty-two of the United States, and also from the following countries: France, England, Africa, Australia, China, Japan, Korea, Philippine Islands, Brazil, Jamaica, New Zealand, Ireland, Hawaii, Bahama Islands, Germany, Rumania, and British Guiana." That surely is a fairly representative list, and quite a little league of nations. We feel reasonably sure that the ST. NICHOLAS readers in the above mentioned seventeen countries would meet on one common ground at least—their appreciation of the magazine.

ST. NICHOLAS seems to be the one magazine which boys and girls may bring to school with utmost freedom. The teachers do not feel that it takes away from their interest in their studies, but, on the other hand, regard it as a real help in the classroom. One North Carolina high-school girl writes: "When I took the April number to school, Miss Taber, the Latin teacher, borrowed it to read 'A Live Latin Club,' and said she was going to try the plan mentioned in it." A thirteen-year-old Idaho high-school pupil says: "You can't imagine what a help you are. In civics class we use you a lot, for your 'Watch Tower' is very interesting. Then, just a little while ago, our grammar teacher liked the English play, 'I 'll Try,' which was published in the January, 1921, ST. NICHOLAS, so well that she let us give it for a public benefit."

The article, "Spring Flowers of the Colorado Desert," by J. Smeaton Chase, struck a responsive chord with an Arizona reader, aged eleven. A paragraph from the letter: "In the May number you had an article on the Colorado desert. I read that with much interest, because I am familiar with all the plants described. I forget, sometimes, that though they are so common to me, they must be very interesting to the boys and girls of the East. Here, where I live, rattlesnakes, gila-monsters, and tarantulas are very common, as are the plants described in the article. I live within a few miles of a forest of giant cacti."

NOTES FROM THE AMERICAN GOLFER

SEVERAL months ago, when it was decided to make a department devoted to queries and answers a regular feature of THE AMERICAN GOLFER, past experiences had pretty well convinced that such a feature would prove highly interesting. However, results have led to conclusions far more decisive than had ever been anticipated. Frank confession forces the admission that, for all the efforts exerted in gathering and offering articles of various kinds dealing with the many phases and aspects of the game, still, questions propounded and the replies to these arouse apparently the keenest interest of all departments of the magazine.

It has long been recognized that golfers generally know precious little about the rules, and it is from puzzles over the playing regulations that most of the problems submitted arise. To be entirely frank, and possibly a bit brutal, it may be said that the average golfer really knows next to nothing about the rules. In fact his is at best nothing more than what somebody has called "street information," in other words, the "they say" brand. Hence the predicaments and puzzles into which his ignorance leads him are both interesting and amusing. But it should be added that he appears to get as much enjoyment out of these tangles as anybody else.

A surprising feature of this situation is the fact that quite frequently some golf official is the guilty man. It may be of interest to relate a case or two of this type that have come up recently. Not long since, the president of a well known sectional organization, playing in a tournament, played his ball into ground under repair in the rough. The rules, of course, permit a ball to be lifted from ground under repair and dropped elsewhere without penalty. However, the rule specifies that it must be dropped as near as possible to where it lay in such ground under repair, but not nearer the hole.

In the case in question, a strip of the rough intervened between the plot of ground under repair and the fairway, yet the official calmly walked across this stretch of rough and dropped his ball in the fairway. Now the rules make no distinction between fairway and rough, both being part of the course and covered by general provisions described as "through the green." Most certainly this official did not comply with the rule in that it provides the ball must be dropped as near as possible to where it originally lay, no mention whatever being made of any privilege of dropping in the *fairway* as near as possible to where it lay.

Yet it is asserted that the official, when his attention was called to the matter by his opponent, replied that he had had thirty years experience as a golfer, and ought to know what he was doing. Rather interesting, is it not?

Here is another: Rule 2 provides that there is no penalty attached to accidentally knocking a ball off a tee on a teeing ground, in addressing it with the club, when the ball is not in play. A question was submitted as to what was the rule where a player on a teeing ground made a stroke, but missed the ball entirely, then in addressing it a second time, accidentally knocked it from the tee, re-teed it and then drove it. In answer it was stated that the player was charged with at least four strokes to where the ball lay after it was eventually driven out, with a possibility that five might be charged against him in stroke play, and disqualification for the hole being played in match play.

Another sectional association official took exception to this ruling. He made the rather startling claim that there could be no such penalty, and that the player played "two" on the stroke that actually drove the ball from the tee. Interesting enough in the light of the following regulations:

Rule 2—If a ball, *when not in play*, fall off a tee, or be knocked off by the player in addressing it, it may be re-teed without penalty. . . .

Rule 9—A ball may not be touched before the hole is played out, except as provided in the rules. (The penalty is loss of one stroke.)

Definition 18—In Play—A ball is "in play" as soon as the player has made a stroke at the teeing ground. . . .

Definition 13—Stroke—A "stroke" is the forward movement of the club made with the intention of striking the ball, or any contact between the head of the club and the ball. . . .

In other words, by definition the ball was surely in play in the case cited. Also the rule with reference to accidentally knocking the ball from the tee applies when the ball is *not* "in play." Conversely it does not apply when the ball *is* "in play."

OSTEOPATHY

The Defenses of the Body

DAY and night the protective elements of the body stand guard over its welfare.

In health, they successfully absorb, eliminate and counteract the parasites of disease.

In sickness, they struggle against their own weakness, waiting for strength to come from *nerve forces* that have failed.

Within its marvelous laboratories, the body creates its own compounds to combat invading disease germs. Through its own wonderful mechanism, the body carries on those processes of elimination that insure health.

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In treating sickness the Osteopathic physician concentrates his attention upon the condition of the nervous system. By skillful adjustment, particularly *spinal adjustment*, he works to set in order the natural channels through which nerve fibres must pass.

Freed from interference the nerves function naturally. Nature's defenses quickly gain in effectiveness. Resistance to the diseased condition grows stronger and stronger. Natural forces again are operative and health returns in accord with nature's law.

Osteopathy uses no drugs. Diet, hygiene, sanitation and correct habits of living are important and necessary elements upon which the Osteopathic physicians will advise the patient.

Adjustment of structure, particularly **spinal adjustment,** is the corner stone of Osteopathy. It was the pioneer in this field and for half a century has demonstrated successfully the truths it professes.

The Osteopathic physician is required to complete a full four-year course—nine month's study in each year—in order to prepare himself thoroughly in all branches necessary for correct diagnosis and processes fundamental to healing.

Bureau of Osteopathic Education

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The CENTURY FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

THE purpose of this department is to help CENTURY readers to avoid investments in which they are likely to lose money, or in which the risks involved are greater than the circumstances surrounding the investment would justify the individual in taking; and to assist them in the choice of sound investments that meet their requirements. It is hoped that inquiry will be made regarding securities and dealers before funds are invested rather than afterwards. Questions will not be answered in regard to purely speculative operations. Return postage should accompany each inquiry.

In addition to this Readers' Service, THE CENTURY will publish in this part of the magazine each month the announcements of reliable banking or brokerage houses that it can recommend. No house will be permitted to use these pages until it has been carefully investigated, and every effort will be made to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable houses.

Address all communications to READERS' FINANCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Investment Questions and Answers

Diversifying a Small Investment

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Q.* I am anxious to invest about $1200 in safe securities as a nest egg for my two sons' education 15 years from now. I had thought of investing it with S. W. Straus & Company in Boston. Can you give me any information as to what to buy, or can I safely leave it with them? How much should I put in different stocks? Should I put it all with Straus or is it better to put it in different concerns?

A. For the investment of $1200 as an educational fund for your sons we would suggest a $500 S. W. Straus & Co. bond and $1000 St. Louis-San Francisco Prior Lien 4 per cent. bond, due 1950, selling at 71½. These two will cost you with the accrued interest on them from $20 to $30 more than $1200. We would not advise the purchase of stock for such an investment.

Bonds *vs.* Stocks

CALIFORNIA.—*Q.* Why, if American Smelting & Refining bonds are a good investment, should not the common be as good since the prospects for larger increase in value are good if its bonds go up?

A. American Smelting & Refining bonds are a good investment because there is a small issue of them and they are followed by $40,000,000 of preferred stock and $61,000,000 of common. It takes a comparatively small amount of earnings to cover the interest charge on them while it takes considerably more to cover the dividends on the preferred stock and takes more still to pay anything on the common.

Safety for a Woman's Funds

KENTUCKY.—*Q.* I have $2000 to invest and am asking your help in deciding where to place it. Is the American Telephone Company safe and does it yield a good profit? Is this a good time to buy this telephone stock? What about the Canadian Pacific Company stock? These two have been recommended to me, but I do not know anything about them, nor how much they pay. I want safety first with a good rate of interest. I will appreciate any help you may give me. I have no one to advise me and I am so ignorant of business that I really don't know what to do.

A. American Tel. & Tel. stock and Canadian Pacific stock about which you inquired in your recent letter, are both good grade stocks, but it seems to us that they are hardly suitable for one in your position, for you should not take any risk with your money. The A. T. &. T. Company paid 8 per cent. dividends on its stock for many years and last year raised the rate to 9 per cent. The Canadian Pacific has paid 10 per cent. dividend since 1911. But these stocks fluctuate considerably in price and it is not certain that they can always continue their present dividend rates. It seems to us that it would be better for you to buy high grade bonds, such for instance as the United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland 5½s, due 1937, now selling around 102½; or if you wish a fully tax exempt security, buy some of the Federal Farm Loan bonds. They are now available at prices yielding a little less than 5 per cent. The British Government bonds are not exempt from the Federal Income tax or from local taxes. You can secure these bonds through any house dealing in government and municipal bonds such as those whose advertisements you will find in THE CENTURY.

Purely Speculative Issues

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Q.* Will you kindly give me your opinion as to the future values and dividends of the following stocks: American Woolen common; Anaconda Copper common; U. S. Rubber common; Westinghouse common, and United Shoe common? I am buying as a future investment but would like to have the purchase money as safe as possible.

A. This department cannot give you advice regarding speculative operations, and the buying of American Woolen common, Anaconda Copper, U. S. Rubber common, Westinghouse common, and United Shoe for "future investment" would be speculation. These are all leading companies in their various fields and at the present time the whole stock market seems to be moving to higher levels. What the future value of these stocks is likely to be and what dividends they will pay a year or more from now we would not want to risk a prediction because we nor no one else is qualified to make such a prediction.

The L. R. Steel Corporation Stocks

NEW YORK.—*Q.* I beg to avail myself of the privilege you accord and desire your advice on an investment I contemplate in the Steel Realty Development Corporation.

A. In our opinion the stocks of all the L. R. Steel corporations are much too speculative for investment under any conditions. We have made something of a study of all the companies in this combination and it looks to us as though they are heavily overcapitalized and do not offer attractive propositions to investors. You can get a better return on your money from much safer securities.

One of the highly specialized modern professions is that of the soil surveyor. His day's work consists in analyzing different types of soils and in securing information concerning what type of farming and soil treatment is best adapted to each particular kind of soil.

Investments best suited to you

AS THE SOIL SURVEYOR serves the farmer, so the experienced bond man serves the investor.

Any National City Company representative will gladly analyze for you the different types of bonds. After a talk with you, he can advise you which types will best suit your particular requirements.

He can put before you information concerning many well secured bond issues—and, if you wish, show you a list of such bonds—bonds which the National City Company is willing to recommend.

Or, if you prefer to look over the list in advance, we will mail a copy to you upon request.

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BONDS

SHORT TERM NOTES

ACCEPTANCES

INVESTMENT & BANKING

By JOHN K. BARNES

Diversification of Investments

ONE can increase the safety of an investment by distributing the funds among a variety of securities. That is why deposits in savings banks are among the safest investments that can be made. The trustees of savings banks invest the funds of their depositors in a great variety of high-grade securities. They receive on these a somewhat higher average rate of interest than they pay the depositor and the difference goes to make up a reserve fund that will offset any loss from these investments and thus secure the depositor against any loss of interest on his money. In return for that security he accepts the lower rate that the bank agrees to pay him.

This is the principle of diversification of investments. It should be applied by the individual when buying securities just as much as by a bank when loaning out its depositors' money, or rather just as far as the amount of the individual's investment will permit of such diversification, always with regard to the amount of risk that the individual investor is justified in taking. Mr. Lawrence Chamberlain, author of the "Principles of Bond Investment," in an article in the "New York Evening Post" recently summed up the value of diversification in relation to the safety of investments in this convincing way:

"If an investor has $10,000 equally divided among 10 investments that are '90 per cent. safe' and yield 6 per cent. and one of them becomes worthless, then by ploughing in his income for two years he will have more than restored the principal sum. He might debate the preferability of putting the entire $10,000 into some one 'perfectly safe investment'; but if the Allies had lost the war, probably he would have agreed with many thousands of owners of British consols and French rentes that there is no such animal. Safe investment, like vice and virtue, is a relative term."

Diversification helps toward securing a higher rate of return on an investment. By distributing the risk in this way one can choose securities of a lower degree of safety than they would be justified in buying if they place all their eggs in one or two baskets. Then if they do not suffer any losses, against which this diversification helps to protect them, they enjoy to the full the higher rate of return that these securities give. The point is reached by which such diversification becomes of debatable value, as Mr. Chamberlain pointed out, only when the chances are that the loss of principal of the diversified investments will be greater than the excess of income from these investments over the income from a single "perfectly safe" investment.

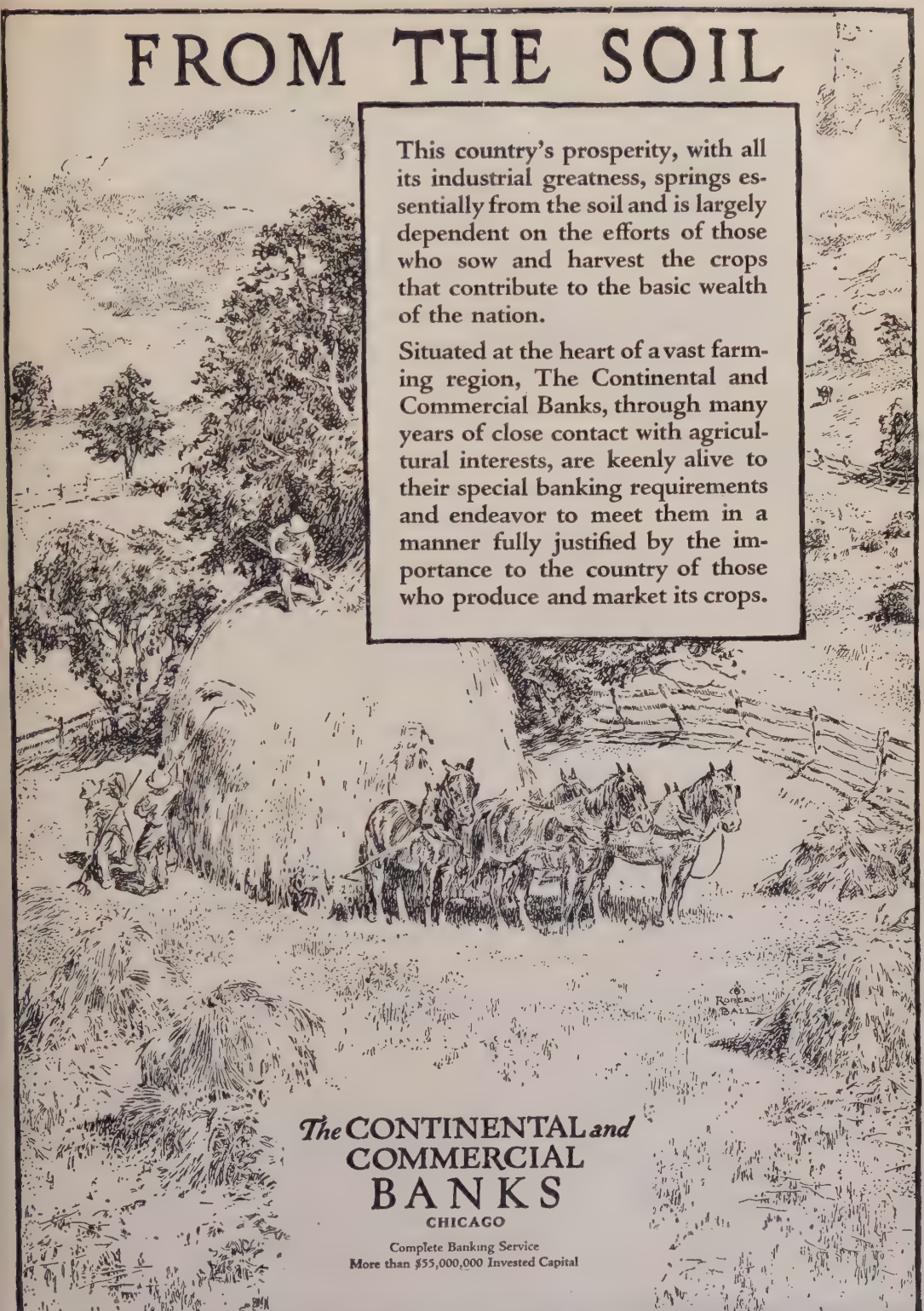
Mr. Chamberlain in his writing on this subject for the "New York Evening Post" gave three suggestive diversified lists for the investment of: (1) $100,000 for the active business man of large means; (2) $30,000 for the professional man of limited means; (3) $10,000 for the widow and orphan class. These lists are reprinted here as being of suggestive value to CENTURY readers. Mr. Chamberlain pointed out that no two men would suggest the same list for diversification, but these lists, as he says, show the principle.

"Obviously, the less a man has the less he can divide to distribute the risk," said Mr. Chamberlain. "Yet the workman who saves $100 can put it at interest in the savings bank, and his security, which is the solvency of the bank, is backed by the bank's own diversification of investments. If the workman's savings increase to $700, he can in theory (and it would not be bad dicipline) deposit in seven different savings banks.

"In the nature of things," he continued, "the active business man is more likely to be compelled to draw on his reserves. At least a part of them must be mobile. He will seek, then, large issues with broad markets. He is also more or less qualified and in a position to watch his loaned capital. He is entitled to place some of his loans abroad, but at our present stage of development these should be in 'governments' in general or in the obligations of cities in the stabler European Governments. His other investments will be largely American railroad,

(*Continued on second page following*)

FROM THE SOIL



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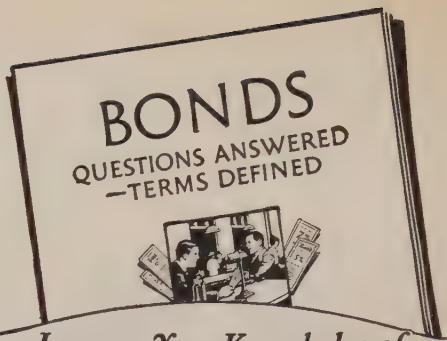

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INVESTMENT AND BANKING

(*Continued*)

public utility, and industrial bonds of relatively high yield, because he can watch them. For his less mobile reserves he can buy the same types of bonds, but smaller issues of less well known companies. For inactive reserve with high yield and relative safety he can buy real estate and real estate mortgages."

Mr. Chamberlain submitted the following suggestions:

For the business man with $100,000:

Amount	*Kind*	*Av. Yield Per Cent.*
$5,000	U. S. Government bonds	4.50
5,000	British Government bonds	5.55
5,000	French Government bonds	7.85
15,000	Miscellaneous European Governments and cities	7.00
15,000	Miscellaneous South American Governments and cities	7.75
10,000	American cities	4.75
10,000	Speculative American railroad bonds	7.00
10,000	Medium grade public utility bonds	5.85
5,000	Medium grade industrial bonds	6.80
5,000	Medium grade preferred stocks	7.40
15,000	Real estate mortgages or active high grade stocks	6.00
$100,000		

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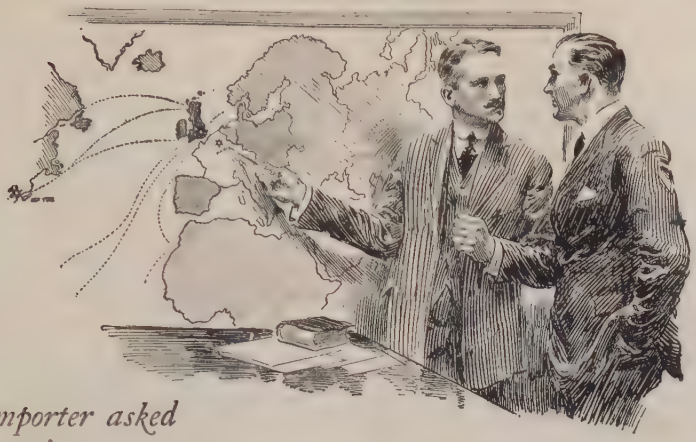

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INVESTMENT AND BANKING

(*Continued*)

For the professional man with $30,000 the following list was offered:

Amount	*Kind*	*Av. Yield Per cent.*
$5,000	Deposits in five savings banks	4.00
5,000	U. S. Government bonds	4.50
3,000	British Government bonds	5.55
2,000	French Government bonds	7.85
5,000	Medium grade American railroad bonds	5.50
3,000	High grade inactive public utility bonds in three separate companies	7.25
2,000	High grade inactive industrial bonds in two companies	7.75
5,000	Real estate mortgages, high grade preferred stocks, or high grade common stocks	6.50

For the "Widow and Orphan" class with $10,000, in which is included those of small means without capacity to care for investments and without right to liquidate part of the principal for emergencies:

Amount	*Kind*	*Av. Yield Per Cent.*
$3,000	Deposits in three savings banks or more	4.00
1,000	U. S. Government bonds	4.50
1,000	British Government bonds	5.55
1,000	Two $500 bonds of the better European cities—long term	6.85
1,000	Two $500 high grade bonds of different American Railroads—long term	4.75
1,000	Two $500 high grade bonds of different American public utilities—long term.	5.40
1,000	Two $500 high grade bonds of different American industrial companies—long term	5.20
1,000	Guaranteed real estate mortgage bonds	6.00

Mr. Chamberlain's faith in the value of diversification of investments is shown by the following story: "About a generation ago," he said, "a certain professional gentleman of Boston with large income used to convert his surplus into stocks. He would buy (and perhaps still does) one share—and only one—of each likely corporation that came to his notice. On my honor, I believe that man runs less risk of dying poor than if he put his entire wealth in the bonds of any one national government. If you dissent, talk with Emma Goldman or any Russian banker."

IN his new book, "Asia At the Crossroads," E. Alexander Powell tells of visits to Japan, Korea, China and the Philippines, and a most fascinating narrative he makes of his travels in those countries. The book is rich in substantial, well-authenticated information as to the pressing problems facing the peoples of those countries today; it is rich also in information about the genius and the habits and customs of the various peoples, all this being necessary to supply the proper background for a consideration of the tremendously important questions which the author discusses, though this background itself is as intrinsically interesting as the material in a first-class travel book.

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Henry B. Russell says in *The Springfield Union:* "Mr. Powell's book which, as has been said, also covers his observations in Japan, China, Korea, is written in that charming style of which he is a master and should be read by any wishing to lay a sound foundation for a knowledge of the Orient. With true journalistic instinct and skill he depicts both the virtues and defects of the different Oriental peoples. It is an interesting fact that, though he is quite severe in his criticism of the recent policy of Japan, his proofs were read by Prince Tokugawa and Baron Shidehara during the recent conference, who, while verifying his facts, did not complain of his opinions. His chapters on China were submitted to similar tests; though unpleasant to high officials, their fairness was recognized."

The Buffalo Commercial says: "It goes without saying that Major Powell's style is intensely interesting and with his vast experience and knowledge of international affairs his book is a work that makes clear the most perplexing subjects in the field of international politics."

("Asia At the Crossroads" is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City. The book is profusely illustrated from photographs. Price $3.00)

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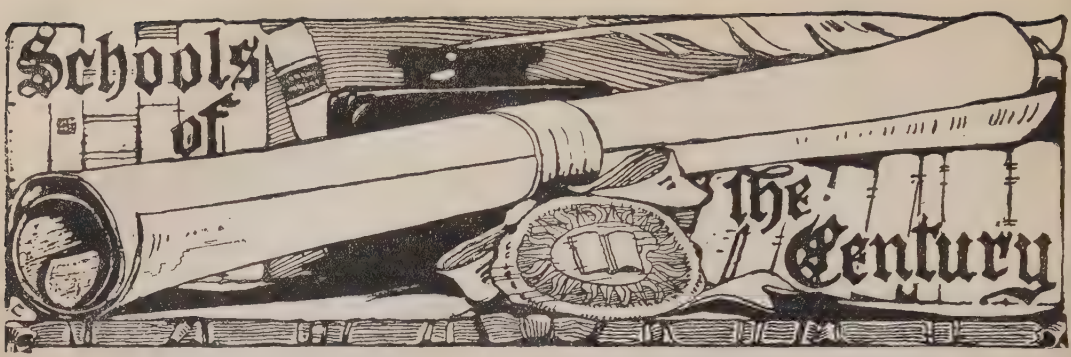

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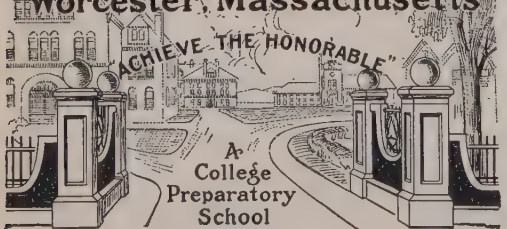

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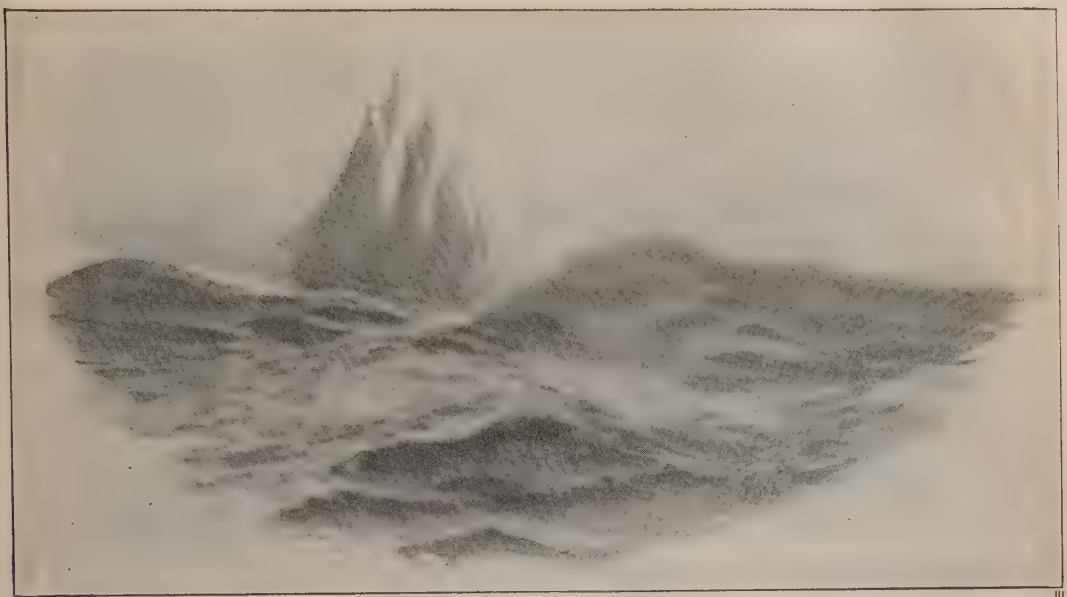

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The Tree

By WALTER DE LA MARE, *Author of* "MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET," *etc.*

Drawings by DOROTHY P. LATHROP

INCASED in his dingy and faded first-class railway-carriage, the prosperous fruit merchant sat alone. From the collar of his thick frieze great-coat stuck out a triangular nose. On each side of it a small bleak, black eye gazed absently at one of the buttons on the empty, blue-upholstered seat opposite him. His breath spread a fading vapor in the air. He sat bolt upright, congealed in body, heated in mind, his unseeing eye fixed on that cloth button, that stud. There was nothing else to look at, for the simple reason that his six narrow windows were whitely sheeted with hoar-frost. Only his thoughts were his company, while the coach, the superannuated coach, bumped dully on over the metals. And his thoughts were neither a satisfaction nor a pleasure. His square, hard head under his square, hard hat was nothing but a pot seething with vexation, scorn, and discontent.

What had invited him out so far, in weather so dismal, on a line so feebly patronized? Anger all but sparkled in his mind as he considered the intention of his journey, and what was likely to be the end of it. Twelve solid, yet fleeting, years divided him from his last meeting with his half-brother, ship-load on ship-load of exotic oranges and lemons, pineapples, boxed figs, and blushing pomegranates. At this very moment three more or less seaworthy ocean tramps were steaming across the watery channels of the world laden with cargoes of which he was the principal consignee. He stretched out his legs, crossed his feet. He was a substantial man. There was nothing fantastic about *him.* To put on airs when you could n't afford them, to meet a friendly offer with rank ingratitude, to quarrel with the only relative on earth who had kept you out of the workhouse—he had sworn never to set foot in the place again. Yet here he was, and nothing but a fool for his pains. Having washed his hands of the whole silly business, he should have kept them washed. Instead of which he thrust them deeper into his capacious pockets and wondered to God when his journey was to come to an end.

No, it was with no charitable, no friendly, no sentimental motive that he was being glided joltingly on. A

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half-brother, and particularly if he owes you a hundred pounds and more, need not be even fractionally a being one smiles to think of for the sake of auld lang syne. There was nothing in common between the two except a father, now twenty-five years in his grave, and a loan that would never be repaid. That was one galling feature of the situation. There was another. In plain print, in his own morning newspaper, the fruit merchant had chanced only a week or two ago on the preposterous fact that a mere woodcut of a mere "Bird and Flower," initialed P. P., had brought at Christie's ninety-seven guineas. Ninety-seven guineas—sixty-eight crates of excellent Denia oranges at thirty shillings a crate! What the devil! His small eyes seemed to congest, and yet at the same time to protrude from their sockets.

"P. P."—Perfect pest, paltry poser, plaguy parasite! And yet hardly a parasite. You could n't dish a half-brother who had n't sent you a single word of greeting for twelve solid, fleeting, prosperous years with a term like that. Even if he did owe you a hundred pounds. Even if he had n't the faintest wish to remind you of the fact. Not that the fruit merchant wanted his hundred pounds. He was not a debt-collector. It was the principle of the thing.

If half an hour's silly scratching over a little lump of wood could bring you ninety-seven guineas, about twenty-nine and a half minutes would bring in a round hundred. And there were more birds and more flowers in that infernal tree than Noah could have found room for in his ark. The tree! The very thought of it swept a pulsating cloud of rage over his eyes. Cool, quiet insolence he could have forgiven and almost forgotten, but the merest reminder of that talk about the tree never failed to infuriate him. It infuriated him now almost beyond endurance simply because he knew, even if he would n't confess it openly to himself, that *this* was the decoy which was dragging him on these fifty-three interminable miles on a freezing, hideous country afternoon.

The tree! Never in all his life had he met with such an exhibition of sheer, stark midsummer madness. And yet, with every inch of his journey, the recollection grew on him. He could n't get it out of his head. Curiosity, resentment, vindictiveness, a cold, creeping cunning, a score of conflicting emotions, zigzagged to and fro in his mind; he glared through them at the walls of his cage. But worst outrage of all was the creeping realization—and his body stiffened at the thought—that he was even now, and perhaps even a little more than ever, afraid of the tree. When you finally deal with a relative who has been a pest to you all your life, the one thing you do not look for is an interference of that kind.

He could not deny it, the tree had impressed him. The moment he thought of his brother, of the country, even of his boyhood, there it was. It had impressed him so much that the upholstered button had now completely disappeared, and he seemed to be actually in the presence of the tree again. He saw it as vividly as if its image hung there before his very eyes in the slightly self-warmed air of his solitary compartment. The experience filled him with so sudden a flood of aversion and resentment that the voice of the guard chanting the name

of his destination reached him only just in time to set him frantically pulling down his frozen window and ejecting himself out of the train.

One hasty glance around him showed that he was the sole traveler to alight on the frosted timbers of the obscure little station. A faint rosiness in the west foretold the decline of the still wintry day. The firs that flanked the dreary passenger-shed of the platform stood burdened already with the blackness of coming night.

He was elderly, he was obese, his heart was none too sound, at least as compared with his head; yet if he intended to catch the last train home, he had scarcely two hours in which to reach his half-brother's wretched little house, to congratulate him on his guineas, to refuse to accept repayment of his loan, to sneer at his tree, and to return to the station.

A bark at a weedy young porter in mittens, with mouth ajar over his long teeth, sent him ambling off for a conveyance. The fruit merchant stood under the shed, in his frieze coat and square, hard hat, and watched the train glide out of the station. The screech of its engine, horning up into the windless air, had exactly expressed his own peculiar sentiments.

There was not a living being in sight whereon to breathe a curse. Only himself, a self he had been vaguely cursing throughout his tedious journey. The frozen landscape lay white in the dying day. The sun hung like the yolk of an egg above the still horizon. Some menace in the very look of this sullen object hinted that P. P. might long since have crossed the bourne from which no belated draft on any earthly bank had ever been known to come. The thought diverted into more rugged channels the current of the talk which he had intended to engage in with his half-brother. In other words, he would give the silly fool a bit of his mind. The fact was, their last quarrel, if anything so one-sided could be called a quarrel, had tinctured the fruit merchant's outlook on the world a good deal more densely than he would until now have confessed.

No living creature, no sound, stirred the air. The fair country lay cold, as if in a swoon. Like a shallow inverted saucer a becalmed sky curved itself over the unbroken quiet of the fields. His broad cleft chin thrust into his muffler, his hands into his pockets, the stranger to these parts stood waiting; just stood there with his small black eyes staring desolately out of his clothes. Why, you might as well be marooned in a foreign land, or on a stage, sterile, cold, vacant, with not a single soul in the audience. At the sound of wheels and hoofs, he coughed as if in uncontrollable indignation, and turned smartly on his heel.

§ 2

With a gesture of disdain the fruit merchant sourly thrust a shilling into the weedy porter's immense-knuckled hand, and mounted into the ancient cab that had somehow been excavated from the country-side stagnating all about them. The man on the box was like some cautious and obscure little animal that had been dug up out of the earth. When given his direction, his face had fallen into an indescribable expression beneath its whiskers—an expression, it appeared, which was its nearest approach to a smile.

"And don't spare your horse," had barked his fare, slamming the rickety door behind him.

A railway-carriage, even of the most antique description, when its glass is opaque with rime, is a little less like a prison-cell than a four-wheeled cab. For which reason, perhaps, as the vehicle ground on beneath the misty, leafless elms, the frigid air was allowed to beat softly in from the open window upon its occupant's slightly impurpled face. And still, on and on, memory retrieved for him, now here, now there, every incident of his last experience on this selfsame road. It had been summer-time—June. He had been twelve years younger, a good gross of years less prosperous, and perhaps not quite so easily fanned into a peculiar helpless state of rage.

Indeed, his actual meeting with his half-brother at the little white garden-gate had been almost friendly. So friendly that it would hardly have been supposed they were in any way unpleasingly related to one another, or that the least responsibility of each to each could have caused any kind of festering recrimination. Not that P. P. was even then the kind of person one hastens to introduce to one's friends. You not only never knew how he would look or what he would say; you were n't even certain what he might do. A rolling stone that merely fails to gather moss is a harmless object in comparison with one that appears to gather momentum. And even the most trifling suggestion not so much of eccentricity as of an alien and crooked gleam in the eye is apt to make the most respectable company a little uneasy.

Not that the two half-brothers had ever discussed together their aims and intentions and ideas about life, their desires or motives or hopes or aversions or apprehensions or prejudices. The fruit merchant had his fair share of most of these human incentives, but he also had principles, and one of them was to keep his mouth shut. They had met, had shaken hands, had exchanged remarks on the weather. Then P. P., in his frayed jacket and slippers, had aimlessly led him off with an expressionless face into the garden, had aimlessly dropped a few distant remarks about their common past, and then, surrounded as they were by the scenery, scents, and noises of summer, had pushed his knotted hands into his trousers' pockets and fallen silent, his gray, vacant eyes fixed on the tree.

Apart from a clump of elms in the distance, there was nothing in view even to challenge it for beauty, growth, and station. From its station all but at the foot of the broken-hedged, straggling garden, it rose to heaven, a prodigious, spreading, ascendant cone, with its long, dark, green, pointed leaves. It stood, from first springing branch to apex, a motionless, somnolent fountain of flowers.

If his half-brother had taken the fruit merchant into a dingy little greenhouse and had shown him an ailing plant that with care, water, and guano had been raised from some far-fetched seed—well, that might have been something to boast about. He himself was in the trade. He knew a Jaffa orange from a mandarin. The stuff had to *grow*, of course, and he was broad-minded enough to approve of rural enterprise. Giant mangolds and prize pumpkins did no harm.

He had stared broodingly about him. The garden was a waste, the

hedges untrimmed, a rank, lusty growth of weeds flaunted their flowers at the sun. And this tree—it must have been flourishing here for centuries past, a positive eyesore to any practical gardener. P. P. could n't even put a name to it, yet by the fixed, idiotic, dreamy look on his face you might have supposed it was a gift from heaven; that, having waved his hands about like those colored humbugs with the mango, the thing had sprung up out of the ground by sheer magic.

Nor that the fruit merchant had denied that it was unique. He had never seen, nor would he ever want to see, its double. The sun had beaten down upon his head; a low, enormous drone filled the air; the reflected light dazed his eyes. A momentary faintness had stolen over him as he had turned once more and glanced again into his half-brother's long, bony face —the absent eyes, the prominent cheek, the graying hair dappled with sunlight.

"How do you *know* it 's unique?" he had asked. "It may be as common as blackberries in other parts of the country—or abroad. One of the officers on the *Catamaran* was telling me—"

"I don't know," his half-brother had interrupted him. "But I have been looking at trees all my life. This resembles all, reminds me of none. Besides, I 'm not going abroad, at least for the present."

What had he meant by that? The fruit merchant had n't inquired; had merely stood there in the flowers and grasses, staring up into the spreading branches, almost involuntarily shaking his head at the pungent sweetness that hung dense and sickly in the air. And the old familiar symptoms began to stir in him, symptoms which his intimates could have described in one word—fuming. He was not denying it, not he: the tree was remarkable as trees go. For one thing, it bore two distinct kinds and shapes of blossom. The one circular and full and milky in a dark cup-like calyx, with clusters of scarlet-tipped pistils; the other a pale-yellow oval, three-petaled, with a central splash of orange. He had surreptitiously squeezed a couple of the fallen flowers into his pocket-book, had taken them out at his office the next morning to show them to the partner he had afterward bought out of the business, only to find them black, slimy, and unrecognizable, and to be laughed at for his pains.

"What 's the use of the thing?" he had next inquired of his half-brother. "Is it edible?"

At which, with the faint smile on his face that had infuriated the fruit merchant even as a boy, the other had merely shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not try it on the pigs?"

"I don't keep pigs."

Keep pigs, indeed! There was n't the faintest symptom that he would ever be able to keep himself.

"Well, are n't there any birds in these parts?" It had been a singularly false move.

"It has brought its own," had been his half-brother's muttered retort.

There was no denying it, at least so far as the fruit merchant's small ornithological knowledge went. At that very moment birds of a peculiarly vivid-green sheeniness were hovering and dipping between the deep blue of the sky and the mountainous blossoming. Little birds, with unusually long and attenuated bills, playing, fluttering, lisping, courting, and ap-

parently sucking the heady nectar from the snowy and ivory cups, while poised like animate gems on the wing. He had again opened his mouth, but his half-brother had laid a lean, tingling hand on his sleeve.

"Listen!" he said

Half-stifled, jetting, delirious bursts of song twinkled, belled, rose, died, overflowed from the tented depths of the tree, like the yells and laughter of a playground of children suddenly released for an unexpected half-holiday. Listen, indeed! The noise of the creatures was still echoing in his ears as he sat there, bulkily swaying, his eyes fixed on the pallid, gliding hedgerow from his fusty cab.

P. P. had not positively claimed that every single chorister in the chorus was an exdigenous visitant. He had gone further. He had gently bent down a low-lying fan of leaves and bloom, and not content with exhibiting one by one living specimens of a spotted-blue, iridescent little beetle, a horned kind of cockchafer, and a dappled black-and-yellow-mottled ladybird, all of them following their lives in these surroundings; he had also chased, in vain, a couple of exotic butterflies down the slope of the garden, and had pointed out little clumps of saffron and sky-blue flowers, and a rank, ungainly weed with a cluster of black helmet-shaped florets at its tips, asserting that they were as rare, as unprecedented, in those parts as the tree itself.

"You don't mean to say, because the thing 's brought its own vermin, that it 's any the better for that? We can do that in the fruit trade."

"It 's brought me," said the other, mooning meanwhile in the opposite direction.

"And where do you raise your pertatoes and artichokes and scarlet runners? It looks to me like a damn' waste of soil."

The wandering greenish-gray eyes had rested for a moment on the puffy, contemptuous face a few inches beneath them without the faintest symptom of intelligence. Empty eyes, yet with a hint of danger in them, like a bright-green pool of water in an old quarry.

"You shall have a basket of the fruit, if you 'll risk it. It never really ripens; queer-looking seeds."

"You eat it yourself, then?"

The eyes slid away, the narrow shoulders lifted a little.

"I take things as they come." It was precisely how he had afterward taken the check.

Seated there, on each side of the deal table, in the bare, uncarpeted, uncurtained living-room of the cottage, over a luncheon of bread and dry cheese and onions, with the reflected light of the tree on his half-brother's face, the talk between the two of them had gradually degenerated into an altercation.

At length the fruit merchant, with some little relief, had completely lost his temper. A half-empty jam-pot buzzing with bees was no more appetizing an object because the insects were not of the usual variety. He had literally been stung into repeating a few semi-fraternal truths.

To submit to being half-starved simply because nobody with money to waste would so much as look at your bits of drawings; to sit there dreamily grinning at a tree in your back garden twenty times more useless because there was n't its like for miles around, even *if* there was n't; to be content to hang like a bloodsucker on the gen-

erosity of a relative half blood and half water—well, he had given P. P. a bit of his mind.

The fruit merchant instinctively drew a cold, fat hand down his face as a more and more precise recollection of the subsequent scene recurred to him. Mere silence can be insulting, and there was one thing about his half-brother, worse than all the rest of his peculiarities put together, that had never failed to reduce him to a helpless indignation—his eyes. They did n't see you even when they were fixed on you across two feet of deal board. They saw something else, and with no vestige of common courtesy.

And those hands! You could swear at a glance that they had never done a single honest day's work in their owner's life. Every sight of them had made it easier for the fruit merchant to work himself up into a blind refreshing rage. The cottage had fairly shaken to his abuse; the raw onions had danced under his fist on the table. And twining in and out between his roarings and shoutings had meandered on that other low, groping, dispassionate voice—his brother's.

He had found his own place, and there he intended to remain. Rather than sit on a stool in a counting-house writing invoices for crates of oranges and pineapples, he would hang himself from the topmost branches of the tree. You had your own life to lead, and it did n't matter if you died of it. He was not making any claims. There was nothing the same in this world for any two persons. And the more different everything was, the more closely you should cling to the difference.

Oh, yes, it was mere chance, or whatever you liked to call it, that had brought him here, mere chance that the tree had not even been charged for in the rent. There it was, and it would last him his lifetime; and, when that was over, he would n't complain. He had wagged his skimpy beard, a pencil between his fingers. No, he would n't complain if they just dug a hole in the garden and shoveled his body in under the grass within reach of the rootlets. What 's your body?

"They 'll bury me all right when I 'm safely dead. Try it; it 's a fair speculation."

"Try what?" The fruit merchant's countenance had suddenly set like a gargoyle in cast-iron.

His half-brother had nodded toward a dingy portfolio that stood leaning against a half-empty book-case. And at that his guest had laid about him with a will.

"So that 's the kind of profit you are hoping to make out of your old bee-bush! That 's your profit? That 's your fine airs—your miserable scribblings and scragglings?"

He had once more slammed down his huge fist on the table and delivered his ultimatum.

"See here, I give you a hundred pounds here and now. There 's no claim on me, not a shred. We don't even share the same mother, even if we share the same dad. You talk this abject rubbish to me. You have never earned a decent penny in your life. You never will. You are a fool and a loafer. Go to the parish and go for good. I 'm sick of it, d' ye hear? Sick of it. You sit there whiffling that I have n't eyes in my head, that I don't know black from white, that you 'd rather hang your miserable carcass in your wretched old tree than take a respectable job.

Well, hang it there. It won't break the branches if this is the only kind of meal you can give a visitor! I 'm done with you. I wash my hands of you."

He had, inaccurately, pantomimed the operation, sweeping over the jam-pot as he did so; and now drew in his breath—a cold breath, too, as, with eyes fixed on the ever-lightening hedgerows beyond his oblong window, he remembered the renewed red-hot stab of pain that had transfixed the ball of his thumb.

§ 3

It recalled him instantaneously to his surroundings. Scrambling up from his seat, he ejected his head out of the cab into the open.

"Whoa, there, d' ye hear? I 'm getting out."

The horse was dragged up on its haunches, the cab came to a stand-still, and to the roaring suspirations of the animal the fruit merchant alighted on the tinkling ice of a frozen wayside puddle of water. He turned himself about. Time and the night had not tarried during his journey. The east was a blaze of moonlight. The moon glared in the gray heavens like a circular, flat little window of glass.

"Wait here," the fruit merchant bade his cabman in the desolation. "You 've pretty near' shaken the head off my body."

The cabman ducked his own small head in reply, and saluted his fare with a jerk of his whip.

"You won't be long," he sang out between his whiskers.

What did he mean by that? was the fruit merchant's querulous question to himself as he mounted the few remaining yards of by-lane toward the crest of the slope. He was tired and elderly and cold. A pathetic look, one almost of sadness, came into his face. He pushed up his muffler and coughed. There replied the faintest echo from the low copse that bordered the lane. Grass, crystalled with hoar-frost, muffled his footsteps. What had he meant by that? repeated self to self, but not as if expectant of an answer.

When well out of sight of the cabman and his vehicle beneath the slope of the hill, the fruit merchant paused, lifting his eyes. League beyond league beneath him, as if to the confines of the world, the country-side spread on, frost-beclad meadow, wood, and winding lane. And one sole house in sight—a small, tumbledown, lightless, huddling cottage, its ragged thatch and walls checkered black with shadow and dazzling white with wash of moonshine. And there, lifting itself into the empty skies, its twigs and branches sweeping the stars, stood the single naked, gigantic tree.

The fruit merchant gazed across at it, like an obese, minute Belial on the ramparts of Eden. He had been fooled, then, tricked. He might have guessed the fatuity of his enterprise. He had guessed it. The house was empty; the bird had flown. Why for a single instant had he dreamed otherwise? Simply because all these years he had been deceived into believing there was a kind of honesty in the fellow. Just that something quixotic, stupid, stubborn, dense, dull, demented which—nothing but lies, then.

That bee in his bonnet, that snake in his grass; nothing but lies. There was no principle by which you could

judge a man like that; and yet—well, after all, he was like anybody else. Give him a taste of the sweets of success, and his boasted solitude, his contempt for the mere decencies of life, his pretended disgust at men more capable and square-headed than himself, had vanished into thin air. There were fools in the world, he had discovered, who would pay ninety-seven guineas for a second- or third-hand scrabble of a drawing. "Right you are; hand over the dibs, and I am off!"

A scornful, yet lugubrious, smile stole over the fruit merchant's purplish features. He would be honest about it. He positively enjoyed acknowledging when a rival had bested him over a bargain. He would even agree that he had always nursed his own little superstitions. And now all that fine, silly talk—sheer fudge. He had been himself childish fool enough to be impressed by it; yes, and to have been even a little frightened by—a tree!

He eyed it there, that gaunt, prodigious weed; and then, with one furtive glance over his round shoulder toward the crest of the slope behind which lay his way of escape from this wintry landscape and from every memory of the buffoon who had cheated him, he slowly descended the hill, pushed open the broken gate, and entered the icy, untended garden.

Once more he came to a standstill in his frieze coat, and from under the brim of his hard hat stared up into the huge frigid branches. There are a supple lift and ease in the twigs of a tree asleep in winter. Green, living buds are everywhere huddling close in their drowsy defenses. Even the fruit merchant could distinguish between the dreaming and the dead, or at any rate between the unripe and the rotten. And as he looked, two thoughts scurried like rats out of the wainscot of his mind. Those lean, shrunken twigs, those massive vegetable bones—the tree was dead! And up there— He shifted rapidly to and fro in order to secure an uninterrupted view of a kind of huddling shape up aloft there, an object that appeared to be stooping crazily forward, as if on a similar quest in respect to himself.

But, no; he took a deep breath. The sudden knocking against the wall of his head ceased. He need not have alarmed himself: an optical illusion; nothing.

The tree *was* dead. That was clear—a gaunt, black, sapless nightmare. But the ungainly clump and shape, hoisted midway among its boughs, was not a huddling human body. It was only another kind of derelict parasite—withered mistletoe. And that gentle skeleton-like rattling high overhead was only the fingering of a faint breeze in the moonlight, clacking twig against twig.

Maybe it would have simplified matters if— But no need to dwell on that. One corpse at a time was enough for any man on a night like this and in a country as cheerless as the plains of Gomorrah. A phrase or two out of his familiar bills of lading recurred to the fruit merchant's mind—"the act of God." There was something so horrific in the contorted set of the branches outthrust in ungainly menace above his head that he was reminded of no less a depravity than the devil himself. Thank the Lord! his half-brother had not remembered to send him a parcel of the fruit.

If ever poison showed in a plant, it

haunted every knot and knuckle of this derelict. Judgment had overtaken it—the act of God. That 's what came of boasting. That 's what came of idling a useless life away in a day-dream at other people's expense. And now the cunning bird was flown. The insult of his half-brother's triumph stabbed the fruit merchant like a sword.

A sudden giddiness, the roar as of water, caused in part, no doubt, by the posture of his head, swept over him, reverberated in his ears. He thrust a cautious hand into the breast of his coat and lowered his eyes. They came to a stay on the rugged, moonlit bole. And there, with hardly less intensity of gaze, they once more fixed themselves.

The natural living bark of the tree had been of a russet gray, resembling that of the beech. Apart from a peculiar shimmeringness due to the frost that crystalled it over, and as the skin of a dead thing, that bark now suggested the silveriness of leprosy. So far, so good. But midway up the unbranched bole, at the height of from five to six feet from the ground, appeared a wide, peculiar cicatrice. The iridescent grayness here abruptly ended. Above it stretched a clear blank ring of darker color, knobbed over, in and out, with tiny gaudy clusters of fungi.

The fruit merchant stole in a pace or two. No feat of the inhuman this. Cleanly and precisely, the thick rind of the tree must sometime since have been cut and pared away in a wide, equal ring, a ring too far from the ground to have been the work of pigs or goats, too smooth and sharp-edged to have been caused by the gnawings of cattle. It was perfectly plain: the sap-protecting skin of the thing had been deliberately cut and hacked away. The tree had been murdered. High in the moonlit heavens it gloated there, a victim.

Not until then did the fruit merchant stealthily turn and once more survey his half-brother's house. The slow and almost furtive movement of his head and shoulders suggested that the action was involuntary. From this garden side the aspect of the hovel was even more abject and disconsolate. Its one ivy-clustered chimney-stack was smokeless. The moonbeams rained softly and mercilessly on the flint walls, the boarded windows, the rat-and-bird-ravaged thatch.

Only a specter could be content with such a dwelling, and a guilt-stricken wretch at that. Yet without any doubt in the world the house was still inhabited, for a slender amber beam of light leaned out at an obtuse angle from some crevice in the shuttering wood into the vast bath of moonshine.

For a moment the fruit merchant hesitated. He could leave the garden and regain his cab without nearing the house; he could yet once more "wash his hands." Certainly, after sight of the maniac's treacherous work on his unique God-given tree he had not the faintest vestige of a desire to confront his half-brother. Quite the reverse. He would far rather fling a second hundred pounds after the first than be once more contaminated by the creature. There was something vile in his surroundings. In shadows as black as pitch, like these, any inconceivable evil creature might lie in covert. If the tree alive could decoy an alien fauna to its succulent nectar, the tree dead might well invite even

less pleasing ministrations. Come what would, he was prepared. It might startle him, but he was dead-cold already; and when your whole mind is filled with disgust and disquiet, there is no room for physical fear. You merely want to shake yourself free, edge out, and be off.

Nevertheless, the human intruder in this inhuman wilderness was already, and with great caution, making his way toward the house. On a pitch-black night he might have hesitated. Had n't venomous serpents the habit of stealing for their winter slumber into the crannies and hollows of fallen wood? Might not even the lightest northern zephyr bring down upon his head another vast bulk of timber from the withered labyrinth above? But so bright was the earth's lanthorn, so still the starry sky, that he could hear and even see the seeds from the humbler winter weeds scattering out from their yawning pods, as with exquisite care he brushed on through the tangling growths around him.

And having at length closely approached the walls, standing actually within a jutting shadow, he paused yet again and took a deep breath into his body before, gently lifting himself, he set his eye to the crevice from which poured out that slender shaft of light.

So artificially brilliant was the room within by comparison with the full moonlight of the fruit merchant's natural world without that for an instant or two he saw nothing. But he persevered, and after a while his round, protruding eye found itself master of at least half the space on the other side of the shutters. Stilled through and through, his fingers clutching the frosted sill, he stood there half suspended on his toes and as if hypnotized.

For scarcely more than a yard distant from his own there stooped a face—his half-brother's, a face to haunt you to your dying day. It was surmounted by a kind of nightcap, and was almost unrecognizable. The unfolding of the hours of twelve solitary years had played havoc with the once familiar features. The projecting brows above the angular cheekbones resembled polished stone. The ears stood out like the vans of a bat on each side above the corded neck. The thin, unkempt beard on the narrow jaw brushed the long, gnarled hand that was moving with a great and tedious care on the bare table beneath it.

Motionlessly, the hanging paraffin-lamp poured its radiance upon this engrossed, cadaverous visage, revealing every line and bone, hollow and wrinkle.

Nevertheless, its possessor, this old man, shrunken and hideous in his frame of abject poverty, his arms drawn close up to his fallen body, worked sedulously on and on. And behind and around him showed the fruit of his labors. Pinned to the scaling walls, propped on the ramshackle shelf above his fireless hearthstone, and even against the stale remnant of a loaf of bread on the cracked blue dish beside him, was a litter of pictures. And everywhere, lovely and marvelous in all its guises, the tree—the tree in spring's delight, in summer's quiet wonder, in autumn's garish decline, in naked, slumbering wintry grace. The colors glowed from the old fine, rough paper like lamps and gems.

There were drawings of birds, too—birds of dazzling plumage, of flowers and butterflies, their crimson and emerald, rose and saffron, seemingly shimmering and astir; their every mealy and feathery and polloned boss and petal and plume on fire with hoarded life and beauty. And there a viper with its sinuous, molten scales; and there a face and shape looking out of its nothingness such as would awaken even a dreamer in a dream.

Only three sounds in that night quiet, and these scarcely discernible, stirred in the watcher's ear: the faint, shrill singsong of the flame in the lamp, the harsh, wheezing breath of the artist, and the noise of rats or mice. This austere and dying creature must have come in at last from the world of nature and mankind a long time ago. The arm that had given the tree its quietus had now not the strength to lift an ax. Yet the ungainly fingers toiled assiduously on.

The fruit merchant, spying in on the old half-starved creature that sat there burning swiftly away among his insane gewgaws, as nearly broke out crying as laughing. He was frightened and elated, mute and bursting with words. The act of God! Rather than even remotely resemble that old scarecrow in his second childhood pushing that tiny-bladed knife across the surface of a flat of wood, he would—an empty and resolute look stole into the gazing eye.

Not that he professed to understand. He knew nothing. His head was completely empty. The last shred of rage and vindictiveness had vanished away. He was glad he had come, for now he was going back. What little of the present and future remained would soon be the past. He, too, was aging. *His* life also was coming to an end. He stared on, oh, yes. And not even a nephew to to inherit his snug little fortune. Worldly goods, ship-load on ship-load, well. Since he could not take it away with him, he would leave it behind. He would bequeath it to charity, to the W. F. M. C. A., perhaps; and he would make a note of the hundred pounds.

Not in malice; only to leave things businesslike and in order; to do your duty by a greedy and ungrateful world even though you were soon to be washing your hands of that, too. All waste, nothing but waste! But he thanked the Lord he had kept his sanity, that he was respected; that he was n't in the artificial fruit trade, the stuff your grandmother belled under glass. He thanked the Lord he was not foul to look at; foul, probably, to smell; and a poison even to think about.

Yet still he peeped on, this old Tom, though at no *Lady Godiva*. They would buy right enough; there was no doubt of that. Christie's would some day be humming with the things. He did n't deny the old lunatic that. He knew a bird when he saw it, even on paper. Ninety-seven guineas! At that rate there was more money swimming about in this pestilent hovel than ever he himself could lay his practised hands on.

And there were fools in plenty, rich, dabbling, affected, silly fools—dilettantes, you called 'em—who would never know that their lying, preposterous P. P. had destroyed the very life of the tree that had given its all for him. And why? And why? The fruit merchant was almost tempted to burn down the miserable cabin over his half-brother's head.

Who could tell? A gust of wind stirred in the bedraggled thatch, feebly whined in the keyhole.

And at that moment, as if an angry and helpless thought could make itself audible even above the hungry racketing of mice and the melancholic whistling of a paraffin-lamp—at that moment the corpse-like countenance, almost within finger-touch on the other side of the table, slowly raised itself from the labor of its regard, and appeared to be searching through the shutter's cranny as if into the fruit merchant's brain. The glance swept through him like an avalanche. No, no. But one instantaneous confrontation, and he had pushed himself back from the impious walls as softly as an immense sack of hay.

These were not eyes in that abominable countenance. Speck-pupiled, greenish-gray, unfocused under the protuberant mat of eyebrow, they remained as still as a salt and stagnant sea. And in their uplifted depths, stretching out into endless distances, the fruit merchant had seen regions of a country whence for neither love nor money he could ever harvest one fruit, one pip, one cankered bud. And blossoming there beside a glassy stream in the mid-distance of far-mountained sward—a tree.

§ 4

In after years an old, fat, vulgar, and bronchitic figure, muffled up in a pathetic shawl, would sometimes be seen seated in a place of honor, its hard, square hat upon its thick, bald skull, within positive reach of the jovial auctioneer's ivory hammer. To purchase every P. P. that came into the market was a dream beyond even a multimillionaire's avarice. But small beetles or grubs or single feathers drawn "from the life" were within scope of the fruit merchant's purse. The eye that showed not the faintest vestige of reflected glory from the orange of the orange, the gamboge of the lemon, or the russet bronze of the pomegranate in their crated myriads would fitfully light up awhile as, one by one, and with reiterated grunts of satisfaction, he afterward, in the secrecy of his home, consigned these indifferent and "early" works of art to the flames.

But since his medical man had warned him that any manifestation of passion would almost unquestionably prove his ultimate manifestation of anything, he steadily avoided thinking of the tree. Yet there it remained, unexorcisable, ineradicable in his fading imagination.

Indeed, he finally expired in the small hours one black winter's morning, and as peacefully as a child, having dreamed that he was looking through a crevice into what could not be hell, but might be limbo or purgatory, the place of departed spirits. For there sat his half-brother, quite, quite still, and all about him, to be seen, gay and painted birds and crystal flowers and damasked butterflies; and, as it were, sylphs and salamanders, shapes of an unearthly beauty. But all of them strangely, preternaturally still, as if in a peep-show, as if stuffed.

On the Sense of Smell

By W. H. Hudson, *Author of* "Green Mansions," *etc.*

When watching the hind in Richmond Park I thought with admiration of the exquisite perfection of the three most important senses in a wild animal's life—vision, hearing, and smell. The dog, with a horizon limited to about a third of a stag's, is a comparatively dim-eyed creature; he lives, as we see, mainly in the sense of smell. This is astonishingly acute, but that of the deer is just as perfect with regard to its use or purpose, which is chiefly to inform it of distant or hidden dangers to be escaped only by flight. The dog's smell is concerned with numberless little matters that are of less account; these constitute his entertainment and give a perpetual zest to his life. He quarters and examines the ground with his nose, to find it abundantly sprinkled over, so to speak, with the visiting-cards of other creatures: other dogs, some known personally to him, others strangers; also rabbits, rats, voles, and what not. The deer is not concerned in these minute matters. If a rabbit or mouse has crossed his track, he is not excited about it, and bits of carrion hidden in the grass and small local stenches, in which the dog revels, are nothing to him.

No doubt there is a vast difference in power in the sense of smell in both these animals and in man; nevertheless, I do not think so meanly of man's olfactories as some physiologists appear to do. It is a common idea, and is in the books, that man's sense of smell is decayed; some writers have gone so far as to describe it as obsolescent.

"Who, we may ask, is *man* in this connection? It would be nearer the truth to say that the more civilized man becomes, or the more he secures himself against the forces of nature by improving his conditions, the less important to his welfare does this sense become. The dangers he is warned against by smell in a state of nature have been removed artificially; in an environment in which the function of the olfactories has been superseded the inevitable result is their decay. This is in accordance with nature's economical principle; she will not continue doing for us what we have undertaken to do for ourselves, and will cheerfully scrap the exquisite apparatus she has been building up for our safety in thousands and millions of years.

When I see a lover of flowers and their perfumes pressing a bunch of violets to her face as if to drag something out of them with her nose, to stimulate by violence, as it were,—by repeated sniffing inhalations, a torpid sense, the sense which she knows is in her, although it may have given no evidence of its existence for some time past,—when I see this, knowing at the same time that the violets' "nimble emanations" are filling the whole room, I recognize the fact that the sense of smell is so enfeebled in her as to be of no account at all.

All that does n't come to much, seeing that England is but a dot on the map and its people a mere roomful compared with the population of the globe. What one asks to know is, does the Armenian, the Turk, the Siberian, the Zulu, the Arab, the inhabitant of the roof of the world, press a flower to his nose in order to get the sensation of its fragrance?

When the traveler and naturalist Lumholtz lived with the cannibal and ophiophagous tribes of Queensland he found that they hunted by its scent the serpent, a large species of boa, on which they fed. This serpent travels long distances in quest of prey, and, once on its scent, the natives would follow it, like a pack of beagles, through woods and thicket and marshes, over rocky tracts and all kinds of country, until they came up with it. The scent, they assured him, was strong and easy to follow, but though he went down on all fours and sniffed with all his might, he could detect no scent at all. There is, then, a considerable difference between man and man with regard to this sense in different countries and conditions. The man of the physiologist is the one he knows, who is of his own state in life, who lives in comfortable circumstances in an equable temperature. Again, Humboldt relates that the Peruvian Indians distinguished between the footprints of their own people and those of whites and negroes.

There are, besides, the aborigines of America from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego, the Africans, the Polynesians, the Malays, the inhabitants of a thousand oceanic islands, the Asiatics. I suppose that at least a hundred thousand Europeans have written books about China, Hindustan, and all the other countries of that vast continent, but I doubt if there is a chapter in the hundred thousand books dealing with the sense of smell in any Asiatic people compared with ours.

§ 2

Having, then, few or no facts to go upon, we are much in the dark about this sense; we can only suppose, if it is accepted as a principle that its decay proceeds *pari passu* with the increase in the value of vision and the improvements in our artificial condition of life, that the decline has been greater in the town-dwelling and comfortably off classes in England during the last two centuries than in the previous two thousand years.

To dogmatize on such a subject would be ridiculous; we are even more in the dark than I have made it appear. By watching a man and subtly drawing him out we can penetrate through his mask and discover his secret and real mind, but we can't get at the real state of his sense of smell. Every one of us knows his own, and many of us know it only "in a way."

So long as a smell is not a warning or disgustful one, even if acrid or sour or pungent, it is agreeable to me. The heavy, greasy smell of sheep, for instance, and of sheepfolds, of cattle and cow-houses and stables, of warehouses filled with goods, and drapers', grocers', cheesemongers', and apothecaries' shops, in leather and iron and wood, in saw-pits and carpenters' workshops. Wood smells are indeed almost as grateful as aromatic and fragrant scents. And many other smells—tanneries, breweries, and all kinds of works, including gas-works. But it is always a pleasing change from the great manufacturing centers to the country and the dusty smell of rain

after dry, hot weather; the smell of rain-wet pine-woods, of burning weeds and peat, and, above all, the smell of the fresh-turned earth—the smell which, as the agricultural laborer believes, gives him his long, healthy, peaceful life.

One of my first sharp unforgetable experiences in England was a novel smell, which I will not say assailed, but rushed hospitably on me to receive me, so to speak, in its soft, flesh-like, welcoming arms—an earth-born, thick, warm smell, something like cookery and Russian leather, a happy, pleasant smell the like of which I had never encountered before.

I had just landed at Southampton on a bright morning in early May, and the whole air seemed redolent of it, just as it seemed peopled with the chirruping sounds of innumerable sparrows. What was it? I consulted my fellow-passengers on the question as we strolled about the town, glad at being on firm land after thirty-one days at sea; but though there were Englishmen in our party, no one could give me any information. They assured me that they did not perceive it, and did n't believe there was any such smell. I set them down as poor noseless creatures, with wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. These voyaging companions soon drifted away, leaving only one of their company, an American, who said he had nothing to do except to see England, and so would stay with me until I had exhausted Southampton. We took long walks about the suburbs and over the neighboring beautiful common, he always sticking to me, and still the strange agreeable smell attended me. Then we hired a trap and a youth to drive and went farther afield; we were constantly shouting to our driver to tell us what *that* was. There were sights and sounds and smells in plenty, all new to me. I was intoxicated with delight at listening to the skylark mounting up in the blue and pouring down his ecstatic music. My companion, whose mind was practical, cared for none of these things, but was curious about agriculture.

"What do you call *that?*" he shouted, pointing to a field of red clover in flower as we flew past it.

"Grass," said our Briton.

"Yes, yes, but what kind of grass?"

"Grass—what the horses eat."

"I only wish the horses had eaten your head off," said my companion, and the poor driver looked puzzled and hurt.

Even at a distance from the town I received whiffs of my mysterious scent, but it diminished the farther I went. Returning to the town, it would again seem general and powerful, yet I could not find a native of the place to tell me what it was. They did not perceive it, they all told me, and I came to the conclusion that as they lived in it they had ceased to smell it; that it was the smell of the place, of the country, and I called it the smell of England.

Afterward in London, then in Gloucestershire, and later in Scotland, I almost lost sight or scent of the smell of England. Occasional whiffs came to my nostrils, but I imagined I had, like the natives, lived long enough in it to become unaware of it. Then after many months came the day when the mystery was revealed. I was in London, walking thoughtfully up Oxford Street, when on approaching Tottenham Court Road a powerful gust of the now old, familiar smell came on me and brought back a vivid memory of

my first day in Southampton, when the smell of England was new to me. As I advanced, the gusts became frequent and increased in power until I was at the side of a big building from which issued clouds of steam and hot air from a dozen conduits, and dull, rumbling noises of machinery. The whole air had become a bath of the thick, sweetish, warm, half-flowery, and half-savory smell. And the building was a brewery, and the smell was the smell of brewing!

Of natural odors the most agreeable are the aromatic and fragrant that emanate from plants. The odors of spices and fruits, all more or less associated in the mind with tastes, are of a distinctly lower or less intellectual or esthetic order. It is related of Wordsworth that he was without the sense of smell, and that on one occasion when he was sitting on a spring day in his flowery garden, the unknown sense suddenly came to him to astonish and delight with the lovely novel sensation. He described it as being like a vision of paradise. A similar vision has been mine at frequent intervals all my life; I doubt if its loveliness has been less in my case than in that of the poet, to whom it came once as by a miracle. When a gust of flowery fragrance comes to me, as when I walk by a blossoming bean-field or a field of lucerne, it is always like a new and wonderful experience, a delightful surprise. The reason of this effect, I take it, is that odors do not register impressions in our brains that may be reproduced at will, as it is with sights and sounds. Thus odors never wholly lose the effect of novelty. We remember that certain flowers delighted us with their fragrance, but cannot recall or recover the sensation; there is no record, no image. Nevertheless, the bare remembrance of it—of what it was to us at the moment—is a joy forever. I think of certain flowering trees—catalpa, orange, lime, mimosa, acacia, locust, with many others, and cherish a love of them which is almost like the love that some woman has inspired in us with her charm, the quality which has lifted her above other women and endowed her with a beauty above all beauty.

Trees differ from trees in glory in this respect. I think less of orange and lime than of the Pride of China, or Tree of Paradise, as it is variously called. I often stand in memory in the shade of its light, loose, feathery foliage, drinking in the divine fragrance of its dim purple flowers, until I grow sick with longing, and, being so far removed from it, feel that I am indeed an exile and stranger in a strange land.

It has always been a subject of wonder to me that so many persons find the loveliest perfumes excessive or oppressive, as when they stand by a flowering syringa-bush or are in a room with fragrant flowers—lilies, stock, mignonette, and various others. I can never get too much of it, or quite enough to satisfy my smelling hunger. Thus I love to spend entire days roaming about on boggy or marshy heaths, perhaps less for what I see and hear of wild life than for the sake of the odor of golden withy, or sweet-gale, where there are acres of it, and I can stand knee-deep among its thick-growing shrubs and rub my hands and face with the crushed leaves and fill my pockets with them, so as to wrap myself up in the delicious aroma.

Almost all aromatic plants are agreeable to me—fennel, horehound, tansy, pennyroyal, and all mints,

even the water-mint, which most persons find too powerful. Also bracken when it first unrolls its broad fronds, and I crush it to get the unique smell, which suggests castor-oil and the fish-and-cucumber odor of smelts, a strange and fascinating combination.

The fragrance of gorse is not of the highest order, yet it holds and enchants me above most flowers, and being itself a sun's child, like the sunflower, or sun-gazer, as we call it in Spanish, its habit is the exact opposite of that of the "melancholy flowers" which shed their soulful fragrance like tears in the darkness and silence of night. The gorse is most fragrant at noon, when the sun shines brightest and hottest. At such an hour, when I approach a thicket of furze, the wind blowing from it, I am always tempted to cast myself down on the grass to lie for an hour drinking in the odor. The effect is to make me languid; to wish to lie till I sleep and live again in dreams in another world, in a vast open-air cathedral where a great festival of ceremony is perpetually in progress, and acolytes, in scores and hundreds, with beautiful bright faces, in flame-yellow and orange surplices, are ever and ever coming toward me, swinging their censers until I am ready to swoon in that heavenly incense.

Yet, as I have said, this fragrance is not of the higher order, since in its richness there lurks a suggestion of flavors. Its powerful effect is probably partly due to association with the sight impressions the blossoming plant has imparted to the mind of its splendor. Many of our other wild flowers come nearer to the spiritual quality in fragrance, like those of the Pride of China; also the evening primrose in some of the most fragrant species, where it is found growing in profusion in its native land. We have it in the hedge-rose, violet, bog asphodel, primrose, scented orchis, for example. And I should even include, or I should like to include, the cowslip; but it is too delicious.

If by chance I have a reader who shares my feeling concerning the scent of flowers and would like to experience the full deliciousness of the cowslip, I should advise him to repair at its season to that curious strip of flat country extending from the lower reaches of the Somerset Axe to the River Parratt below Bridgewater. It is all meadow or grassland, drained by innumerable dikes, which divide it into vast fields of an emerald green; it is on a level with the sea, or a little below the level at high tide, protected from it by the old bank made by the Romans in their day. Here you may come upon a field of close-cropped grass abundantly sprinkled over with cowslips and no flower of any other kind. The stems, crowned with their nodding little clusters, grow only a foot or two apart and four or five inches high, so that lying flat on your back you have them pretty well on a level with your nose. Imagine the sensation on a day of brilliant sunshine, with a light wind blowing wave on wave of the delicious fragrance over you!

§ 3

Before finishing with this part of my subject, I must say a word about a curious phenomenon respecting the flowers which Linnæus called "melancholy"—those which pour out their sweetness most copiously by night. One of the commonest is the honeysuckle, and sometimes when I am out at night walking in a deep lane with untrimmed hedges on each side, I all at

once come into an air so laden with the rich perfume as to cause it to seem thick or dense; then after two or three steps farther have passed again into a perfectly scentless air. If I then turn back, to get once more into the fragrant area, I cannot find it. Frequently I have walked up and down a dark, narrow lane for half an hour in search of the lost scent, and have also hunted for the plant in the hedge from which it emanated, and have failed to find either scent or plant.

This was a puzzle to me on many a summer night in the south and west of England, where honeysuckle and other fragrant plants are most luxuriant, and I can only suppose that in the still, warm night air the massed flowers pour out their fragrant particles into the deep lane below, and that the fragrance does not disperse, but remains suspended in the air, as if enclosed in a film until the wind created by some heavy-moving body,—a stray donkey, or belated laborer plodding home, or a night-prowling field naturalist,—sends the whole mass floating away like a cloud or bubble.

The most delightful experience of this kind is when the cloud of fragrance encountered is from no flower, but from the leaf of the sweetbrier. In some districts in southern England it flourishes so greatly in the hedges that one can count on finding there clouds of fragrance in the lanes on any still, warm summer night. It is a fragrance pleasing to every one, yet one would have to go far back in our literature to find its characteristic expression,—even to a time when possibly the sense of smell was more acute in our race, and flower-fragrance more delightful than they are to us. Shakspere has it:

> The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
> Outsweeten'd not thy breath.

How beautifully expressed! Not to slander the scented leaf! Yet we know that it is a sweeter, richer fragrance than the love odor of a woman's breath. This is like the heifer's breath, which smells of milk and new-mown hay, combined with a fragrance most like the delicate scent of red clover; but it is made sweeter than all essential oils from leaf and flower by love and passion.

However, I prefer my favorite Chaucer:

> And I that all this pleasant sightie see
> Thought sodainlie, I felt so sweet an aire
> Of the eglantine, that cirtainlie
> There is no hert I deem in such dispaire,
> Ne with its thoughties froward and contraire
> So overlaid, but it should have bote
> If it but once did smell that savour sote.

Or, to put it in plain prose: "Is there a man on earth in such despair, so overloaded with cares and maddened with anxious thoughts, who would not find instant relief and forgetfulness of all his miseries on inhaling this delicious fragrance of the sweetbrier?"

And I would ask, Is it conceivable that any poet of this time (and I believe that the number of those now living in this country exceeds a hundred) could have such a thought, or, having it, would dare to put it into words? If he did, what a ridiculous, extravagant person he would seem, to be sure! But, as I have already hinted, it is possible that Chaucer, albeit so great intellectually, was nearer to primitive man physically than we are in the acuteness of his senses and childlike

delight in sights and sounds and smells.

I am tempted to go a little further with this subject, as in taxing my memory for some adequate expression concerning the sweet-brier, I can only recall these lines from Shakspere and Chaucer—these two who are never coupled. They are not the *two* greatest in our poetic literature, but to me they are the greatest, and one I worship and the other I love. Alike in their all-embracing view of humanity and power of characterization, they are yet as wide apart as East from West in spirit. One would say offhand that the contrary of this is the truth, that they are alike in spirit, since only in virtue of great sympathy and love for their fellows, with the insight that comes of genius, could they have produced all that crowd of wonderfully true portraits that adorn their galleries.

Nevertheless, to me they differ essentially in feeling. It was sympathy and love with insight in one, and pure intellect with simulated sympathy in the other.

There 's *Hamlet* sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and there 's gross *Falstaff*, with his rapscallion followers and his old friend *Justice Shallow;* and there 's *Malvolio* and *Richard II*, and passionate *Romeo*, and the melancholy *Jaques*, and old crazed *King Lear*, and many, many more. They are an immense crowd, for they have now come down out of their frames or books; they are of flesh and blood, and I am walking among them as among old friends and acquaintances. But where is Shakspere all the time? I find him not despite all the loud, triumphant shouts of those who have discovered him in this or that character and exposed his true inwardness to the world. He hides from, he deludes, he mocks us, until we come to regard him as a mythical being or a demigod.

Chaucer revealed himself in every one of his creations, in every line he wrote. If he had a fault as an artist, it is that he is too human; the sense of kinship, of brotherhood, is, however, more to me than artistry, even of the godlike aloofness of Shakspere. Can we in all our literature find one like him in this, a blood-relation to all men, good or bad, from the lowest human refuse to the highest, the kingly and saintly; he is one of them always, and eats and drinks and laughs and weeps and prays with them. All the others whose works are a joy forever are now dead—dead and gone, alas! We know it when we read them. Even great Shakspere and his fellow-Elizabethans, with all those who came after, the heroic, the fantastic, the metaphysical, with their tantalizing, fascinating conceits; and succeeding them, the smooth, the elegant, the classical, who reigned a hundred years; then the revolting romantics in a more than century-long procession down even to the spasmodics, whose *Balders*, *Festuses*, and *Aurora Leighs* our one immortal critic would have described as a relapse into a romantic savagery more offensive to common sense than the fantastic conventions of the seventeenth century; and finally the Victorian giants who long survived these offensive ones: great Browning, cheerful in his white tie and shirt-front; Tennyson, now under a cloud, sad and prophetic, like the druids of old, with the beard that rests on his bosom; and last to follow to the grave, Swinburne, in orange waistcoat and loincloth tattooed all over with beautiful female faces in

rainbow colors, still valorously piping on his shrill, everlasting pipe. Dead—dead are they all! But if you think of Chaucer as dead you are greatly mistaken, and when you read him, you need not reflect mournfully, as you would in the case of another, that he no longer treads this green earth; that he who was most alive and loved life more than all men, is now lying in the coldë grave, alone, withouten any companie.

I know it, because I am so often with him, walking in many a crowded thoroughfare, watching the faces of the passers-by with an enduring interest in their individual lives and character. But I appreciate his company and love him best amid all rural scenes, especially in early spring, when we together delight our souls with the sight of the glad, light green of the open oak-leaves and the cold, fresh, wholesome smells of earth and grass and herbage. He alone at such times is capable of expressing what I feel. Reading Wordsworth and Ruskin, nature appears to me as a picture: it has no sound, no smell, no *feel*. In Chaucer you have it all in its highest expression; he alone is capable of saying, in some open woodland space, with the fresh smell of earth in his nostrils, that this is more to him than meat or drink or any other thing, and that since the beginning there was never anything so pleasant known to earthly man.

§ 4

All this about Chaucer in this inquiry will seem somewhat irrelevant to some readers. I do not think so; and even now, after all said, I am still reluctant to let go his hand. From the oakwood I go with him to the open fields in search of early daisies, and with him kneel on the grass and bend down to kiss the beloved flower—the beautiful dead child Margaret, come to life and light again in a changed form. Or seated on a green bank, my hand on his shoulder, converse with him; and if he falls to talking bawdy or love of it, until he makes me sick, I am a little ashamed of this modern squeamishness, and am able to rejoice in his ranker zest in life, his robust humor.

And all this time I am seeking after something hidden. Does he, Chaucer, speak only for himself when he writes thus of daisies and the smale foules with their melodie and the scents of earth and leaves and flowers, or is he expressing feelings which were more common in his day than in ours?

Here, then, for the present, at all events, I will drop the question.

It is rather unpleasant, after reveling in paradisaical odors with my ancient friend, who is more alive despite his half a thousand years than any man I know, to have to conclude this part of my subject with a somewhat disturbing matter.

When I first came to England I soon discovered that all scents on the male person, natural or artificial, were distasteful and even abhorrent to men. I had been kindly taken in hand by new-found friends who desired to make an Englishman of me—a respectable person. They told me to wear a silk hat and frock-coat, tan gloves, and to carry a neatly folded umbrella in my hand. They also instructed me to take in "The Times." One of my friends, a nice old retired barrister, assured me that a man who had not read his "Times" in the morning was unfit to walk the streets of London. I obeyed them in everything; but when

they objected to a little cologne or lavender on my pocket-handkerchief, I revolted. They said I had come from a semibarbarous country and did not know all that this meant—that an English gentleman with scent about him aroused a strong feeling of hostility in others, and that it was considered very low and indicated a person of an effeminate and nasty mind. But as I had lived among semibarbarous people and hobnobbed with savages and dangerous whites, I knew I was not effeminate and that the nastiness was not in *my* mind. Their feeling about scents was an associate one. As boys they all herded in great schools and universities, and when the time came for the restraints to be relaxed, they went out to "see life," and seeing life with them did not mean mounting a horse and riding forth in quest of adventures; it simply meant going up to London or any other big town in their neighborhood, where they placed themselves under the guidance of those who knew the ropes and who took them to the haunts of people they had never encountered before—people who were not respectable, chiefly women who received them with ravishing smiles and open arms. These women have the habit of scenting themselves somewhat excessively, and the scents and the women and their haunts, and the people and life altogether, became associated in their young impressionable minds. By-and-by the revulsion comes. Respectability and the serious business of life call them back, and they shake themselves free; but, alas! not free of the vile associations that all perfumes have for them for the remainder of their lives.

It may be that this feeling, a sense of disgust, in the gentlemen of this island country is of modern growth. At all events, we read in books that in the eighteenth century, down even to the early nineteenth, when the gentlemen visitors made their exit from a drawing-room, backing gracefully out and bowing low in the elegant manner of those times, they invariably left the scent of pomander behind them.

Two centuries earlier takes us to a time when an Englishman could saturate himself with perfumes as readily as any Venetian lady of that period; when a gentleman could call on his apothecary to get him an ounce of civet, a large order in those days, just to sweeten his imagination.

§ 5

From associations which degrade something which is lovely in itself we will go on at once in conclusion of this paper to those which exalt, and the use of perfumes in religious symbolism. Let me first, however, refer to the word "spiritual" as used a few pages back in describing the perfume of certain flowers. That it has been used by others in this connection I do not know: it would surprise me to learn that it had not. Nevertheless, I must say something in elucidation of my private meaning.

Spiritual, as here used, refers to a scent, or to a quality of a scent, which differs in character from all these flower odors described as sweet, delicious, luscious, rich, lovely, luxuriant, etc.—the scents, in fact, which in some degree are suggestive of flavors; differing too, from all fragrant gums and woods, spices and the aromatic smells of leaves; also from all artificial perfumes and scents distilled from flowers. You may capture and bottle a rare or spiritual perfume, but its

chief virtue, its highest quality, will vanish in the process. That can be had only from the living flower.

Spiritual, then, in the flower scent means an effect on the mind, one we are already familiar with. We find it in certain human faces, in their expression; in human voices, too, in some moods, in speech or song; in certain flowers in their appearance, never, perhaps, in any brilliantly colored flower; in certain bird sounds,—it may be in a certain note or phrase of its music,—also in other non-human things, even in the inorganic world, as in certain aspects of earth and sea and sky in certain rare atmospheric conditions.

Finally, it is a more ethereal scent than those of other flowers; therefore more evanescent, yet more penetrating, touching the mind, as we imagine, to something more than a mere esthetic satisfaction.

We know how great a part association has in the pleasure we receive from lovely things—sights, sounds, and scents; it may indeed be the chief cause of the effect produced by those rare and delicate scents we have been considering, though I don't think so. Anyhow, it is doubtful. Thus I may at any time find that peculiar effect in a wild flower never previously met with, growing in some desert place.

With frankincense it is a different story. It is one of the thick or heavy perfumes of the fragrant gums which do not suggest flavors, but are also far removed in character from the ethe-realized quintessential flower scents described as spiritual. The effect, therefore, in religious ritual is mainly due to association, and it is a very powerful effect, and no doubt it was much more potent in the ages of faith than now, and that it was this use of frankincense which gave rise to that common belief in lovely and heavenly perfumes emanating from the long-buried bones and corpses of dead saints on their exhumation. Intellectually, we know, smell does not rank as highly as the other two senses, but it is, on the other hand, more emotional and stirs the mind more deeply than seeing and hearing. It has, as it were, a higher and lower nature, and only in the lower does it come near to taste, and *taste* even in the Protestant, full of dry light as he is, he yet admits into *his* religious symbolism. But he cannot attend a Roman Catholic church or cathedral service in the reverent spirit of one who looks on all churches as God's house without feeling its effect, and recognizing its peculiar fitness despite the want of association for him in that cloud of incense; and he may even think that he has been wrongfully deprived of something desirable and of value in his own church service when he remembers his Bible, which is perhaps his fetish, and the words of the Being he worships, when he proclaimed through the mouth of his prophets that from the rising of the sun to its going down incense would ascend to him, morning and evening, in all places.

Why, then, is incense not used in the Anglican Church, which took its ritual from the church before it? Nobody knows. The histories only tell us that it began to fall into disuse in the reign of Edward VI.

There I will leave the subject, which, I confess, is rather an out-of-the-way one to bring into a series of papers concerning the senses of man and animals by a field naturalist.

Miracle

By Bernice Brown

Drawings by W. T. Benda

Johnnie Deautremont sat on the step in front of Bondi Ruml's shack, his big hands between his knees, his head bent forward, his little eyes vacant with the stare that is turned inward. He had sat there so long that the veins in his hands were swollen. It was beginning to grow cold, too, for April in northern Minnesota has a bitter dampness, and the fog settles down evenings as in September.

He hunched the collar of his mackinaw closer about his neck, but he did not move. There was something terrible in the man's stolidity, something ominous in the control he possessed over his great body. It seemed that he scarcely breathed, and the focus of his tiny eyes never altered. Even in repose his physical power carried a challenge. He was forty-one, and his muscles had lost their first suppleness, perhaps, but they had gained in endurance. His face had the hard, dissipated look that often belongs to men who have undergone great physical hardships.

Johnnie Deautremont was the boss logger of northern Minnesota. Winters he was foreman for the North Star Lumber Company, and all the men in the outfitting village of Belle Fleur worked for him. Every year, after the first snow, he left the miserable huddle of shacks built around the saloon and the company store to lead his crew up into the long white silence of the forest. Belle Fleur was not much of a town to regret, squatted down at the edge of the timber, with its rotted corduroy-road, its sidewalks torn into shreds by the spiked boots of the loggers, and the floors of its shacks ground into sawdust.

But in Belle Fleur, at least, one escaped from the forest, from the cold that brings a long agony in bleeding chilblains, from the sound, day and night, of the wind in the branches, from the buried light under the pines, where it seems as though one were imprisoned beneath a sea of jade.

In the summer Johnnie Deautremont was a cruiser. Then, all alone, he went up into the forest, his pack on his back, to blaze the tract that would be logged the next winter. In the parlance of the North he had a nose for timber. Johnnie Deautremont knew trees as a stone merchant knows jewels. He could estimate with uncanny accuracy into how many feet of lumber a tract would fell and cut.

In his own world nobody disputed Johnnie Deautremont and nobody liked him. Even last spring, when he had risked his life in a vain attempt to save Bondi Ruml, no man's heart had skipped a beat in admiration. It had happened up on the Lumber River, a tricky stream with a vicious current down which the tree-trunks were floated to the mill at Black Fork.

Like a narrow black carpet, the logs stretched along the water as smooth as the aisle of a church. On the shore tramped the loggers, with their long pike-poles shoving the stray logs away from the shallow water at the edge out into the current. It was tame business most of the time, like herding a flock of sheep into a fold at sundown; but the faces of the log-drivers never relaxed. Over the slow-moving carpet their eyes kept swimming, alert and suspicious; for they were getting into the white water, where the rapids began. The river was high that spring, for the snowfall of the winter before had been heavy.

Then, suddenly, something happened. In place of the smoothness was a grinding mass of logs, rubbing against one another, hurtling lengthwise, piling up in grotesque, hideous playfulness—the log-jam, for all the world like a giant's game of jackstraws.

Johnnie Deautremont was ahead with Fritz Terschak and Jacques. This was Bondi Ruml's moment. He must act at once, for behind him would come driving on the rest of the timber. Over the slippery rocks and on to the tangle of logs he scrambled. It is ticklish work finding the king log that is the key to the jam, and Bondi Ruml worked in a fury of haste. With a heavy, double-bitted ax he drove a way into the tangle; the king log was reached. Then comes the moment when the man must flee for his life; for with the king log dislodged, the mass disintegrates as quickly as it has formed. Bondi Ruml leaped from log to log, balancing himself, lunging, falling, saving himself again.

On the shore Johnnie Deautremont, Fritz Terschak, and Jacques waited. They saw Bondi stand for one second erect; he was all but safe. Then he disappeared into the broiling rapids. An instant Johnnie Deautremont looked. Without a word he slipped off his heavy jacket and plunged into the icy water. It was courting death, and he knew it, and so did every man who was watching; but out of the mess of timber he brought Bondi Ruml ashore. But Bondi was dead, crushed by the logs.

Johnnie Deautremont looked at the tall Bohemian on the ground beside him.

"Bury him," he ordered.

Nobody said anything. They dug a shallow grave where the water had thawed the frost out of the earth and left him there.

Nobody knew, either, that he went on sending back to the daughter of Bondi Ruml the dead man's pay envelop. Johnnie Deautremont possessed a grim sort of justice that had neither compassion nor understanding. It would be a terrible thing if Johnnie Deautremont fell in love.

On the opposite side of the road Willa Terschak, when she went out for an armful of wood, saw Johnnie waiting on the Ruml doorstep.

"Holy Mary!" she said, "the devil has come back again!" Could old Johnnie be waiting for Thea? Willa Terschak's heart stood still. Then she shrugged her shoulders. Thea was seventeen. It was time she should marry some one, especially since her father's death had left her alone in the world. Thea, just because her mother had come from Prague and could read and write, had no reason to be uppish. After her mother's death the child had been sent

to the convent at St. Pierre. She was a little different from the other girls in the village, Willa conceded, but she had no right to *feel* different. Anyway, Willa had troubles enough of her own.

Johnnie Deautremont, as he sat there, was thinking about the first day he had ever seen Thea. She was fifteen then, long-legged and slender and shy. She was playing before the shack with a big white goose on whose right wing lay three long black feathers, as though some one had stroked it with sooty fingers. Johnnie noticed that the goose held its wing slightly distended and downward, so that the edge skimmed the dust as it walked.

"What a fool you are," he had said, "to want such an ugly thing for a pet!" He had kicked at the bird as he passed.

In two years Thea had become a woman. Unlike most Bohemian girls, she gave an impression of fragility. Her hands and her feet were small, and her head was exquisitely modeled. Her hair, which was smooth and black, waved away from her low forehead. Her eyes had the purple blue of iris, and her skin, though healthy, was curiously white.

Thea Ruml's face was lovely, but it was her body that possessed her charm. There was grace in the long line of her thigh, in the delicate contour of her young breasts. There was something wistful about her, and exquisite and disarmingly young.

She did not see him that evening until she turned in at the thinly cindered path leading to the shack. Then she stopped.

"You!" Her face was strangely white against the twilight.

He rose slowly from the doorstep.

"Yes, me." He hesitated a moment. "There is business I must talk over with you."

"I—I 'm sorry I kept you waiting." She had the humility of a child that fears punishment for an unknown fault. "I stopped in to play with the Djursen children. Little Rudi is fourteen now and almost as big as I am. You should see the statue of St. Joseph he carved out of wood. It is as swell as the one in the church, only little, like a doll." She lighted the lamp on the oil-cloth-covered table, and she hoped he had not seen how her fingers trembled. She must not let him know she was afraid. "Trudel thought it was a doll." She giggled nervously. "She dressed it up in a shawl. Oh, Rudi was mad, like a hornet." Again she laughed, this time hysterically.

Would he never say anything? What had he come for? She bustled around the kitchen.

"I shall make you a dish of tea, eh?" All the time she had never quite caught his eyes. She smiled gaily now, but she looked just over his shoulder to the chromo of Mount Vesuvius, given free with a cough medicine, that hung on the unceiled wall of the shack. "Old Mother Petri is sick again. She prays every day in the church, cold like a barn, and that makes her rheumatism worse. Then she curses the saints for not making her well. Father Fonda sent her home to bed for a week as a penance."

Thea built up the fire in the stove, filled the copper kettle from a pail of water in the corner, and laid out the heavy cups and saucers. To make it seem like a party, she put on the table the cruet-stand with the empty pink

glass bottles she had bought from an Italian peddler. "Swell, eh?" she said as she held it up for the man's admiration.

She was sorry at once she had done it. She knew he was not looking at the cheap thing in her hand, but at her, at her slenderness, her softness. Thea felt with a panic the grace that her body held. She did not want to torment him, to lure him.

"You talk all the time," he said, "like a mud-hen. Never quiet."

She dabbled an inquiring finger into the tea-kettle.

"Not even warm yet," she said. "This stove too damn' slow. In winter I stay here all day and poke wood, wood, wood into his mouth. He is like a bad child that is always hungry."

"Thea—"

With a gasp of fear she started back against the wall, her lips parted, and her eyes for the first time on his face. He had not come back to the village, then, to hear her chatter about the Djursen children; he had not sent her the wages her father had ceased to earn out of simple friendliness. Still, he was her benefactor; he had been kind to her. Through a terrible justice she felt she belonged to him if he wanted her.

He was standing close to her now, and her eyes finally struggled to his.

"Thea—" Still he had not touched her. He was like something suffocating. She had no strength left against him. He was like the east wind that twists the wild geese out of their course, crippling their wings with invisible fingers.

With a half-sob she covered her face with her hands and waited. It was useless to struggle, for the thing that was in his eyes was neither lust nor passion. He loved her, and love has a terrible power.

He put his arms around her, and when she trembled, he held her with a desperate tightness. His lips touched her hair, and she could feel his breath upon her forehead. She believed she would die if he kissed her mouth.

"To-day," he said, "I buy the McCurdy house. Next week, when we are married, you move in there. You will be glad to leave this dump, eh?" He smiled down at her, sheepishly. It was a candid appeal for approbation as ludicrous as it was sincere. He made her think of an awkward dog that fairly overturns one in his zeal to bring attention to the muddy stick he has retrieved.

Thea struggled to smile.

"It is a swell house," she said, "too good for me."

The man looked at her curiously.

"And in Duluth last week I buy you a dress for the wedding," he went on. "It is white, and as soft as the breast of a wild duck." He puzzled a moment. "So soft I could not feel it; it was as if I touched nothing." He spoke as though finding words were a thing of physical struggle. "I go now to see Father Fonda, and then back to camp before daybreak." He waited a moment. "In a week I come back, and on Sunday we marry." He waited for her to say something, but she made no answer. "Well, I go now." He stood by the door, but he made no motion to open it.

She knew he expected her to make some sign, to come to him. She felt even a strange compulsion to put her hand on his sleeve, perhaps, to try to be grateful. Even though the veins

in her throat still throbbed with terror she was sorry for him. It seemed to her, suddenly, that this moment had always existed and would endure forever, as though the two of them had always stood opposite each other in the low-ceilinged, half-lighted kitchen, smelling of wood-smoke and kerosene and the damp wool of clothing. Thea wondered if perhaps the Virgin might not wrap around her a mantel of invisibility and carry her up to heaven. Something must happen to save her.

Then came a curious pecking against the wooden panel of the door.

"Toni!" she gasped, and flew by him to open it.

Out of the darkness came in the creature, more grotesque even than Johnnie Deautremont had remembered him, cackling, waddling, excited, the great wing dragging like a broken sail.

Johnnie made a move toward Thea, but the bird intercepted him, turning in clumsy half-circles, cackling still, and stretching out its wings in a hideous sort of playfulness.

"Devil!" said the man, and kicked at it resentfully.

"Oh!" Thea gathered the great bird into her arms and held it against her.

Johnnie Deautremont looked away suddenly from the fear he saw in her eyes.

"You are a silly child to keep such an ugly goose," he said. He was ashamed of his anger and fearful lest he should betray his chagrin. From the open doorway he looked back. She still held the creature in her arms, and her small dark head looked strangely fragile above the bird's bulky whiteness.

A curious anger swept through him that he could neither analyze nor conquer. With a great spurt of will he slammed the thin door behind him, and ran down the path to the road before he should have time to change his mind.

Overhead gleamed the first stars of the cold April twilight, and above the hill, behind the scraggly silhouette of forest, rose the moon, large and very white and cold. Johnnie Deautremont thought suddenly of the forest. It had done something terrible to him. It had put into his soul its own blackness, its own sullen loneliness. It was not like a bridegroom, gay with the blustering assurance of happiness, that Johnnie Deautremont stamped up the shallow steps before the cottage of Father Fonda.

§ 2

In the days that followed Thea went about like a person in a trance. She scrubbed the splintery floor of the tiny shack, she polished the copper pans, hanging over the stove, that had come all the way from Bohemia, she washed and ironed the calico frocks with the stiff little frill of Bohemian lace around the neck and wrists. During the day she could live, in some way, with only the surface of her mind; the rest lay drugged in a sort of stupor. But at night the potion wore off, and into her dreams came the terror she could beat down during the daylight. She grew afraid to sleep; so she lay at night long hours, looking out between the slits of turkey-red curtains at the window up into the starlight.

She was afraid as is a child that has been frightened by a story it has only partly understood. She became even slenderer, and her face grew whiter, and under her eyes lay shadows of

unhappiness. She was afraid of the wind when it lashed the thin sprays of woodbine against the window, afraid to blow out the lamp at night, afraid of to-morrow. She did not play any more with the Djursen children. She did not want to see any one, and she was afraid to stay alone.

On Saturday Johnnie Deautremont came down from Duluth, and he brought a great white box to Thea. She untied the extravagant yards of string, took off the cover, and there, under the fragile sheets of tissue-paper, lay the dress so soft that Johnnie Deautremont could not feel it with his fingers. Gingerly, Thea lifted it out and held it against her.

"Pretty, eh?" he asked.

She looked away suddenly from the pleading in his eyes.

"It is too good for me." There was a long moment of silence. "It was nice of you to buy it, you bet." She knew she had hurt him. "I—I thank you."

"Put it on," he commanded. "I come back in an hour." He waited another moment. "It was the best one they had in the store. It cost thirty dollars."

Thea shook her head gravely.

"It is too good for me," she repeated.

After he had gone she still stood in the middle of the room where he had left her. Perhaps she remained there five minutes; then a wave of terror gulfed over her. "He will be coming back now. I must hurry." She unbuttoned the dark-blue calico, which dropped in a ring around her feet, and put on the new dress frantically.

She could not hurry now, there were so many hooks. It was difficult to match hook and eye together, especially when one's hands had become strangely rebellious. Then she looked down at her feet in their coarse leather shoes. For a second she hesitated. Then she sat down on the cot, unlaced them, and tossed them into the corner. It was better now, even in her bare feet; the old shoes had become so ugly.

There were footsteps on the cinder path and at the door. Thea hesitated a moment. She must not keep him waiting even long enough to put on the boots again. As soundless as a timber fox she flew to the door and opened it. Then she stood there, motionless, her hand at her throat, where it seemed the veins would burst with throbbing.

After a moment the young man before her drew off his cap.

"I—I 'm sorry." His eyes never left her face as he spoke. "They told me at the company office I 'd find Johnnie Deautremont here. It—was rather important."

Thea took a step backward.

"No, he is not here."

For another long moment neither moved. There seemed nothing to do but to stand there and look. There was no room, no village of Belle Fleur, no existence in the world anywhere but the two of them, the man with the sun in his hair and the girl in her white-satin dress, barefooted, and with eyes the color of lake water before a storm.

"Perhaps I shall meet him on the road," he said.

"Perhaps."

Still he did not go. His eyes were blue, too, but light like the sky of June at noonday. His hair, too, was light, and the close-cropped ringlets fitted tight to his head. He had

probably been miserable because his hair curled. His mouth was large and turned up a shade at the corners, and his teeth were very white.

After a moment Thea echoed:

"You might meet him, perhaps, on the road."

"Yes," he said. "It was about the survey I was to see him. I 'm from headquarters." Neither one of them cared what it was he was saying; neither one of them listened.

Johnnie Deautremont, who had come down the river road, stopped stock-still in front of the shack. He saw the young man bow and in some way get down the steps and on to the path. When he met Daniel Pherson at the corner, there was a look in the boy's eyes as of one who has come from a long way off. It was an instant before the young man could speak with any concentration about the surveying prospect the company had sent him out from headquarters to accomplish.

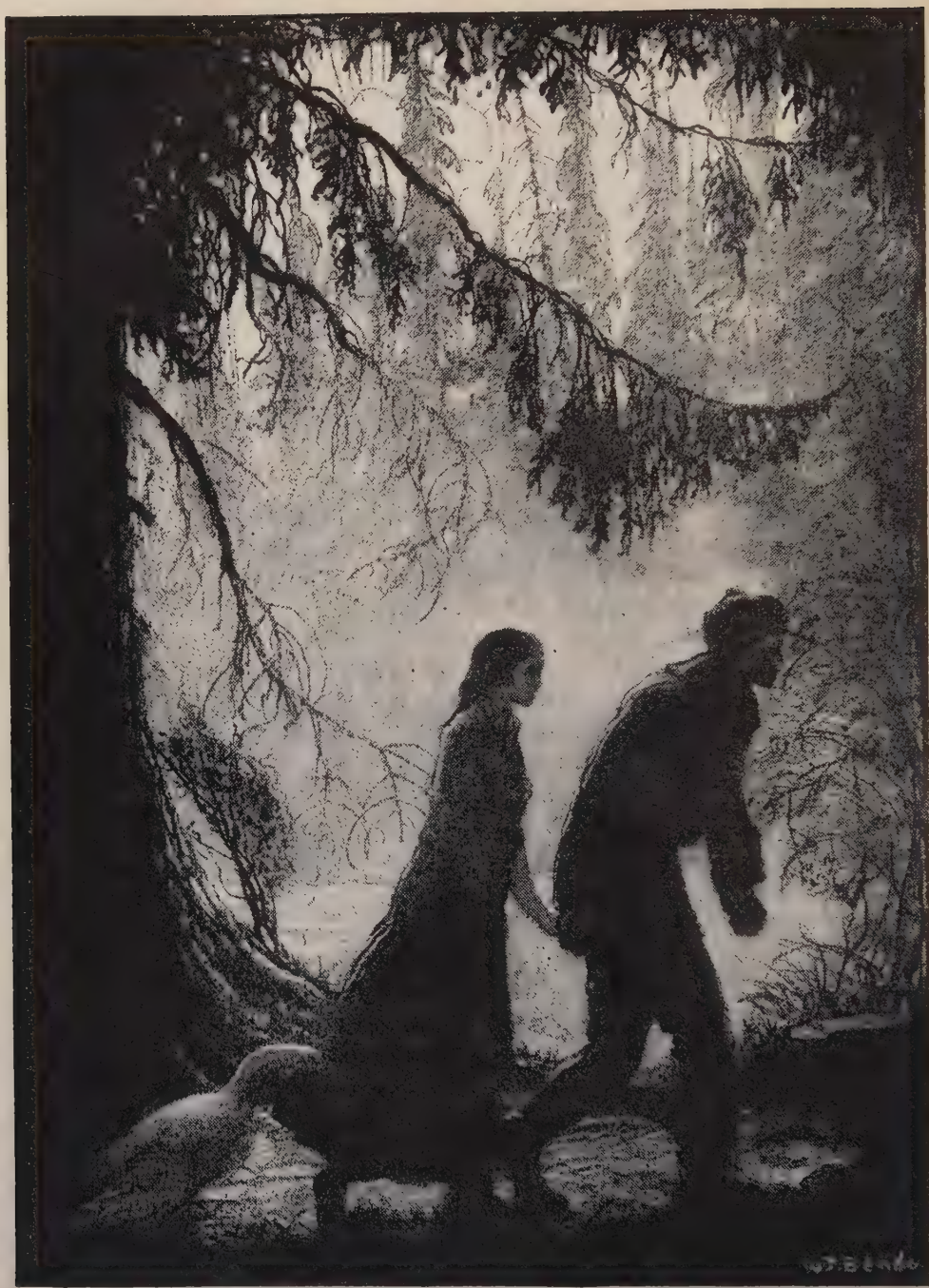
§ 3

On Sunday Thea and Johnnie Deautremont were married. Johnnie had sent Toni Benedo clear to Duluth for the stockings and white-satin slippers. Toni carried with him a pair of old shoes, copper-toed and heavy-soled, and he brought back the cheap white slippers that to Belle Fleur represented the magnificence of an empress. When she finished dressing, Thea confronted herself in the small, speckled mirror that hung, below the chromo of the Virgin, over the table. It was little enough she could see of her splendor in the tiny, bedimmed reflection, but she wished suddenly that she were old and ugly and crippled like Mother Petri. Then she thought of the young man with the straight shoulders and the sun in his hair, and she wondered curiously why the vision of her own loveliness had conjured up his face.

It was a day of watery sunshine, alternating moments of summer warmth and the reminiscent bleakness of March. The day before, Johnnie had carted over to the new house all the things he had selected at Thea's. "Not worth the skin of a summer otter," he had said after he had completed the task. Sunday Johnnie Deautremont came for her.

All the village watched them on their way to the church. Most of the village attended the ceremony. They were all impressed by Thea's splendor and by Johnnie's munificence, but it could not be said to be a day of festival. Father Fonda's eyes were grave when he blessed them. Willa Terschak's remarks afterward possessed all the unpleasant candor of peasant frankness. Daniel Pherson did not go to the church. Instead, he tramped up the river, fishing, but it did not seem that the sport held for him the zest that it once had.

After the ceremony Johnnie Deautremont took his bride home. It was the best house in town to which he brought her. Jim McCurdy, who had built it, had been the boss of the saw-mill before the company moved it down the river to Black Fork, and he had taken seriously his position in the community. The house was a square frame box of two stories, painted a cold, pale blue. It was plastered inside, and the only house in the village that had a parlor. Johnnie Deautremont was proud of it. Saturday he had arranged Thea's furniture, but he was not satisfied with



the result, and he determined to write for the splendid golden-oak cabinet and easel he had seen in the mail-order catalogue. Then the house would look as magnificent as any house in Minnesota.

Still strange in her wedding-dress, Thea sat on the one chair in the parlor. It was cold in the room, and she shivered.

"Wait," he said, and he brought his mackinaw. As he put it around her shoulders his hand touched her neck. He stopped suddenly, and Thea sat motionless as he stroked her cheek with his finger. "It is like the dress," he said solemnly, baffled at his discovery—"too soft to feel."

When her husband went out to split up the wood for the kitchen stove, Thea took off her wedding finery and put on her old blue calico and the copper-toed shoes. An instant she stood alone in the parlor, then she silently opened the front door, closed it behind her, and ran down the road. In ten minutes she was home again, breathless, frightened at her own temerity, irresolute. She did not go in at the front door; it was no longer home inside. At last she sat down on the step, her hands gripping each other fiercely between her knees, and her eyes stared at nothing. Suddenly there was a sound in the dead leaves banked up for winter protection against the base of the shack.

"Toni!"

In an instant she had seized the great bird and held him fiercely in her arms. In grotesque playfulness he pecked at her with a brave show of anger.

"Hush up, big idiot!" she said. "I have come back for you."

Daniel Pherson, returning empty-handed from his journey, saw her across the road. A long moment he stood and looked. Then he went on again slowly. She had not noticed him. Well, perhaps, it was better so. Suddenly he hated the pitiful huddle of shacks that made up the village of Belle Fleur. What strange creatures men were to dump in the midst of these forests the squalor and wretchedness of their own lives! Belle Fleur indeed! He laughed unpleasantly.

Johnnie Deautremont, coming down the road, did not notice him, either. Tell Haley, from the Winnipeg office, was with him, and Tell was explaining something. In front of the saloon they stopped, and Tell went on talking. Finally, he took some maps out of his pocket. They went into the saloon, and Tell spread the maps on the wooden counter, scarred with initials and sticky with spilled brandy. With a stubby blue pencil he marked off a tract. It was the Calumet tract above Dudley, ten thousand acres of timber, as black as cypress and as precious as Lebanon cedar.

"You go up to Duluth to-morrow," Tell finished, "and start out from there. Next winter you round up your crew early. Nothing left this year but Bohunks and Ginnies; Northwest folks bulled the market. Pie every day." He spat viciously. "What they need is beans and enough red-eye to kill 'em when it 's over."

Johnnie Deautremont made no answer, and even Tell Haley was cautious enough not to press him.

"You 'll be solid with the company if you put it over, and it 'll run you a thousand. A thousand." His voice was husky with emphasis. Then he ordered two drinks, and then two

more. "How about it? You go up to-morrow?"

"To-morrow." He did not look at any one when he left, and the shack trembled as the door slammed to behind him. Tell Haley ordered a third drink. He was lucky to get Johnnie Deautremont, and a thousand dollars was cheap, dirt cheap. If somebody did n't kill him, Johnnie would get the job done before snowfall. You could bet on it. Then Tell Haley chuckled, and ordered a fourth.

It was dusk when Johnnie Deautremont came at last upon Thea. She was still sitting on the step of the shack, and the great bird waddled and strutted before her. Johnnie was very sure now that he hated that creature.

"Come!"

With eyes black with fright she stared up at him, then rose and followed him down the road to the new house, the great bird close behind her. It was a fantastic procession they made through the twilight, past the company office, past the church, past the saloon.

Without speaking she followed him into the mansion that had been built by Jim McCurdy, and he bolted the door behind her. With a thousand dollars he could give her everything. He could make this the most beautiful house in the world. She should have two golden-oak cabinets and a picture of Niagara Falls and a hat-rack.

He lighted the lamp that stood on the oil-cloth-covered table in the kitchen, and started the fire in the stove. The room looked less bleak in the half-light, and the wood snapped and hissed with a jolly noise. This was his kitchen, where the lamp glowed so agreeably. It was his stove, which he had set up himself, that would soon make the whole house as warm as an evening in August.

"Thea—"

She had not moved from the spot where she had stood when she entered. Her hands hung quiet at her side, and her face never changed expression. He liked her better, he thought now, than in her wedding-dress. Anyway, just as well. But she should have a dozen dresses as fine as the white one when he came back from the Calumet.

He wished she would smile. She was cold, perhaps. He got a chair and brought it up to the stove.

"Here," he said. As she came forward slowly, he brushed against her. "Thea—"

She closed her eyes, and it seemed as though she had ceased to breathe. He put out his arm to steady her as though she were a child.

"Thea," he repeated. At once his arms were around her, and he held her against him with all the fierceness of a love that had never had expression. He was not thinking of her now or even of himself. He was in the grip of something more powerful than he. He had ceased to exist as a person. He seemed to be nothing but a blind desire, a tormented, baffled longing. He was as powerless now as she was, and as desperate. Suddenly he forced her face up to his, and he kissed her again and again with a terrible, awkward fierceness. It was the first time he had ever kissed a woman when it mattered. Then he noticed that her skin was cold.

For the first time he thought about her. A second he stood there motionless, his arms still straining her to him. She was sobbing. At first he could scarcely hear her. It was like some-

thing one has dreamed of. At last it seemed to him he had heard that sound all his life, as though he should always hear it. It became at once the only thing in his universe. His arms dropped away from her. He did not look at her as he moved over to the stove and sat down in the chair he had drawn up for her, his head bent forward, his great hands listless between his knees.

§ 4

Next morning Thea found on the kitchen table two grimy greenbacks of ten dollars each. Twenty dollars! He had gone, then. The heavy mackinaw was no longer hanging over the hinge of the kitchen door. He had taken the roll of bedding, too, on which he had slept in the corner of the kitchen. It was strange she had not heard him. Perhaps, after all, he had not left.

She moved around the house, at first on tiptoe, fearful of the sound of her own footsteps, fearful even to move. The sun streamed in at the kitchen window. Finally she opened the back door and stepped out into the square of clearing that stood between Belle Fleur and the forest. The McCurdy house was the last one in the village. It seemed almost as though it had been built up against the wall of blackness, as shops, in the Old World, are cuddled up against the great wall of a cathedral. There were high white clouds in the sky, and the wind held the languor of June. Thea lifted her face and closed her eyes against the blaze of the sun.

Gradually warmth came back to her. He had gone clear away, to the Calumet. Perhaps she had only dreamed what had happened. Anyway, she was free now, and the sun was warm upon her eyeballs. It was good to be alive.

Next day she went to the company store and bought coffee and tea and sugar and flour. She hung the pictures that had made gay the rough walls of old Bondi Ruml's shack. One by one the women of the village came to call and sit in the only house in town that had a parlor. No one asked her about her husband, and she never mentioned his name. It seemed almost as though he had ceased to exist.

May passed by, and June and July. Twice the office in Winnipeg had sent Thea money. She had spent only a little. The rest she had put away between the leaves of her prayer-book, which lay, beneath the rosary, on the little shelf above her bed.

In June Daniel Pherson came back from a long survey to the North. It had been a hard trek, and he looked thin and older. The skin across his cheek-bones was drawn, and there were new lines around his eyes. Thea saw him first on the village street. She did not know whether they had spoken. She only knew it was difficult afterward to listen to Jacques Pierre at the butcher shop when he told her about the deer he had shot last week in defiance of the tyranny of game-laws.

"Soon we have no rights at all," he had blustered. "There will be right away a law a man cannot beat his wife!" He shrugged his shoulders with elaborate affectation and sighed. *"Eh bièn, la vie c'est la vie."*

Next day was Sunday, and Thea sat on the step that looked up against the forest. She was not lonely, only waiting. It was as black as a stormy

twilight ten feet away from the patch of clearing. Partridge and grouse sallied out from the thicket of underbrush as impenetrable as a wire entanglement. Always in the pines was the sound of the wind, like the distant flowing of water. Those trees had always been there, like a barricade to surround her. Somewhere on the other side of that wall was the man she had married. She shivered and suddenly bent forward, her forehead pressed against her knees, her thin brown hands clasped together about her legs. She looked like a Naiad of Rodin, exquisitely young, exquisitely forlorn.

Then she looked up, startled, into the eyes of Daniel Pherson. An instant she stared, and they both laughed. Under his arm was the great goose, its head to one side, its tiny eyes blinking maliciously.

"It was clear up the road that I met him," Danny Pherson explained. "I argued with him a little about changing his direction. Then I picked him up, and here he is." He put the bird down and pushed him away playfully. "A fine fellow you are, to be sure." He laughed.

Thea laughed, too. A long moment they stood there. They could not have said why they were happy. Perhaps it was a little ridiculous to laugh at nothing, especially if one's father had been Scotch. Danny Pherson made a half-motion to leave.

"Well, I 'm glad I could find him for you. I s'pose you set considerable store by him, somehow."

The laughter was all gone from Thea's face now. She made a little gesture toward him, but she did not speak. Then she again sat down on the step.

"Next Sunday," he said, "I shall bring you a trout from the pool—this long." He made a boasting gesture. Then, after a moment, "Shall I?"

"Yes," she said.

He was glad she was not looking at him. It was difficult enough to leave without her eyes upon him.

Until next Sunday stretched for Thea an eon of time. All day it was in her thoughts not as anything definite, but as a beautiful, elusive pleasantness that transformed the rest of existence. Sunday she put on her second-best dress, but she changed it before he arrived to the dark-blue calico. She would even try not to look glad when he should come, but pretend he was only a person who was bringing her a speckled trout for her dinner. This deception was not so much a sop to morality as a defense against disappointment. Suppose he should not get back from the surveying job? Suppose he should not go fishing Sunday? Suppose he should forget to come? With all these eventualities Thea tormented herself not because she believed them, but for discipline. Unlike most of her countrymen, she had no lucky talent for enjoying the world recklessly. Neither, indeed, did Daniel Pherson, with his long line of Scotch Presbyterian forbears. But Danny's mother had been Irish. It was from her that he received the blue eyes and the mouth that turned up at the corners. Danny had both the Celtic responsiveness and the Anglo-Saxon capacity for relentless, unswerving emotion.

All week the Irish in Danny Pherson triumphed, but on Sunday he was Scotch. During the six days he was not to see her she had a way of intruding her small, serious head between

his eye and the copper transit, and instead of observing certain trigonometrical imbecilities of interest to the North Star Lumber Company, he saw only her white brow, her eyes the color of iris, and the smooth black hair that he wanted to stroke with his fingers.

Sunday, with a curious Puritanical defiance, he came down the village street to the house of Johnnie Deautremont's bride instead of compromising on the forest road where he would be unobserved. Again Thea sat on the steps in the sunshine, the great white goose on the ground at her feet.

She stood up suddenly, and a slow color mounted under her pale skin.

"Oh, you are early, eh?" It was a naïve admission that she had not allowed herself to hope for him so soon.

Danny Pherson smiled.

"Too early?" He held out toward her the silver-scaled fish, flashing and iridescent in the sunlight. "See what I have brought you."

Thea waited a moment.

"I, too, have a present for you." She disappeared, and returned from the kitchen with something in her hands. Suddenly ashamed, she held it out toward him. After all, it had been a childish trick, the little basket of woven grasses, lined with birch-leaves and filled with wild raspberries. "Now you think I am silly," she said, "that I am no older than the Djursen kids." Her eyes pleaded for reassurance.

Awkward because he would be gentle, Danny lifted the fragile basket by the woven-grass handle. An instant he held it before him.

"It is like beads of coral in a velvet jewel-case." He blushed, suddenly ashamed of his simile. "My mother had a string of coral once she kept in a green box. It made me think of that." Then something happened. The slippery grass of the handle became loosened from the basket, and the little mound of raspberries went leaping and rolling over the rough wood of the steps.

"Oh!" It was suspiciously close to a sob. She was standing on the step above him, her face looking down into his.

"Thea—" In a blundering agony of apology he caught both her hands; scarcely realizing what he was doing, he pressed them against his lips. She bent her head over his until her cheek touched his hair.

In an instant his arms were around her, and her hands held his head against her breast. They did not move or speak. It was something neither one had expected, neither one could have avoided. It was as natural, as inevitable as the response of the willows to the first warm day in April.

"Thea!" he whispered! "Thea! Thea!"

Her hand stroked the tousled head beneath her lips.

"Little one! *Draga!*" It was a word she had heard her mother use. She did not know what it meant any more.

Unheeded the great goose snapped up the scattered berries until every pink fleck of color had disappeared. Thea saw him and smiled. Except for him, perhaps, she might never have known.

Finally Danny released her, and they stood for a long moment silent, their eyes never faltering.

"Thea—"

"I love you." Her voice was as

quiet and as grave as a woman's. "You love me. It has happened that way. There is nothing to do for it. No."

It seemed an agony of time before he answered.

"Yes, I can go away." His face had become old suddenly, and his voice sounded strange and distant.

Her face was old, too, with the terrible knowledge of youth, and it seemed, when she tried to speak, as though no sound would come.

"Yes," she repeated finally, "you can go away."

She did not move when he left her. He stumbled along like a school-boy. He was almost running, and his breath came in terrible, choking gasps. He was afraid to stay and afraid to go. Well, he had made a decision.

He was leaving. To-morrow he would finish his report to the company, drive his Ford over the trail to St. Denis, stay all night at the company shack in the timber, and catch a train next day for the North. From Quebec he would be off West. There was a job he could have up in British Columbia. Anyway, what did it matter? He must get away, that was all. He supposed after a while he would get over seeing her face and the haunted look in her eyes that were like lake water before a storm.

§ 5

Monday noon he pushed back his chair from the rough deal table and folded up the paper on which stood his calculations, copied in ink and arduously neat. He hated the office, with its splintered floor and great brown splotches of tobacco stain. It occurred to him that men were unnecessarily bestial. He hated Tell Haley, who sat opposite him, with his square yellow teeth and heavy nostrils.

"That Calumet country 's goin' big," Tell confided. "Johnnie Deautremont 's no fool when it comes to timber." Tell Haley spat in the general direction of the company cuspidor. "He 's due back here this afternoon, down the river. Got a letter from the Winnipeg folks." He got up and slouched over to the window, where he squinted up at the sky, across which hurtled dirty storm-clouds. "Helldamnblast!" he said. "We don't generally get a blow like this so early."

Danny Pherson did not move. The windows, loosely set into the casements, rattled with noisy, maddening persistence. In the winter the wind drove the snow in until the floor was white, the way a storm-lashed ocean drives the salt fog inland. Life on the lumber border was a ruthless one. It was no wonder men drank and gambled and caroused to escape even for the moment from the heartbreak of reality.

Tell Haley slouched out of the office across the road to the saloon. He had flung out an invitation to Danny, but Danny, it appeared, had not heard it.

Johnnie Deautremont was coming back. It had seemed in some way as though Johnnie Deautremont had ceased to exist, as though, perhaps, he had never really existed. Danny remembered him suddenly, with his heavy, stooped shoulders, his small eyes far apart, and his shock of black hair. He remembered Thea, too, in her dress of white satin and her bare feet and the terror in her eyes.

Suddenly the door to the office opened.

"Thea!" He got up, but he did not go to her.

She stood with her body against the door, her hands behind her holding the knob until the knuckles grew white. Her lips were open, but she did not speak. He could not endure her eyes on his face. They were like the eyes of a child in torture.

"He—"

Danny Pherson nodded, but he did not look at her.

"I know."

There was a long moment of silence, and neither one stirred. At last her hands fell at her sides, and the tension went out of her body. Something curious, too, had happened to her face. All the terror was gone. In its place was a beaten, listless resignation.

"I—I don't know why I came. I just found myself running and running." She stopped a moment. "It seemed I must look at you, only look at you. I don't know. Like some folks run and kneel to the Virgin when there is a storm." Again she stopped. Finally, she drew the back of her hand across her eyes and she shook her head like a bewildered child. "I think I shall not be able to see your face again—even in my mind. It is hard so, is it not?"

"Thea—" In an instant his arms were around her, and his hands stroked her hair and her shoulders in a fumbling agony of tenderness. They clung to each other like children desperate in the face of danger. "Thea!" he repeated. It seemed that his language was shorn of all but her name.

"I—love you."

At once there appeared just one thing for him to do. One does not dispute the ethics of what is inevitable. Danny Pherson had no time to convert his Scotch Presbyterian God to the thing he had made up his mind to do. Perhaps he could never convert Him. Well, then he would have to discover a new God, or get along without any.

Thea knew the thing that had happened in Danny's soul.

"I shall be ready." She met his eyes with grave candor. "There is nothing for me to take with me—only Toni. I am frightened to leave him, great stupid."

Where the village road, like a trail that disappears over a mountain, was lost in the somber shadow of the forest Thea waited. The wind bound her skirts about her, twisting and wrapping and unwrapping them. It rushed past her ears like the startled flight of a covey of partridges. It lashed the forest into a frantic, tortured protest.

§ 6

Tell Haley, coming out of the saloon, saw Dan Pherson crank the car and scramble in over the door. He saw him stop again at the edge of the forest and a woman in blue with something white under her arm get in beside him. Tell Haley was reasonably drunk, but he understood what had happened. It was he who, an hour later, broke the news to Johnnie Deautremont as he came up the path from the river. Tell Haley had no particular intention of courting his own destruction or of bringing torment to another. Liquor always made him garrulous.

"Your little Bohunk girl 's flew the coop," he said. "Flew the coop with Danny Pherson. Damn shame you did n't float down the river a coupla

hours sooner." He beamed expansively.

Johnnie Deautremont stood stock-still. For a moment it seemed as though he did not understand English. After a man has been four months alone in the timber it is difficult to fit back into the intercourse of people. He is like a child who by some mistake has been put at school in a grade too advanced for him. With a single gesture Johnnie pushed Tell Haley off the path into the briery thicket of hazel and stamped on. Tell Haley was only drunk.

But Johnnie Deautremont did not go home. First he stopped at the office, but it was empty and the door locked. Then he strolled down the road, the wind twisting eddies of dust into his face and eyes. The people he met he greeted sourly, but his eyes searched their faces with a frantic hope. Surely their faces must reveal to him something if what Tell Haley had said was true. He even met Father Fonda. The priest nodded and stopped him. Had his journey been successful? The priest evidently knew nothing. No, it could not be true.

But before he went home Johnnie Deautremont stopped at the saloon. He had no intention of getting drunk, but one drink or two would make him easier in his mind. Besides, it had been a long time since he had drunk anything. He deserved a bit of spree, a man who had been four months stark alone in the timber. It was n't right to be alone like that; it did things to a person.

At last Johnnie Deautremont turned home. The wind was behind him now, and it was easier walking, but he did not hurry. Like a lagging school-boy he pushed open the gate and walked up the path to the house. The windows were closed, and the door. Well, she was probably in the kitchen. Of course. She would n't be sitting alone in the parlor. How silly! He laughed out loud, and the sound of his voice startled him. Yes, the forest had done that for him.

So he went around to the back and pushed open the door into the kitchen. The place had a curious silence and the cold smell of a house long deserted. On the shelf the cheap clock from the company store was still ticking, and the room was just as he remembered it.

"Thea." It was only a whisper. After a while he would call to her. "Thea! Thea! Thea!" He was shouting now like a man who must make himself heard above a storm at sea. He stamped through the house, his great shoes scarring deep into the pine of the floors. There was no one here, no one.

Finally, he rushed out doors and to the road that led into the forest. Tell Haley was right. Clear in the soft sand lay the marks of the tires. They would stay to-night at the shack above Lumber River.

They had almost two hours' start upon him. He began to run forward. Then he stopped again. This was madness, madness. They were only a few miles from him as the crow flies, for the road, an old Indian trail, following the creek, was a tortuous one, fairly doubling back on itself in its way across the hills. He could almost shout to them, but he could never reach them, not for months, maybe for years. Danny Pherson was no common logger. Danny Pherson could outwit him, could escape him.

An instant Johnnie Deautremont stood there, the wind crashing the trees above him. The branches knocked against one another and strained and snapped as though they labored to loose themselves and to go hurtling off into space. The wind was due east, and it would stiffen with the sunset. Already it was blowing a gale. A long moment Johnnie Deautremont listened. Then a thought came to him. This time he knew he was mad, but he did not care. He could get even with all of them, the slender girl whose eyes were the color of iris, with Danny Pherson, with the forest.

Near as they were to him in miles, he could not overtake them. He knew that, *but the wind could.*

Kneeling beside the underbrush at the side of the road, he struck a match to the dry leaves of hazel and blueberry. He had seen fires start before, seen them race along the slippery floor of pine-needles, dry now as tinder. The flames were many at first, and little and very blue. They were like thousands of blue lupin that the children gather in the spring. Then the wind would find the fire and suck it upward, wind it and twist it and torment it until it reached the branches of the pines. Then the flames would shout back to the wind, screaming and spitting and sending on great gulfing waves of smoke before them.

Johnnie Deautremont laughed. This was splendid, his fire. Already it had gone forward toward them. It could travel faster than a man on horseback. If they turned back or tried to push on, they could not escape. Johnnie Deautremont knew that trail well, how it snaked in and out and seemed never to make any progress. No, they had better stay in the shack and say their prayers. They could never escape the messenger he had sent on to say that he was coming, to say he was coming though they would never see his face.

§ 7

For two days he neither slept nor ate. He was like a person who has already ceased to exist. The villagers did not notice him; but if they had, they would have said Johnnie Deautremont was just as usual. There was nothing new in his face, and his actions betrayed neither emotion nor excitement.

But the calm of his manner was not peace. It meant only that all his sensations had been suspended. His mind was like a deserted telegraph office, equipped and in order, but with no one there to record the incoming vibrations. Before the first rescue party was rounded up in the village Johnnie Deautremont had set out. He carried neither compass nor luggage. He trekked that country as the ancients navigated the great sea, by instinct, by star-shine, by the will to arrive.

The ground he walked on was as soft as dust, and his feet sank into it like wet sand. The heavy leather of his boots became scorched with the heat, his eyes smarted from the smoke that still hung, like poison gas, in the hollows. Often it seemed he could not breathe, but he went on, blackened and foot-sore. Against the noonday sun stood the charred tree-trunks, like the towers of a ruined city. By sunset it was ghastly country, a mad man's nightmare. At dusk he swam across the boiling Lumber River. The wooden bridge was gone, of

course, and swimming would have been no tame adventure even for a man who had eaten and slept; but Johnnie Deautremont crossed over.

Down the gully a mile and to the left would be the spot where the company shack had stood. It had a wild choke-cherry-tree beside the door that always flowered early. It was like a slim girl in her wedding-dress against the dull green of the pines. Another mile, and the creek would bend. Then he would clamber up out of the gully, and he would have reached his destination. They had had a short moment of paradise, those two, before his messenger had reached them. Well, he, too, had had a short moment.

It was almost dark now, and the gully was choked with shadow. Head down, like an animal, he was plodding. He had become almost without sensation. He could keep walking forever, even though he were dead. Suddenly he came to a halt, and for the first time the breath caught in his throat. Something was moving. There was some other living thing beside himself in this hideous wilderness.

For a long moment his eyes strained into the twilight, and he waited. Then he saw something white coming down the gully to meet him. It zigzagged in a crazy fashion and it moved with blundering caution. Johnnie Deautremont stared at it as though he were bewitched. Then the great white goose passed him slowly, hesitated an instant, and slid down into the black water of the river.

Johnnie Deautremont rubbed his blackened hand across his eyes. He must be dreaming. It could not have happened. In a panic of haste he ran along the gully and clambered up over the ridge. It seemed that his lungs would bleed with the pain of breathlessness, and he stumbled along with his eyes shut. Suddenly he stopped. The land felt different to his feet now. It was cushioned smooth. He dropped down, and his hands groped over the land. Grass! It was cool to touch, and he stretched down on it, his face pressed against its dewy softness.

Finally he lifted up on his elbow and opened his eyes. There before him stood the shack, squat and black against the starlight. There was a light in the window, and through the open door a stream of radiance fell upon the wild choke-cherry-tree, heavy now with crimson fruit. Like an animal he crept nearer. He was calmer. Cautiously, he felt his way up along the house beneath the window. At last he stood up beside it, and his eyes looked into the room. He had seen that room often, the rough bunks with the coarse, brown blankets; the iron stove in the middle with its boarded-up parking of sawdust; the rough deal table, and the wooden bench beside it.

Danny Pherson stood in the doorway, facing the twilight, and Thea was putting some things on the table. Johnnie Deautremont could smell the fragrance of bacon and coffee, and there were pancakes. Her face was pink with the heat, and she moved like the flicker of aspen-leaves.

"You can turn around now," she said, and she waited, her back to the table, her eyes eager with the anticipation of his presence. "He is a very good dinner to-night, like you 'd pay fifty cents for in the swellest hotel in Duluth."

Danny Pherson turned back to the room, and in his hands were some

branches of cherry. "I sent clear to St. Paul for your roses," he said.

He handed the branches to her, and bowed with mock gravity. For an instant they stood there; then he knelt down on the bench before her, his arms strained her to him, and she drew his head against her lips.

"Thea! Thea!" he whispered.

She lifted his face to her and looked down into it.

"You see, the Virgin was n't mad with us, like you thought She would be." He smiled at her translation of his Presbyterian ethics. "Out of all the world She has saved only us. Do you believe me now, little dumb one?"

He reached up and drew her to the bench beside him. For an instant to Johnnie Deautremont they seemed to have become one entity. They had ceased to be persons with names and ideas and memories. They possessed neither past nor future. They had become only man and woman, as the great Rodin dreamed it in marble, held lovingly in the hand of God.

Johnnie Deautremont moved away from the window and back to the edge of the gully where the desolation set in. Such miracles happened in fires. He was woodsman enough to know. Sometimes the suction became so great that all the oxygen would be drawn up out of a place, and the fire would pass over it untouched. He remembered a farm-house back of Hinkley that had gone, unscorched even, through the holocaust. Oh, yes, those things happened sometimes; not often.

But Johnnie Deautremont had beheld there another miracle greater even than the freak of the fire, a miracle that had left him impotent. Perhaps there existed deep in his soul the spirit of the artist. At any rate, he had seen that night something too beautiful to touch, something too rare to destroy.

When he crossed the Lumber River again, a mile above the cabin, he was not so careful. Perhaps he was too weary this time to fight against the rapids, perhaps he was indifferent. Perhaps he was at peace.

Tell Haley always contended the company never would find another cruiser like Johnnie Deautremont, another man with his endurance, his nerve, his eye for timber. "But a damn' queer Kanuck," he always finished. "I never liked him."

Religion in the United States

By Mary Austin

Recently a review of "Civilization in the United States" by some thirty of our Intelligentsia omitted all mention of religion from their consideration on the ground that none of them was sufficiently interested in it to be informed. This is very much like leaving hemorrhage out of the list of the patients' symptoms because you do not know how to spell it. For if you do not know how a great people relates itself to the Allness, what else do you know about it that is of primary significance? What can you say conclusively of its history or politics if you do not know the secret adjustment to the source and direction of all history?

The United States is probably the most religiously energetic country in the world. There is at least no other country in which there is anything like the florescence of new ideas as to the source and direction of creative energy, or so many systems of individual accommodation to it. Not only is there an incessant flow of discursive interpretation, as any publisher's list will show you, but new systems into which are being built all our newest ideas of psychology, of chemistry, of the constitution of the atom, of the endocrine glands, and of Einstein's theory of relativity. Not since the Reformation has Europe produced anything like the confident assimilation of experience into the riddle of man's relation to the universe which goes on here, drawing contributions from the medievalism of Italy, from the turgid dogmatism of central Europe, not despising the all but unintelligible archaism of Asiatic thought, or fearing to bring them into contact with the latest items from the daily news. Thus if one were compelled to restrict one's choice of America's outstanding contribution to civilization to two items, one might waver between open plumbing and rapid transit for the first, but one could not possibly hesitate over the freedom of religious speculation for the other.

By religious freedom I mean, of course, something larger than the historical freedom to worship God after the dictates of the citizen's own conscience, which was one of the driving forces of the American settlement. I mean the fruit of that opposition to religious traditionalism which is the present freedom to invent and discover new ways of access to, and new uses for, divinity.

It would be difficult to account for this state of things were it not for what we so frequently forget, that Puritanism, which early became the dominating influence in American settlement, came here seeking, and successfully insisting upon as the ideal of religious life, the expression of Christianity as they understood it, *in terms of personal behavior*.

We lose sight of this nowadays, being all so much taken up with the idea of expressing Christianity in terms of social behavior. For the moment

we seem rather to have despaired of the idea of personal behavior as a factor in national betterment. But for any understanding of the development of religion in the United States we have to come back to the plain fact that Puritanism was, as far as the vision of the time went, a return to the teachings of Jesus, and its opposition to the distinctions of class and caste was not so much social and political as theological and dogmatic.

Our forefathers, whatever they may have said about it, never did believe that all men are equal in the sight of one another, but in the sight of God. The intensity of their passion for uniformity of dress and behavior was the measure of their conviction that society should express this simplicity of relation to the very source of being and conduct. Half the things condemned by the Puritans were so condemned in the first place for no good reason but that they were the characteristic tags of a society that believed in caste and class before the courts of heaven, in special "pulls" and privileges and exemptions with the Judge of all the earth. The registry of this protest in terms of individual behavior was rendered fixed among the first Americans by their sheer inability to register it in the scale of political organization. The king's writ still ran as far as Plymouth colony, but democracy of souls was within their reach, or at least could be made to seem so by meticulous uniformity of conduct.

That the organized form of this conviction, that man's relation to God could be established in his individual behavior, should have crystallized into social censorship was perhaps inevitable. But it is no excuse for attributing every displeasing social movement such as prohibition to a group that actually believed in rum almost as much as in the Bible. Among Puritans you could take as much rum as you could carry without deviating from the norm of Puritan behavior.

Actually no religion in America is to be charged with the prohibition movement. There are some of us who can even recall that various sects of the Christian church were formerly reproached for their failure to support a propaganda which took form, the form that finally carried it to achievement, in the rooted love of security among women. All the sub-currents of women's lives in America for the first two or three hundred years were of terror—terror of the Indians, of the hard winters, of famine, of untended sickness, and, more than all, terror of the wilderness, that nameless, heart-subduing fear of the deep, unending woods of the Middle West, of the vast open spaces of the prairies. And drink, Demon Drink as we used to call it, chiefly in the shape of corn whisky, let in the wilderness upon us. It threatened our new-found security and the opportunity three generations of women had won for their children as nothing else in American life of that time did threaten it.

Drink played on the side of the inferior races, and against our prepossession that one man must at least seem as good as every other. More than anything else, it threatened the secret aspiration of every American; for, from 1776 on, what most people came to America for was a HOME. Capitals are not enough to give emphasis to the hunger of the immigrant for a piece of land of his own, a house to which he alone held the key. And when his wife discovered that corn whisky

threatened the hard-won home, she "turned temperance" and joined the W. C. T. U.

It would be even less a task to clear Puritanism of responsibility for some other characteristic Americanisms, such as the restricted play of sex in our social life. This would scarcely have been left for me to do if there were not so many Americans still wondering what there is in our love-life deserving of the blame that has been heaped upon it by our younger critics. But we cannot admit the lack of interest in the profounder aspects of love-life in the United States, or the disposition to regard the minor sex satisfactions as of negligible importance, without at the same time admitting that this state of things appears throughout American life and in regions never touched even in retrospect by the Puritan attitude. Such indifference to any but the primary implications of sex appears in every country under pioneering stress. It is one of the first conditions of pioneering life that the solidarity of the group should at all points take precedence of the minor satisfaction of the individual person.

That Puritanism took on a more sternly repressive character from the necessity of pioneering is very likely, but it is a mistake to let any modern reaction to the whole scale of repression obscure the *ex*pressive and affirmative elements in American religion. The *in*hibitions of specialized behaviors were from the first largely directed against the class of behaviors which tended to establish superficial differences among men, and prevented the true spiritual nature, which at that time was thought to be much more fixed and uniform than it is, to come to full expression. Puritan repressions of dress and manner never touched more than the small portion of the population which had earlier been offended by undemocratic distinctions of dress and manner. Yet the disposition to make of a man's private conduct a direct registry of his personal adjustment to the cosmos has become the distinctive American religious mode. Only a special warp of prejudice fails to see it at work, even under the behavior that recent criticism relegates to the cycle of repression. It does not invariably happen that a man who spends his whole life without once coming under the influence of alcohol, and without any other sex experiences than such as are comfortable to health and good manners, is the victim of repressive complexes. It may turn out that these things are a deliberate affirmation of an intelligently achieved life standard.

We shall at least get no true understanding of religious development in the United States until we realize that among the vast inarticulate majority of Americans freedom from the befuddlement of drink and the torment of unregulated desire have been won as part of a deep-seated democratic prepossesion of our people to make themselves the personal expression of their own realization of man's place in the universe. This was the determination that glowed hot at the heart of early American religion, modified by the discovery that scope must be allowed to other groups with slightly differing notions of the kind of personal conduct which would best express direct contact with the source of power. It is this belief in the validity of a man's personal behavior as a witness to his spiritual contacts that has motivated religious development in

the United States. That it involves a certain amount of coercive censorship of the behavior of other members of the group committed to a particular concept of divine relationship is natural enough; as natural as that there should be constant reformation of groups as, by experience, one type of conduct or another emerges as a deterrant of effective relationship.

Most people have passed through one or even two or three such groups. The writer joined the Methodist Church at the mature age of eleven, later was disciplined for teaching a Sunday-school class that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, and finally was dropped from membership for organizing and taking part in a community theater. Probably neither of these items of conduct would call for censure to-day, but even if they still disqualify for membership in a given group, it is safe to say that neither of them would be taken, even by the rejecting group, to signify the loss of the contact which it has always been the central idea of Americanized religions to express.

It is true we have many extensions here of European organizations that have not taken on this Americanizing touch; the Roman Catholic faith is still organized as a relationship to a church mediating between God and its members. Half a dozen fragmentary sects have similarly transplanted themselves. But everywhere in the indigenous life of the people there is an enormous flux of the personal relation, flowing into and out of groups, creeds, speculations, and practices about God. There are organized churches, presenting in their mechanism of organization great stability; but even within those organizations there is virtually no pressure to remain in after you cease to find in the practices of the church an adequate expression of your personal convictions. Nowhere in the United States are you under any necessity but that of your own weakness of carrying about with you any spiritual junk of unlivable convictions.

Everywhere there is hopeful experiment in the direction of making a man's whole conduct an index of his relation to God. New religions—that is to say, new formalizations of this undying hope—are born every year, and some of them flourish. Some of them even overflow and stir the scum of back-waters in the stagnant places of the world. Mormonism is one of these, and Christian Science is another, and New Thought. It is not necessary for the purposes of this inquiry to say whether the new religions are truer or serve the purposes of the race any better than the old.

All that I am trying to say here is that there exists in America a live search for an authentic relation to Allness, and an undimmed conviction that some way will yet be found to attest this relation through the whole complex of personal behavior. Mormonism inclined to stress the necessity of bringing marriage and economic considerations into the relation, Christian Science stressed health and poise, the Institutional Churches have placed the emphasis on social complexes. A hundred minor movements, often nameless and sporadic, seek widely and vaguely for satisfaction of unrealized urges; but all of them are motivated by the magnificent hope that here and now, in this world and not in another, will be perfected the adjustment of the individual soul to God, certified by the fulfilment of the personal destiny. And it is this deep-

seated conviction that a man's relation to God has something to do with his normal health and success, and this wide-spread freedom for experimentation in methods of establishing such contacts, that distinguishes religious life in America and constitutes its chief contribution to the history of human liberation.

§ 2

That there should be at the same time rather wide-spread criticism of organized religion in the United States calls for some explanation. It is estimated that about forty per cent. of the population is enrolled in one or another church organization. If you add to that number ten per cent. more who, like the writer, find their religious satisfactions independently of organization, that religiously accounts for half the population. Among the other half there is no denying that there is great restlessness, and a disposition to blame the organized half for not providing a broader basis for religious agreement. What, they say, is your organization worth if it provides no place for us who are not less intelligent and quite as sincerely athirst?

On examination this criticism seems to proceed from three general sources. First from a conviction that Christianity is wrongly interpreted by the main body of organized Christians; next, from a doubt as to whether Christianity under any interpretation is suited to the exigencies of the present century; and, finally, from sheer, inexcusable ignorance of what religion is or what it is doing in the United States. I should place under the last head most of the criticism which proceeds from sources that pride themselves on superior understanding, the sort of intellectuals to whom I referred in the opening paragraph of this paper.

I believe that ignorance of religion, its development as a factor in human society, as well as its relation to individual integration, is rather more general among educated people in the United States than elsewhere. This is in part accounted for by the exclusion from the schools of all but the most inocuous and least informing mention of religious history and philosophy. But no such excuse will serve in the case of groups which offer and hope to make effective constructive criticism of the American achievement. It is probable that the sterility of American social philosophy is due, more than to any other one cause, to just the failure of interest and knowledge which has been quoted.

We have to think of this general ignorance as a feature of all religious criticism in the United States, particularly of that which proceeds on the assumption, which seems to have sprung up everywhere without any special argument, that religion ought to provide a remedy for economic injustice. This is in line with our subconscious American faith that a satisfactory relation of the individual to Allness must include the material fulfilment that seems to have been promised by the founder of Christianity.

There would be some justice in the criticism if it confined itself to the proposition that since economic justice has not followed on the adoption of Christianity, there must be some error in the adjustment. But, actually, radical criticism of Christianity proceeds on the assumption that fulfilment is to be attained only by direct political and economical reorganization. And because organized religion does

not come over bodily into their camp, radicalism has stupidly closed its eyes to the immense, the unprecedented activity of experiment among religious lines toward economic fulfilment by an efficient personal relation to God.

There is only one other period in the world's history when there has ever been anything like it, and that was the period of the decline of paganism, when Christianity was welcomed because it did offer a higher, a more intensive quality of such relation than any of the existing systems. The difference is manifestly one of an enlarged concept of spiritual efficiency. The circle of the individual life to-day takes in much more than it encompassed in the year A.D. 1; the point of spiritual equilibrium has altered accordingly. But it has not changed uniformly for all types.

If you can see the urge to establish direct contact between the individual and God, and to express and certify the nature of that contact in personal behavior, as in the distinguishing movement of American religion, it will then be easy to discover in the various stabilized forms of religion the points at which numbers of people of various types have found their spiritual equilibrium. It is true, of course, that many people come to rest spiritually in a given sect because they are spiritually too lazy to seek further. It is equally the case with those socialized substitutes for religion—socialism, communism, Bolshevism, and what not. The tenets of these organizations are not proved true because a great many people believe in them. What is proved is that just so many people find in the dogmas of socialism and communism their points of intellectual arrest. They remain where they are because they are incapable of a larger quest or because they find their quest wholly satisfied with the proposed solution. For some such reason as this people remain Methodists or Presbyterians.

This, I think, would be admitted by socialists and communists themselves. But it is a point persistently overlooked in their criticism of organized religion that every organized religion is actually supplying to the majority of its members satisfaction for their individual religious needs. When we think of the ease with which people in the United States may pass from one religious faith to another, or, at a pinch, start a new one, it becomes evident that no religious organization can long maintain itself if it is not supplying such satisfaction to considerable numbers of people.

Thus the criticism of religion on economic grounds narrows to two questions: Why have the religiously accounted-for half of the population never attempted the economic solution, and why are the other half rather bitterly blaming religion for their own failure to achieve economic salvation?

The history of religious achievement in America does not warrant the conclusion that organized religion could not compass economic reorganization if it once set about it. In stating, as I have done, that the United States is the most religious country on earth, I did not go far enough. I should have said also that it is the country most successful in registering its religious progress in the practical life of its people. Take the single item of the religiosity of health. The belief that health is in a very concrete way dependent on some kind of central adjustment to God is an early Christian idea, which in Europe

was allowed to drop quite out of the plane of rationalized thought. Except as it is given occasional doubtful admission as a miracle, the idea of the relation of health and religion has had no standing whatever for the last five centuries. But as restated in America, crudely, even grotesquely, the idea has gained so rapidly that it has actually forced on current medical practice a more or less complete rationalization of its processes. No one acquainted with the history of mental therapeutics in America can deny that its development was pushed forward by the demand of the masses that some account should be taken of their experience with the phenomona of mental healing. Among the very intellectuals who could find none among their number equipped for an intelligent comment on religion the idea of the relation of psychology to hygiene is so completely accepted that it does not even occur to them that such a belief once, and that not so long ago, had to be fought for, and that it gained its earliest footing in the American consciousness as a religious teaching. It is a mistake to become prejudiced at this point by the intellectual background of most of the current systems for establishing a working basis between man and the universe. They seem on the whole to be no less free from dogma, *clichés*, and the stereotyped "patter" than the prevailing economic cults. The point is that they are quite as effective, if not more so, in establishing their claim on attention.

I have just been reading some books packed with statistics, too tedious to recount here, which go to show that in the matter of accomplishing financial and institutional results that they may have agreed upon as desirable the organized religions are not a whit behind other groups of ordinary human beings. There seems to be no good ground for supposing, that if they set out to accomplish economic justice, they would not go as far on that path as a fallible human nature could carry them. And this narrows the criticism to a question whether we are justified in demanding of organized religion that it undertake such economic reorganization.

The uneasiness of many Christians to-day seems to imply that they rather think that economic injustice is incompatible with a Christianized society. Perhaps it will help to clear up the question for both parties to state it as a problem of technic. The only technic that has come down to us from the teaching of Jesus is the technic of personal virtue. This has resulted in placing, through the initial adventure of Puritanism, all the emphasis of religious invention on the personal solution rather than on the social. Virtually all the new religions look to the perfection of the personal contact with divine power, to effect economic as well as spiritual satisfaction, to affect the economic supply by increasing and perfecting spiritual energization.

On the other hand, all the non-religious hopes of economic justice are based upon direct, mechanical reorganization of society.

If this is a true finding, then organized religion will have to admit its failure and take a place in social consideration second to whatever other group can produce the efficient arrangement.

But suppose it turns out in the end that the basis of the new society is not primarily economic, but spiritual; that is to say, psychological? Suppose the

true relation of the human group to the Allness is not determined by what it eats, but by what it perceives; will it not then turn out that the religionists, though fumbling and inadequate, are still a little nearer the great desideratum?

This does not mean that Christianity, the traditional sects of it, may not deserve criticism. Starting as it did with a notion of a new relation to God as the Father, and new methods of keeping in touch with Him, not by sacrifice, but by communion, there has been a noticeable slowing down of development in this direction.

Close to the heart of every religion lies the group of experiences it gives rise to, called mystic. Such experiences are always personal and to a great extent communicable only because they are so common that our own experience gives us the key to other people's rather vague accounts of theirs. Some of these experiences are recognizable only under names that are peculiar to a given cult, but the experiences themselves are fairly constant for the whole of human kind, and occur progressively in about the same relation to one another. The early years of Christianity were much occupied with this class of religious experiences. They were sought for diligently, much discussed, named, and the knowledge of them set in order. They occurred especially in connection with prayer, with efforts to overcome the temptations of the flesh, and were highly developed in relation to that perpetual quest of the human soul, light on its own place in a world of created things, and its own private destiny. All this study of mystical states reached its climax about the fifteenth century. After that there was a general loss of interest in mysticism, and the spaces between the great mystics were widened with the years. Probably one of the reasons why mysticism lost favor was its connection with monasticism, which fell into great disrepute after the Reformation. Later, when Puritanism emerged, mysticism had to present itself in another dress to avoid being cast off with the symbolic ritualism against which Puritanism set its face like flint. Great Puritan mystics, like Jonathan Edwards, were obliged to couch their revelations in terms of pure intellectuality, which were never understood by the average worshiper to the extent that the more vivid symbology of the Roman Church was always grasped by the simple-minded.

Probably it was this necessity of expressing the mystical experiences in words possible only to the highly educated that was responsible for the gradual loss of mystical language as a medium for the interchange of religious experience among Christians in the United States. At any rate, it was so completely lost that by the middle of the last century sects made up of people who were predisposed to mystical experience had to resort to methods of expression that were often ludicrous and even grotesque. Any one whose memory runs back to the annual "camp-meeting" of the Mississippi Valley and "jump-to-glory" antics will know what I mean. Or go to-day to any sort of orthodox "experience meeting" and observe how inadequate the vocabulary, how narrow the bridge of communication has become. Not only has the vocabulary been lost, but with all the magnificent literature of the fifteenth-century mysticism shut away from the Protestant sects and

shut up within the Roman as a result of religious antagonism, the paths to the experiences themselves have been obscured. Thus among the score of new sects springing up all over the country one often finds, heralded as revelation, mystical knowledge that was the common possession of the century that witnessed the discovery of the American continent.

It is necessary to have this well in mind to understand what has happened in America—happened by such insensible degrees that we are scarcely yet aware of it, which, now that it has happened, distinguishes the religious life of the United States from the religious life of all the rest of the world. This is the passage of the development of mystical experience out of the hands of organized religion and into the hands of the conventionally non-religious.

The present race of Americans is naturally given to mysticism. Our experience of the unknown, the condition forced upon us by pioneer life of being every day prepared for the unexpected, our contact on all sides with the vast, overwhelming scene of mountain and prairie and untrimmed forest, the necessity constantly upon us for two hundred years of trusting ourselves upon "something without us" which experience proves can be trusted—all these things predispose us to be interested in, and to take into account as part of our daily life, things that cannot be accounted for by what we call our intelligence. For an experience is mystic only in so far as its source and its processes are unknown. It is true that psychology is now finding the key to many experiences that were formerly regarded as pure mysticism, and is grouping them by name according to the path they take through the personal complex. But these fine distinctions do not yet reach the generality of men except in so far as they are willing to apply the blanket term "psychology" to a class of experiences formerly treated as from the Lord or the devil or other preferred supernatural sources. We all have these experiences. Nobody has more of them than the reputed "hard-headed business man," who has invented a rather clumsy vocabulary of his own. Calling them psychology has released in us the power to discuss them openly and without shame. It is difficult to pass an hour in a group of Americans of whatever qualifications without hearing some discussion of personal adventure with the ever-present unknown. Our naïve idealism is in itself largely mystical, based upon no discoverable theory of social cause and effect. Our incurable optimism and our faith in magical formulas of well-being, our disposition to substitute the "hunch" for the rationalized attack on political problems, are all part of the curious transference that has taken place here in the point of application of mystical experience. We have almost ceased to apply it at all to our orthodoxy, but make generous use of it in our business.

All this goes on outside the recognized Christian sect. In particular the Protestant churches of America are poor in mystical experience and poorer in the expression of what experience they have in this field. A number of years ago I was very much interested in the subject of prayer, its history, its place in human advancement, and its technic as developed among various peoples. I had just been to Rome, where I had access to the rich treasure

of the cinquecento, and I looked for years after my return for an adequate expression of the Protestant use of prayer. I may say that during the three or four years that my mind was actively engaged upon the problem I never found a minister of any orthodox church who could carry on an intelligent conversation about it or get beyond a mere blanket statement of faith in its efficacy. I did find, however, among the heterogeneous groups, nameless, or with names that serve too often as tags of intellectual obliquity, and among quite plain people who would have been astounded to find that they were talking mysticism, interesting contributive experiment going on, unembarrassed by traditional attitudes.

In this loss of mystical experience, I suspect, is the key to much that is puzzling and irritating in the relation of the church to American culture. The early avoidance of symbol and ritual, and the consequent reduction of the language of mystical experience to terms not easily handled by the masses, has resulted in driving out of the ordinary church communion those types for whom some sort of mystical expression is a religious necessity. And it has led to the restriction of church membership to the types in whom mystical experience is either wanting or capable of going on without that exteriorization which is the source of religious symbolism. It took me years to realize that my mother got out of the barren and artless ritual of her church exaltations that I had to go to Milan for, or to the redwood forests. But when I did understand it, I knew at last why orthodoxy in America is neither the energizing center of its spiritual life nor of its culture. For what are art and culture but symbols and rituals of an inner life sufficiently exigeant in character to *demand* adequate expression?

For the last two centuries the American church has been adding to itself such numbers of the population as suffer from no such demand, to whom it is sufficient to have an inner life, or even not to have it, without making any fuss about it. It has drawn types to whom a regular habit of religious conformity and a mild institutional life are a sufficient expression of their religiosity. It is sheer ignorance to say that the people who are now in the church in America are not happy in it, or that it presents to them any of the aspect of dreary lack that it wears to the more exigeant type. It is a worse injustice to say that the members of the Christian church do not achieve among themselves, to the limit of their capacity and even beyond the revealed social technic, a fairly representative Christianity. Any one who will take the trouble to study the institutional activities of the churches must confess himself astonished at the proportional results. If he is honest, he will have to admit that his quarrel is not with what the churches have done in proportion to their profession, but with what they have failed to do for his particular type.

More than half the American people are out of the churches, and a great many of them are unhappy over it. The instinct for social stability and group attachments is in us all. I myself should like a church in which God could be worshiped in the highest key—music, line, color, light, literary form, and dramatic acts all combining and never proving too much for the expression of my personal experience

with God. I should like a place where I could go frequently and talk about things that at present I am permitted to discuss only under the guise of literature.

But in so far as I realize that a church that would satisfy me would render unhappy most of the people who are now in it, I cannot offer my own reaction as a legitimate criticism of the church as it is. I find organized religion in America to-day unstimulating; I find it intellectually dull and artistically barren; I find its spirituality shallow in scope and impoverished in expression: but I cannot honestly say that I find it any of these things for the people who make up its membership. So that if my comment on religion in America takes the form of criticism, it must be against the people like myself who have been too lazy to organize their experience, to seek for and demand a prophet of their own, to create out of their gifts an adequate expression of Godhead, instead of using them for the sole purpose of making a living.

§ 3

It must not be overlooked that, if we agree that organized Christianity is not to be criticized for losing from its ranks the prevailing types of creative imagination, for declining to adopt the technic of the radicals or to develop a technic of its own for securing economic justice, then we raise the question whether Christianity, as interpreted, is the religion best suited to modern requirements. There can be little doubt that Christianity offers the highest current ideal of personal virtue and the best technic for attaining it. No one acquainted with the rank and file of Christian belief can doubt that millions of them do actually attain to positive degrees of personal realization of the Christian concept. At the same time no number of good Christians ever assembled has succeeded in producing a society that even approaches the millennial ideal.

Can we do more in this predicament than admit that we have an unsatisfactory society because we do not know how to have a better one? The Christians do not know how, and, since the recent European experiments, the radicals are beginning to suspect that they do not know how, either. The Christians are at least to be excused on the ground that their founder left them no practical directions for organizing such a society. And the radicals do not seem to be able to evolve any practical scheme for such organization which can be made convincing to the rest of us. The one quarter in which inquiry can still be directed is that occupied by the groups who have taken Christianity at its word as an incompleted revelation, and have gone deliberately about the business of seeking personal fulfilment by mystical contact.

I have made a digest of the new American religions,—such as are not merely offshoots and variations of existing orthodox sects,—putting Christian Science at one end as the chief non-materialistic religion, and Mormonism at the other, almost completely mechanistic. I have included in this digest the work of several persons who, though they have never effected any organization of their teachings, must be ranked, through the millions of copies of their books and the far-reaching effects of their lecture courses, as among religious manifestations. I find that none of these new religions wholly disregard Christianity, though the most outstanding pair of

them claim the superior authority of their own evangel. Two of them—there are eleven in my list—are predominantly theosophical in caste, and several of them borrow freely from Oriental sources. All of them *without exception include health and material abundance in the category of religious satisfactions.* Only two of them treat the practical organization of their membership as anything more than incidental, and three of the eleven offer no form of organization whatever. In nine of the eleven the whole case is rested on a reorganization of the individual relation to some central item of the universe, called, for convenience, God, though generally recognized as a center of power or energy rather than a personality. Wherever mechanistic concepts of the efficient society appear, they follow rather than lead the individual readjustment. In all but two instances they are the consequence rather than the occasion of the Christian promise of "life more abundant."

There is no way of estimating accurately the numerical sum of such beliefs except to say that, leaving out the whole of the orthodox church, the numbers of people committed to the belief that economic fulfilment is to be spiritually achieved already more than quadruples the number of those who are committed to a mechanistic plan for such fulfilment.

Believing that the true prognosis of human development is in the unpremeditated movement of the people, I am disposed to accept the direction of present religious energization in the United States as prophetic. This would indicate that the more efficient society which everybody concedes is needed is to be arrived at primarily by an altered personal attitude. What is aimed at is a repolarization of the individual items of society for which no good word presents itself. Neither "attitude of mind" nor "change of heart" is entirely adequate to the psychological state that in the new religions is regarded as indispensable to the establishment of the new society. As none of the new concepts even imply the use of violence, the revolutionary overturnings that are regarded as unavoidable by the advocates of economic reorganization are escaped, and one can suppose that the new society will steal upon us very much as prohibition has come, by a moderately slow and determined *turning away* from old modes of personal expression to new ones.

That all or most of the new movements will merge in some final expression of their common elements seems to be indicated by the usual course of the history of new religions. Whether there will be a new prophet or a new Pentacost is a matter of pure speculation. There does not, at any rate, appear to be any good ground for assuming that the final religion will present itself as antagonistic to Christianity. Much more ground for thinking that it will take the form of the long-expected, complete revelation. What interests me most about it, since it promises to shape within the life span of many of us, is what the intellectuals who persist in ignoring the very existence of religious energy among us will do in that day to save their faces. More than likely when the true prophet of economic justice does appear, very many of the economists will be found among the numbers of those who shout, "Crucify him! Crucify him!

A Reputation

By Richard Connell, *Author of* "Mr. Pottle and the South-Sea Cannibals"

Drawings by Florence Howell Barkley

Smoke and talk filled the dining-room of the Heterogeneous Club, one of those small, intimate clubs of reasonably liberal professional men and women one finds here and there in New York City. Alone, in his accustomed corner, Saunders Rook alternately sipped black coffee and fingered a wan mustache. He was on the fringe of an animated group, in it without being of it, and on this, as on other evenings, was taking an inconspicuous, nodding part in the conversation, sometimes going so far as to say "Not really?" at which the speaker would reply perfunctorily, "Yes, really," and go on as before.

Nobody knew much about Saunders Rook, and he aroused little, if any, curiosity. It was assumed by the other members, on what grounds no one could say, that he was an artist of some kind; perhaps he wrote music criticism for one of the more pallid of the weeklies; maybe he contributed notes on birds to an ornithological review; again, it might be that he was an architect, specializing in designing ornamental drinking-fountains; perhaps he gave lessons on the flute. His pepper-and-salt suits, his silent neckties, his manner gave no hint. Yet he was not an enigma; he 'd gladly have told all about himself had any one cared to ask him.

The members must have seen Saunders Rook scores of times before that fateful evening, but had you asked any of them to describe him, the reply doubtless would have been:

"Oh, yes, Saunders Rook. I believe there is such a fellow around the

club. Let me see. No, I don't think he 's very tall or very short or very dark or very light. In fact, I don't believe he 's very anything."

How and when he had become a member of the club no one knew, and presumably no one had ever been concerned about knowing. Perhaps he was a friend of a friend of a member now deceased. He dined at the club four or five times a week and paid his bills. No one remembered having seen his face anywhere else. The Heterogeneous Club is proud of the range and brilliance of its talk but until this night it had never discussed Saunders Rook. After this night it could talk of little else.

Saunders Rook was not a glum, sullen, aloof soul; he was not unnoticed by choice; evening after evening he was on the edge of the circle of talk, listening, as politely attentive as a well trained collie. He may even have ventured on one or two occasions to come out with something positive; but if he ever did so, it made no impression on the members of the club, and they were not an unimpressionable lot.

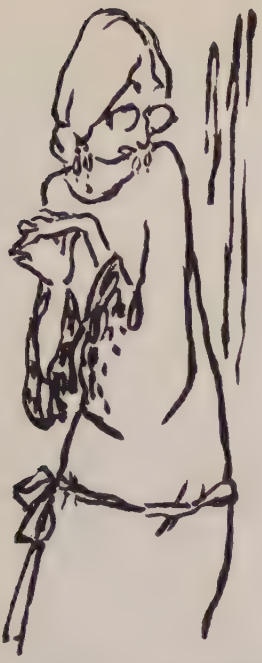
On this night, as he sat over his coffee, Saunders Rook from time to time moistened his lips with his tongue and cleared his throat as if he were making ready to say something important, and then compressed his lips as if he had decided that it was not worth saying.

The truth was that Saunders Rook was afflicted with "cab-wit," that he was one of those unfortunates who think of the bright things they might have said only while on their way home in a taxicab. He was oppressed by the knowledge that if he did say anything, it would probably be as colorless and unoriginal as he suspected himself to be. He was oppressed mildly, for he was mild in all things, by the certainty that he could not compete with the witty Max Skye or the sparkling Lucile Davega, who could always quote something arresting from Krafft-Ebing. He did not enjoy being ignored any more than any other man does, and he had his full share of man's natural desire for a beam of the lime-light. A craving for attention had of late been growing more insistent within him. His mind began to play with ideas, which, he reasoned, if uttered in a loud enough voice, might bring his hearers to their, and his, feet. He wanted just for once to cause a stir. Just once, he told himself, would appease him.

Then came the lull that always comes from time to time when groups are talking, and Saunders Rook found himself saying distinctly:

"On the Fourth of July I shall commit suicide."

Just why he said that he did not know. It must have been sheer inspiration. As a matter of fact, he had never contemplated doing anything of the kind. He had never demanded much of life; his existence was not rigorous, but placid. He was a subeditor on a woman's magazine,—he conducted the etiquette page,—and this brought him twelve hundred dollars a year. He had inherited an income of twelve hundred more. He was able to live in modest comfort, for he was an orphan and a bachelor; he had a season ticket to the opera; his health was good. If he had a cross, it was a light one: minor editors of minor magazines usually rejected his minor essays, imitations of



"They acted as if he were planning a trip to Bermuda"

Charles Lamb, hymning the joys of pipe-smoking and pork-chops. So it startled him not a little to hear himself announcing his imminent self-destruction.

But it produced the desired effect with an electrical suddenness. The lull became a hush; not only the group at his own long table, but other groups had heard, and the eyes of the entire room were directed to the man with the wan mustache.

"But, my dear fellow," cried Max Skye, "you don't really mean that."

Saunders Rook curbed an exigent impulse to recant on the spot, and replied firmly:

"But I do mean it."

A woman member in a far corner called:

"Would you mind repeating what you said? I 'm not sure I heard you correctly."

Saunders Rook cleared his throat and said again,

"On the Fourth of July I shall commit suicide."

The members began to shift their chairs so that they could more plainly see and hear him.

"But why?" asked Lucile Davega.

"Yes, why?" came from other members. Some were a little excited.

Saunders Rook had not thought that far ahead, and the question confused him. He wanted very much to say, "Of course I was only jesting." No, he could n't do that. What a dolt they 'd think him! Hastily, he ransacked his brain, cleared his throat to gain time, and declared:

"As a protest against the state of civilization in America."

Again sheer inspiration. The state of civilization, up to that moment, had never worried him. He heard an interested ripple run round the room.

"But what do you consider the state of civilization to be?" asked Max Skye, bending toward him.

"Rotten," said Saunders Rook, emphatically. Now that he was in for it, there was no sense in half-way expressions. "Rotten," if not elegant, was strong, he decided.

He heard some one in a corner whisper:

"I say, who is that fellow?"

"Why, his name is Book or Cook or something," was the whispered answer.

He smiled. He hoped they would think it the quiet, resolute smile of martyrdom.

"But Mr.— er— Rook," said Lucile Davega, "have you made all your plans?"

Here was another contingency for

which he had not prepared. He slowly cleared his throat.

"I have," he said gravely. Then, with a touch of mystery, added, "And I have n't." He hoped they would

"'Still,' exclaimed Oscar Findlater, struck by a happy thought"

probe no further. But the Heterogeneous Club is composed of inveterate probers.

"Oh, won't you tell us all about them?" As Lucile Davega said this she clasped her hands. Mr. Rook frowned ever so slightly. They acted as if he were planning a trip to Bermuda. He 'd have to show them how deadly in earnest he was.

"If you insist," he said, his mind groping wildly for plans. Unanimously, they insisted.

"Mind you, it must go no further than this room," he said. They all said that of course it would n't.

"Well," said Saunders Rook, speaking very deliberately, "of course, you see, since it is to be a protest, it must have a certain amount of publicity."

Every one nodded approvingly.

"So I thought," he felt his way along, "that I should do it in some rather public place."

"Central Park?" suggested Max Skye.

"Exactly," replied Saunders Rook, grasping at the idea. "The very place I had in mind."

There were murmurs of "Splendid!" "A big thought!" "There 's a lot more to these quiet chaps than meets the eye."

Saunders Rook, hearing, glowed.

Just then Oscar Findlater made one of his infrequent appearances at the club. The members were proud of belonging to the same club as Oscar Findlater, who was editor of "The Liberal Voice," most advanced and oracular of weeklies. He was a vastly serious person of Jovian demeanor. Usually the members flocked about him to catch the pronouncements that dropped from his lips, but on this evening they only nodded toward him and continued to gaze expectantly at Saunders Rook. To Saunders Rook, Oscar Findlater had always seemed a god, despite the fact that "The Liberal Voice" had rejected numerous choice essays on pipe-smoking by the fireplace and kindred topics over which Saunders Rook had toiled. He had mildly envied the attention paid to the editorial Olympian. Now he, Saunders Rook, was actually stealing the spot-light from the great man. It was most pleasant.

"Good evening, Findlater," said Max Skye. "You know Saunders Rook, don't you?"

The editor murmured something about never having had that pleasure.

"Rook" announced Max Skye, impressively, "is going to commit suicide."

"On the Fourth of July," added Judy Atwater.

"As a protest," contributed Rogers Joyce.

"Against the rotten condition of civilization in America," finished Lucile Davega.

Oscar Findlater gazed at the wan mustache with sharpened interest.

"Not really?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Saunders Rook, in the voice of a man whose mind is irrevocably made up, "really."

"By Jove!" cried Oscar Findlater, and sat down. He was plainly stirred. "Do you mind talking to me about it?"

"Not at all," said Saunders Rook, trying to inject casualness into his tone, "if you think it at all interesting."

"Interesting?" Oscar Findlater excitedly stroked the black ribbon that streamed from his nose-glasses. "Why, man alive, it 's overpowering. Biggest idea I 've struck this year."

He studied Saunders Rook.

"Your mind is made up?" the great man asked.

"Absolutely."

"Nothing can change it?"

"Nothing."

"Well," said Findlater, with a sigh, "then I suppose we must make the best of it."

He sank his head on his bosom, the usual attitude by which his disciples knew he was submerged in thought. Then he said:

"Rook, would you consider doing a series of essays for 'The Liberal Voice'?"

Would he? What a question! Saunders Rook could only nod.

"Let 's say six essays, tracing the genesis of the idea, you know, and arraigning civilization."

But Saunders Rook merely nodded.

"Of course," went on Oscar Findlater, "there are only three months between now—" he paused embarrassed— "and then."

Saunders Rook murmured:

"Of course."

"Still," exclaimed Oscar Findlater, struck by a happy thought, "we could bring out the last three posthumously."

"Posthumously," echoed Saunders Rook, sepulchrally. At that second came again the impulse to say, "But, of course, this is all in fun." He stifled it. After all, it was something to have essays in "The Liberal Voice," even posthumously. "How long should they be?" Saunders Rook found himself asking carelessly.

"Oh, about three thousand words; more if necessary. Not too heavy in tone, of course, or morbid. Readable, you know, almost chatty; but

"There were plenty of uncaught fish in the sea"

with an underlying strain of philosophy.

"Precisely," said Saunders Rook.

"We 'll want the first one immediately," said the editor.

"You shall have it," promised Saunders Rook.

He could not help but note the admiration, almost awe, in the circle of eyes. He was wise enough to depart before the spell was broken.

"Well," he said, rising, "I think I'll run along to bed now. Can't be too careful of my health, you know." He tossed this last sentence off with a grim smile. He was full of inspiration to-night.

The members crowded around him.

"Will you come to my studio for tea to-morrow?" asked Lucile Davega.

"And dine with me afterward at the Authors' Club," insisted Max Skye. "Some fellows I want you to meet."

"We 'd love to have you come up to Croton for a week-end," said Rogers Joyce. "The crowd up there would like to know you. Jolly lot. Keen on new ideas like yours."

For the first time in his thirty-three years Saunders Rook had the gratifying sensation of being inundated with invitations, of being sought after. He consulted a date-book, appeared surprised to find that it so happened that he was not booked up to any extent in the near future, and accepted sundry invitations.

As he strolled to his snug two rooms and bath in Grove Street Saunders Rook could not but congratulate himself on being a singularly fortunate fellow.

At the tea given by Lucile Davega Saunders Rook experienced a new and not unwelcome sensation: he was lionized. He found it extremely pleasant to play the lion to a studio of pretty women. He noted how the tea went cold and the toast untasted as they flocked around him. Also, each one found an opportunity to take him aside and say:

"Of course you don't really mean it."

"But I do," he would reply almost severely.

"But what have you against civilization?"

"It 's rotten," he would growl. He was getting better and better in the rôle.

"O Mr. Rook!"

He enjoyed the sensation he was creating.

One girl, Margery Storey, who was young and had red hair, a combination that sometimes appeared in Saunders Rook's dreams and private yearnings, whispered to him that she was sure he was disappointed in love; but, she added archly, there were plenty of uncaught fish in the sea.

He said sternly that love or lack of it did not enter into his plan at all. The act he was to perform was to be a perfectly calm, philosophic protest against the state of civilization in America.

"You will remember," he told her, "how the early Christians walked naked into the arenas as a protest against the brutality of the gladiatorial combats. My motive, I hope, is equally untinged by any selfish emotion."

His heart was accelerated by her glance, so full of compassion. She said a little diffidently that she was a painter, and would he sit for his portrait? She 'd love to do it; her studio was Number 148—

No, he interrupted, he could not. Actually he wanted to very much. He was busy, he explained, on a series of essays for "The Liberal Voice."

"After that, then?" she suggested.

"For me," said Saunders Rook, "there will be no 'after that.'"

Her blue eyes were full of sympathy.

"It seems too bad," she said. "You are still so young."

He smiled a smile of practised cynicism.

"In years, perhaps," he said.

He saw that he had moved her.

Decidedly, this new rôle of his was worth playing, said Saunders Rook to himself as he donned his dinner-jacket that night in preparation for his dinner with Max Skye at the Authors' Club. He was pleased with himself. In retrospect were the sympathetic blue eyes of Margery Storey; in prospect, a dinner among the celebrities of the Authors' Club, into which sacred premises he had never gone physically, but solely in his most roseate imaginings.

Max Skye, who was a poet of no mean repute, introduced Saunders Rook to a group of notable men.

"This," said Max Skye, with the air of a showman, "is Mr. Saunders Rook, who is going to commit suicide on the Fourth of July."

Saunders Rook bowed to them; gravely they bowed back and stared at him, fascinated.

"In Central Park," continued Max Skye.

Saunders Rook bowed deeply.

"As a protest against the rotten state of our civilization," added Max Skye.

Saunders Rook again bowed.

They returned his bows with marked deference, he noted delightedly. He managed, however, to maintain an air of great world-weariness as he said:

"When one feels as I do about it, what else can one do?"

He had rehearsed this coming up in the taxicab.

"Mr. Rook is writing a series of six essays for 'The Liberal Voice,'" announced Max Skye, plainly proud to be the discoverer and friend of so remarkable a man.

"But," objected Deline, the novelist, a man Saunders Rook had long admired from afar, "how can you publish six essays? It's April now. When could the last three be published?"

"Posthumously," said Saunders Rook, with a touch of pride.

"Posthumously?"

They all repeated the word as if there was magic in it.

"But why do you feel that the state of civilization requires so drastic a protest?"

Deline asked this question as Saunders Rook was enjoying the third course, tender roast young guinea-fowl with mushrooms; Rook loved good food.

"Because," said Saunders Rook, with fork poised, "it 's rotten."

Around the table went murmurs of approbation and interest.

"But, my dear fellow," exclaimed Deline, warmly laying his hand on Saunders Rook's arm, "we need men like you."

"Yes, yes," cried others about the table. "America needs men with the courage of their convictions."

"You see," said Deline, with a wave of his hand. "You 're needed."

No one had ever before intimated to Saunders Rook that he was in the least needed. The happy thought occurred to him to rise and say, "In that

case, gentlemen, I shall stay with you." But he did n't say that. Going home in the taxicab, he wished that he had. What he actually did was to sit with folded arms, a picture of determination, and say:

"When one feels as I do about it, what else can one do?"

Perhaps, after all, he mused, it was just as well that he had not recanted. It was something to be told by a great novelist that you are needed. Perhaps, if he recanted, they might discover that they did not need him so very much, after all.

A few days later as he sat at his desk among the other subeditors,—beauty editors, household editors, baby-care and feeding editors, kiddie page editors, cooking editors,—he was summoned, just as he 'd finished writing a letter to a lady in Waterloo, Iowa, to tell her that engraved invitations are not required for a straw-ride, into the sanctum and presence of the publisher and owner of the magazine, Keable Gowler, a man of terrifying importance in Saunders Rook's eyes. Until that moment it had not occurred to Saunders Rook that he was anything more to Mr. Gowler than a name on the pay-roll, and rather far down the pay-roll at that. Yet Mr. Gowler greeted him with a fatherly affability, and offered him a chair.

"Well, Rook, tell me all about it," said Mr. Gowler, with heavy geniality.

"About what, Mr. Gowler?"

"This story I 've been hearing about you and the Fourth of July."

"Really now—" began Saunders Rook.

"Is it true, or is it not true that you are going to commit suicide in Madison Square?" demanded Mr. Gowler.

"Central Park," corrected Saunders Rook, mildly.

"It is true, then?"

"Yes."

Mr. Gowler made tutting noises with his lips.

"Oh, come now, Rook," he said, "you 're not serious."

"I am," said Saunders Rook. He was pleased to know that he was more than a mere name to his employer, and he wished to remain a personage.

"But, my dear young man," cried Mr. Gowler, distressed, "I ask you, would that be fair to the magazine? People might hold us responsible, you know."

"No, they won't."

"How can we be sure?"

"I have made it plain," said Saunders Rook, "that no petty, personal motives are behind my act. It is to be purely a protest against the state of civilization in America."

"America seems pretty civilized to me," observed Mr. Gowler. "What 's wrong with it?"

"It 's rotten," said Saunders Rook.

Mr. Gowler looked horrified, but he

"'America seems pretty civilized to me,' observed Mr. Gowler"

surveyed Mr. Rook with a strong, new interest.

"Come, now," said Mr. Gowler, soothingly. "Let 's see if we can't settle this thing. We 'd miss you, Rook. The interior decoration page would miss you."

"I do the etiquette page, Mr. Gowler," said Saunders Rook, gently.

"Yes, yes. I meant that; why, of course," said Mr. Gowler, hastily. He decapitated a cigar and faced Saunders Rook. "Look here, Rook," he said, "I 'm afraid we 've been hiding your light under a bushel around here. To be frank with you, I did n't realize the stuff you were made of—until a few days ago." Mr. Gowler paused significantly.

"Now, what this magazine needs," he went on, "is a live young man of forceful character, who has modern ideas and is n't afraid to back them up. Roscoe Quimper is getting old; been an editor too long; we need a man with spirit for his position. Will you take it?"

Saunders Rook moistened dry lips; speech failed him; it was a post he had long coveted. He affected to consider.

"It pays fifteen thousand," said Mr. Gowler. His tone was actually persuasive.

Saunders Rook thought swiftly.

"I 'll take charge, Mr. Gowler."

"Good!" cried Mr. Gowler. "Good!"

"Until the Fourth of July," added Saunders Rook.

Mr. Gowler evinced his concern by a sharp elevation of his shrubbery of eyebrows.

"Then you are in earnest?"

"Absolutely."

"Of course,"—this was said almost cajolingly,—"if fifteen thousand seems too little, I might be willing to—"

Saunders Rook held up his hand.

"Thanks," he said; "but it 's not a question of money."

Mr. Gowler shook his head, dejectedly.

"Then I guess there 's nothing I can say. Still,"—he brightened,—"even if your mind is made up, you could take charge until the Fourth of July and outline a policy and get things started, could n't you?"

"If you wish," said Saunders Rook, handsomely.

"Good!" ejaculated Mr. Gowler. "Good!"

Saunders Rook, somewhat in a daze, started for the door.

"Oh, by the way, Rook," said Mr. Gowler, "could n't you take dinner with us next Thursday? The governor of the State, two United States senators, a few congressmen, and a professor will be there. They 'd like to know you."

Saunders Rook riffled through his date-book and said he might be late, as he had two teas and a talk before a Brooklyn club scheduled for that day, but that he would try to get to the dinner in time for the dessert. Mr. Gowler was greatly obliged to him.

At the dinner at Keable Gowler's Fifth Avenue house the attention paid to Saunders Rook by the governor, the senators, the assorted congressmen, the professor, and their wives would have flattered a person even less susceptible than he. In trumpet tones Mr. Gowler announced him:

"This is Mr. Saunders Rook, one of my most valued associates. On the Fourth of July, as a protest against

our civilization, he will commit suicide in Washington Square."

"Central Park," said Saunders Rook, bowing modestly.

"Not really?" they all said in breathless chorus.

"Yes, really," said Saunders Rook.

He talked, and they listened. He had been expanding the idea, and had worked up an indictment or two against civilization.

Over his after-dinner liqueur the governor declared that, if necessary, he would do the only thing he could think of to prevent Saunders Rook from robbing the state of so valued a citizen, and that was call out the militia. He was not prepared to say, he remarked darkly, how he should employ it, for he was fresh in the gubernatorial chair. However, he knew that a governor has the power to call out the militia, and he was interested in learning what would happen if he did call it out. Surely the case of Saunders Rook, he maintained, warranted the step.

The senator from Alabama promised that he would see the President at once, and volunteered to get the cooperation of Federal troops to help the governor's militia. Saunders Rook listened, sphinx-like, outwardly impassive, inwardly agog. The senator from North Dakota said that it had not before been called to his attention that the state of civilization in these United States was sufficiently rotten to cause a man of his good friend Rook's high type to plan so violent a protest, but now that it had been called to his attention, something should be done about it by the Senate. Political considerations, he said, prevented him from committing himself to any definite program, but this he would do: he would rush back to Washington on the morrow and start a senatorial investigation into civilization at which Saunders Rook would be the chief witness.

One of the congressmen present said that for his part he was prepared to introduce a resolution in the House of Representatives calling for the immediate appropriation of three hundred thousand dollars for the establishing of a congressional commission of seven on civilization, and that, obviously, the only person for the chairmanship was Mr. Rook. Another congressman said he was in hearty agreement with his honorable colleague in principle, but would like to amend the bill, so that it would call for eight hundred thousand dollars and a commission of twenty-one. While they were debating this point, Saunders Rook forced himself to depart. He had to look over the proofs of his article in

"The Liberal Voice," he said. Keable Gowler himself helped Saunders Rook on with his coat and urged him to come again.

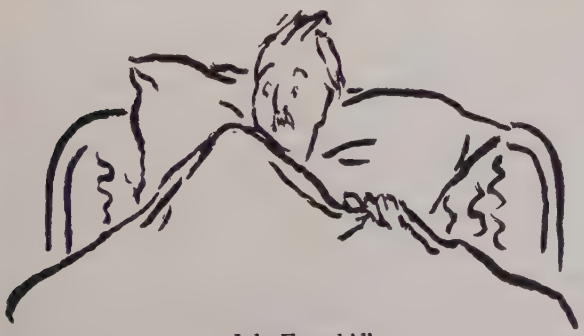
The appearance of the first Rook article brought him a tidal wave of letters. Scores of persons in all parts of the globe begged him for various reasons not to do it; two elderly ladies offered to adopt him and leave him their not inconsiderable estates; a group of young Russian radicals by cable offered to jump into the Volga on the Fourth of July to show they were in sympathy with him; eleven clergymen asked permission to call; a publishing house offered him a handsome figure for his diary, novel, or what had he? Fourteen ladies of different ages offered to marry him, and of these seven sent photographs, of which two were quite personable; three motion-picture companies asked him to name his own price for the exclusive rights; a vaudeville syndicate offered him two thousand a week for a ten-minute monologue twice daily until the Fourth of July; the police commissioner wrote to warn him that suicide is an offense amounting to disorderly conduct, and is punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. A procession of reporters, photographers, feature-story writers, and interviewers invaded his apartment. In newspapers and magazines his wan features began to appear, accompanied by stories of varying degrees of accuracy. He began to be pointed out on the street; ribs were nudged as he passed. He loved it.

Crowded days passed, days full of pleasurable excitement and intense living for Saunders Rook. So swiftly did they speed by that it was a distinct shock for him, one morning, to be awakened by a boy with a tall stack of telegrams. The messages were from many people and many places; some urged, begged, and a few even conjured him not to do it to-day; many said simply, "Farewell." To-day? Saunders Rook glanced at the date on the telegrams—"July fourth."

He dressed himself with care in his new gray suit and lavender tie, took his bamboo stick, and sauntered up Fifth Avenue. It was a delicious, sun-lit day; the avenue was bright with flags; somewhere a parade was forming, and he heard the gay sounds of distant bands. Life had never seemed quite so fair to Saunders Rook, but, and he stopped abruptly, what of to-morrow?

To-day, the Fourth of July, the eyes of the nation were on him. He bought a morning paper. Yes, there he was on the front page, a picture, smudged, but resolute-looking, and a two-column head-line, "Saunders Rook, Self-Slain To-day for Civilization's Sake."

He wiped his brow with his silk handkerchief. It was impossible for him not to think of himself on July fifth; also July sixth, seventh, eighth.



"'July Fourth'"

"What a lot of dynamite there is in one little word!" he muttered to himself. "What a difference there is between, 'Saunders Rook, the man who is going to commit suicide on the Fourth of July,' and, 'Saunders Rook, the man who *was* going to commit suicide on the Fourth of July!' One is romantic, promising, glorious; the other,—ugh!—the other is the epitaph of a weakling, a turncoat, a failure."

"Only Ole Svenson, a pastry-cook"

He stopped before a picture-store and moodily gazed at a seascape in the window. He recalled that some sage has said, "Any man can make a reputation; it takes a real man to keep one." He had a reputation, he reflected. He derived pleasure from that fact even now. It was more than he had dared hope for. Three months before it had seemed that he had been cast for a minor rôle in life, the voice of the mob offstage; almost overnight he had attained stardom. He, who had never expected to have a line to speak, had strutted and postured and declaimed in the center of the stage and heard the sweet music of applause. To-day he was a hero; to-morrow he would be a joke. The day was warm, but he shuddered.

A holiday crowd in summer colors was passing. There was laughter in the air. How intelligent the people looked, he mused, and how civilized! A graceful, powerful motor-car purred by.

He paused before a window full of books, and saw many that interested him. He glanced up at the spired heights of a church, and his gaze traveled onward to a new building, towering, shapely, beautiful; men, he reflected, had made it, had shaped the steel and stone to their will. The paper dropped from his fingers, and a passing stranger courteously picked it up, and handed it to Saunders Rook with a friendly smile. Saunders Rook felt an impulse to cry aloud, "This land, these times are n't so rotten, after all." The words died stillborn. Down Fifty-second Street he heard the shrill cry of a newsboy, "All about Saunders Rook, the martyr."

He hurried on toward Central Park. The governor had kept his word; he had called out the militia; alert soldiers with fixed bayonets patrolled the paths and scrutinized the picnickers from under their hat-brims. The green lawns were dotted with blue policemen. They, too, were watchful. Indeed, as Saunders Rook slipped into the park, unrecognized, he saw a burly officer collar a mild, blond little man, and heard the man protesting loudly that he was not Saunders Rook, but only Ole Svenson, a pastry-cook, and

that the thing he had just eaten was not poison, but a banana. As he left the man struggling in the hands of the law, Saunders Rook shrugged his shoulders, smiled a pale smile, and penetrated deeper into the park.

"They 've gone to a lot of trouble on my account," he said to himself, almost proudly. "It was n't always like that. Funny how little interest people took in me when I only wanted to live."

He picked a flower and stuck it in his buttonhole.

"It 's great to have a reputation," he remarked. Then, as he paced along, added, "But it 's tough to have to live up to it."

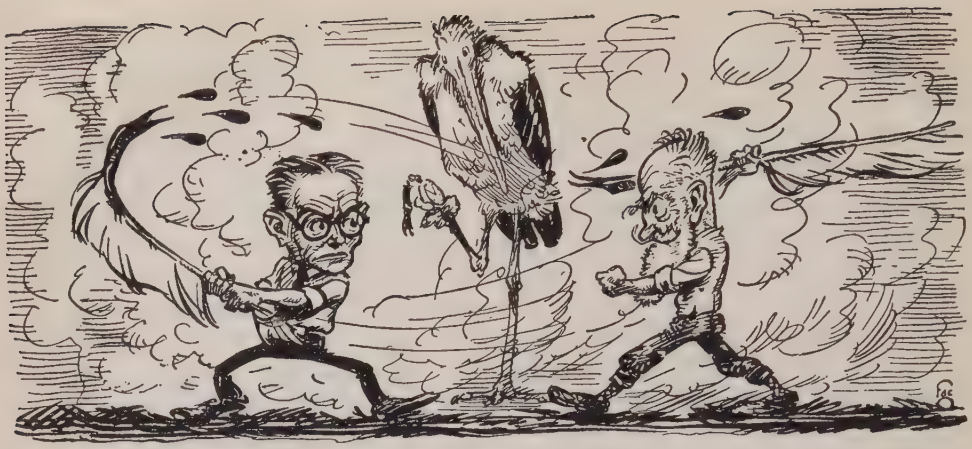
He had reached the sequestered end of the reservoir, and, glancing about, saw neither soldier nor policeman in sight.

"Stupid, incompetent fools!" he muttered.

He stood looking down into the cool, clear water. Then he raised his head and drew the fresh air into his lungs, and expelled it with a sigh. How well he felt! Slowly from an inside pocket he took his little red date-book, and with his fountain-pen wrote in his round, precise hand:

"I do this as a protest against the rotten state of civilization. Saunders Rook." He blotted it neatly with a pocket blotter. He looked up at the smiling sky and sighed deeply.

"Still, after all, a reputation is a reputation," he said. Then he jumped.



Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wiggam Disagree

Drawing by F. G. Cooper

Readers of The Century Magazine will remember that Mr. Albert Edward Wiggam contributed to the March issue a notable paper on "The New Decalogue of Science." Nothing has been published in any American periodical in twenty years that has aroused so much discussion. Distinguished biologists, psychologists, and sociologists of both America and Europe have vied with one another in praise of its vision, its accuracy, its potentiality for good, if statesmen will only heed its warnings and suggestions. Franklin H. Giddings, Raymond Pearl, Charles B. Davenport, G. Stanley Hall, Dean Inge, Leonard Darwin, and many others have written in commendation of it. But in the midst of this chorus of approval comes a note of dissent from Bernard Shaw. Mr. Wiggam has answered Mr. Shaw in a letter that proves that the scientist no less than the dramatist can make scientific discussion truly entertaining. The correspondence is here presented.—The Editor.

New York City, March 22, 1922.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw,
London, England.

Dear Mr. Shaw:

Mr. Glenn Frank, editor of The Century Magazine, is desirous of securing comments upon the inclosed brief essay from some of the major prophets. Since Isaiah & Co. are not available, even via Sir Oliver, we naturally turn to you as their present mundane representative.

No doubt Moses would resent my audacious attempt to extend his somewhat pointed remarks designed to restrain human fractiousness; but since the divine choler does not seem to have descended upon your head for your numerous highly successful efforts in this direction, I am hoping that I may be equally fortunate. Indeed, without some preliminary notice from you, it is highly probable that I shall completely escape his august observation. In fact it is entirely owing to this fear on the part of the editor, vastly more intrepid than I am, that he is venturing to suggest that you might use your conspicuous office to gain his favorable attention. You have so long kept the world thoroughly apprised

of the fact that Sinai is still thundering, that the editor hopes that this modest challenge to the biological ungodly might furnish you with at least a small Jovian bolt to hurl at the heads of the unworthy, particularly should Vulcan happen for the moment to be off duty.

I judge you find yourself in disagreement with the idea of the non-transmissibility of acquired characters, but since I point out that germinal modifications probably are transmitted, and that I am referring only to the hazy ideas of our politicians and social uplifters that Latin grammar, Euclidean geometry, the theory of relativity, and "Back to Methuselah" may be transmitted intact through the chromosomes to coming generations, thus avoiding the necessity of hiring publishers at great expense to do the job, I am in hopes that we may be fundamentally in agreement.

It is needless for the writer to take this opportunity to express his immense personal indebtedness and the incalculable mental expansion that has come to him through the years from his very frequent privilege of both agreeing and disagreeing with you. The debt in both directions is beyond expression. So, if I am able to secure either your agreement or disagreement with the sentiments I have sought in this paper to express, I am sure it will bring to me personally and to the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE both elevation of mind and chastening of spirit.

Trusting this may find you enjoying some salubrious recreation that is not sport, I beg to be

Very truly yours,

A. E. WIGGAM

10 Adelphi Terrace, London, W. C. 2.
9th April, 1922.

Dear Sir:

As you ask my opinion of your article in the March "Century," I can only say that you have made a most fearful mess of the job. You begin by taking the extreme "neo-Darwinist" position, demanding a return to barbarism and a whole-hearted reliance on *natural* selection. You then declare that eugenics and artificial selection is the first duty of Government. You deal with the modern demand for equal distribution of the national income as if it were an assertion that all men are equally long, short, clever, dull, etc. You commit yourself to the statement that the more we improve the environment, the more we deteriorate the race, which suggests that Newton and Beethoven would have achieved greater things in mathematics and music if they had been Australian Bushmen.

You go on to say that "the very face and form of men have probably changed under the influence of art," which is the last word in artificial environment. The climax is your tribute to my powers of expanding your mind. I protest I never meant to expand it until it cracked and became utterly fragmentary and discontinuous.

I note that Franklin H. Giddings, Glenn Frank, and Robert H. Davis are deeply impressed. I hope I am not responsible for *their* opinions.

I am sorry I cannot be as encouraging as they are; but really your article is the most reckless thing of the kind I have ever come across. *Do* remember that however ignorant our statesmen may be of science, they are mostly practical debaters, and could

tear your article to pieces by pouncing on its contradictions without knowing more about the subject than they could pick up from your statement of your own case.

Faithfully,
G. BERNARD SHAW

New York City, April 23, 1922.

My dear Mr. Shaw:

Your tender note of apprehension and appreciation just received, and your unhappy state of mental consternation sympathetically noted. The impact of new ideas often has the unlucky result of inducing temporary cerebral concussion, especially where there has been no previous mental preparation. However, permit the still robust faith of a neo-Darwinian in the ultimate benignity of natural selection to assure you that the effect is not often lethal, and that the universe will soon come round to normalcy again.

What is puzzling my head, however, —that is, the small portion which your expansive art has left intact,— is why I ever asked your opinion upon a matter of biology, when the most casual reading of your "Back to Methuselah" is ample proof that your ignorance of this branch of human knowledge is absolutely exhaustive. Since you evidently regard this curious concatenation of irrelevant absurdities as a work on biology as well as a contribution to evolutionary philosophy and an iconograph of scientific religion, I am reluctantly compelled to refer to it in replying to your epistolary pleasantries conveyed to me by this morning's post. You claim in your preface to this Messianic encyclical that your comedic powers are on the wane. I cannot share your despondency. They were never more brilliant; the more so because unconscious. And your letter to me, indicating that you are unable to distinguish between natural selection and artificial selection, between the individual man and the race, between the methods of evolution and the causes of evolution, between the motion and trend of evolution and the actuating dynamics of the motion, only adds to the evidence that your fears of comedic senescence are not justified.

Now, first, Mr. Shaw, about the causes of evolution we know little and pretend to know little; about the methods of evolution we know a good deal and pretend to know a good deal. I am not going to debate with you here as to the causes of evolution. You have attempted that in your Methuselah book with woeful results. But I do protest, while not wishing to become too technical,—that is, too near the truth for you to follow me,— that the men who are helping us most to get a better understanding of the cause or causes of evolution are not dramatists, such as you, sitting in their studies, imagining what natural processes are like, but men, such as Bateson, Morgan, Davenport, Pearl, Pearson, Loeb, Conklin, Castle, Woods, Wright, East, Doncaster, Ritter, and a thousand others, who spend laborious years trying to find out what actually, not philosophically, happens to the hereditary genes and chromosomes under every conceivable natural and artificial interference. It is *only* such men and such methods that will *ever* give us any true enlightenment upon the central problem of evolution, which is the central problem of the world; namely, its motive power.

Whether new plants and animals arise and are modified because of a teleological pull or a cosmic push can never be found out by spinning yarns about it in the dramatists' or philosophers' slippers and dressing-gowns. In your Methuselah book you call all these men "poor little dullards" and a "rabble of dolts, blackguards, impostors, quacks, liars and, worst of all, credulous, conscientious fools." This seems to be because when Darwin and the deists and your prodigious infantile perspicacity knocked out your dogmatic theology, which your "richest and consequently most dogmatic uncle" mistook for religion, they failed to give you a new religion in its place.

You have now, you proclaim, found at last a religion in "Creative Evolution." It will certainly add to the tranquillity of nations to learn that you have got yourself a good religion. I hope you will stick to it. But the fact that "Creative Evolution" gives us an inspiring doctrine to live by, a noble, although an utterly unpredictable, outlook upon the future, a kindlier sympathy, and sense of kinship to all that lives, is a wholly different thing from its answering the awful question, "Is it true?" I don't know. But these poor little dolts, dullards, and blackguards who are bravely following Darwin's splendid methodology are at least such courageous blockheads that they are still trying to find out. You are not. Because you have adopted "Creative Evolution" as a religion. And the moment anything in a man's mind becomes a religion, while it may be true, it stops all further investigation to find out if it is true.

Evolution may be, as you maintain, the Holy Ghost made flesh. It would not jolt these liars and conscientious fools a particle if you for once had guessed right. But what does that tell us? What is the Holy Ghost? How does He make Himself into flesh? How does He set up differential sensitivity in this flesh? *How* does He "turn a pond full of amœbas into the French Academy?" These are important questions. And no religious or metaphysical dialectic is going to solve them. Science is the pursuit and discovery of natural facts.

Philosophy and religion are grand adventures into experience, but the more facts these fool naturalists can give us, the further experience can go, and the richer the journey. And I am pragmatist enough to believe that the journey itself is, if not the whole, at least the largest element of truth. But in proclaiming as you do that I and all the other neo-Darwinians, which includes many of the noblest and most religious minds of our time, are "without imagination, metaphysics, poetry, conscience or decency," I doubt if the candid judgment of mankind is going to accept you as the final iconographer of either philosophy or religion. When you urge them in effect to put away their microscopes, mathematical calculations, and controlled experiments on bile ducts (which seems to have peculiarly roused your bile) and prepare for the coming of the Lord, I doubt if these dolts and dullards are going to have sense enough to do it. Truly, Mr. Shaw, this is all your Methuselah book amounts to in so far as being, as you evidently intend it to be, a contribution to the problems of exact science. I refer to it because your letter merely repeats its apostolic pronouncements.

You begin by calling me a "neo-Darwinist," as though that settled something. All your life you have been putting labels on things and people as though that explained anything to anybody. I have asked several good biologists just what a neo-Darwinist is, and they feel ill at ease upon the point. If you mean a biologist who believes, or believes that Darwin believed, that selection alone, with nothing to select, will create a new character, I doubt if there are any neoes. If you mean a biologist who believes that selection, with its accompanying adaptation, is a very great agent, perhaps the greatest and possibly the sole agent in determining the trend of evolution, I think you will find the majority of biologists are neo-Darwinists, and consequently, like myself, without conscience or decency. But there are also half a dozen other brands of indecency which have been advanced as tentative suggestions to explain evolution since Weismann and Mendel gave us a deeper insight into biological mechanics. I imagine that their professors, too, would have the intellectual pride to wish to be included in your bunch of conscienceless blockheads.

It is easy, on the other hand, to spot a neo-Lamarckian, like you. This is because you were breathing your last scientific gasp when Weismann saw through his microscope that the germ-cells are set aside from the body-cells at a very early stage, which shifted almost the whole problem of evolution from the body-cells to the germ-cells.

Now, just what are the stupendous problems both in the mechanics and philosophy of evolution which this discovery has raised, I beg you let us not confuse our lay readers by entering into here. A vast deal of fine, sustained thinking on the vitalistic side is contained in the Gifford Lectures of Professors Hans Driesch and J. Arthur Thomson, as well as in the brilliant speculations of Professor Bergson. A vast deal of fine, sustained thinking on the mechanistic side is contained in Professor W. K. Brooks's philosophical "Foundations of Zoölogy" and Jacques Loeb's "Mechanistic Interpretation of Life." A vast deal of fine, sustained bosh on the whole subject is contained in your preface to Methuselah. Indeed, as a student of natural phenomena, I cannot go through this biological curiosity shop and discover that you are able to find in the imperial brain of Charles Darwin, which gave us the most brilliant generalization of the nineteenth century, nothing but "an industrious and intelligent pigeon fancier" without some reflections upon both the colossal capacities as well as the duplex mechanism of your own mind. Searching through nature, as a biologist does, for morphological and functional similarities, I am forcibly struck by the neurological construction of the dinosaur which, by this Lamarckian wishing process which you find to be the chief urge in evolution, succeeded in providing himself with a brain, both fore and aft. He is described with great psychological and biological accuracy by our late poet Bert Leston Taylor. And I submit Mr. Taylor's poetico-paleontological reflections only to ask if you have ever felt any mental kinship with this noble specimen of pre-Shavian times.

Behold the mighty Dinosaur,
Famous in prehistoric lore
Not only for his weight and length,

But for his intellectual strength.
You will observe by these remains
The creature had two sets of brains—
One in his head (the usual place)
The other at his spinal base.
Thus he could reason *a priori*
As well as *a postierori*.
No problem bothered him a bit;
He made both head and tail of it.
So wise he was, so wise and solemn,
Each thought filled just a spinal column.
If one brain found the pressure strong,
It passed a few ideas along;
If something slipped his forward mind,
'T was rescued by the one behind;
And if in error he was caught,
He had a saving afterthought.
As he thought twice before he spoke,
He had no judgments to revoke;
For he could think without congestion
Upon both sides of every question.

O gaze upon this model beast
Defunct ten million years at least.

I introduce you to each other only for mutual contemplation and comparison.

Now, so far as I am concerned, I have nothing to say here against "Creative Evolution" except to point out, what seems to escape you, that, if true, it introduces us to a world of experimental indeterminism. In order that you and the lay reader may follow me, I mean that if you set up an experiment, you cannot predict how it will turn out or that it will turn out twice the same way, because you cannot tell how this inner vitalistic principle, this "entelechy," this Holy Ghost made flesh of yours, is going to jump. Professor H. C. Jennings pointed this out long ago, and Professor Driesch admitted its truth. The universe may be just this sort of uncertain proposition, although a good deal of experiment leads us to believe it is not. But since you believe it is, it is not surprising that you should seem to seek to tie yourself in with entelechies and creative evolutionary theories for fear you might fall out. Should this untoward event take place, the whole world would lose one of its supreme dramatists, although science would have no cause to grieve.

You are entirely right in saying that we neo-Darwinians have a comfortable reliance upon natural selection and that we believe that a little eugenics and intelligent artificial selection would aid the process. Instead of *us* "demanding a return to barbarism," it is nature herself who will set up, indeed enforce, the demand. If we are such fools, as all previous civilizations have been, as to cease producing leaders and turn our intellectual conquests over to the morons, as we are rapidly doing, in a short time these barbarians will be dancing their orgies above our now brain-packed skulls. They will even forget the polite and mellifluous language in which you and I are addressing each other. Our civilization, like all others, will prove merely a brief biological joy ride. "Nature," as Sir Ray Lankester, surely as good a biologist as Shaw, has said, "will wreck upon us the vengeance she *always* has in store for the half-hearted meddler in great affairs." As I pointed out in my brief essay, man dare not be a half-hearted meddler, as he is now, in this great affair of his own evolution. And eugenics,—artificial selection,—which is merely rightly directed political, social, educational, economic, and religious selection, offers our only way out, because eugenics seeks to improve life. And if we can improve life, we can

improve all else. But neo-Darwinians have the comfortable feeling that even should we fail to apply eugenics, and should as a result plunge into barbarism, natural selection, grim Moloch that it is, would in time produce, God wot, even brighter lights than you and I to guide men into a goodly social order again. Evolution may do even better than it has done. But if man relies upon your vague assurance, if we continue to defy the Holy Ghost made flesh by breeding from our worst instead of from our middlings and best, that this beneficent Spirit will forgive us our biological sins and refuse to sick natural selection on us again, barbarism is precisely the mess into which your fatuous mysticism will land us. Unfortunately, neither natural selection nor creative evolution has yet evolved an organ of common sense. And whether or not our statesmen will listen to you and refuse to apply eugenics is still on the knees of the gods.

Coming to the next point in your gracious ejaculations, when you state that I "deal with the modern demand for an equal distribution of the national income as equivalent to the assertion that all men are equally tall, short, clever, dull, etc.," you make two mistakes; first, that there *is* any such demand and, second, that I was including you and your extreme fellow-socialists among the statesmen. This is merely an oversight on your part. I had no such fantastic intention.

You tell me furthermore that I say, "the more we improve the environment, the more do we deteriorate the race." This is on a par with your solemn assurance in your Methuselah preface that Professor Weissman drew the inference that acquired characters are not transmitted because, after cutting off the tails of a few mice, he found, what you yourself say that you or any fool could have told him beforehand, that their children and grandchildren were born with just as good tails as their forebears. Could scientific mountebankery go further? The enormous inference that somatic modifications are not transmitted in a representative way, whether true or false, as you know perfectly well and knew when you wrote this libel upon painstaking scientific work, is based upon far profounder evidence than this. Yet I submit that any layman whose sole source of information was your book would honestly suppose that one of the largest generalizations of modern science was reached from no other evidence than the amputation of the caudal appendages of a few mice over which horrible vivisection you later shed a quantity of Shavian tears. And any one reading your letter and not my article would honestly suppose that I said what you say I said. But permit me to repeat the offensive passage as I wrote it: "The more you 'improve' the environment of plants, animals, or men without selection, the more rapidly do they deteriorate." The injection of the words "without selection" places the statement not only in a different scientific category, but in a different age of the world's biological thinking.

Getting down to facts, every farmer knows that if he saves *all* his potatoes for seed as we save *all* human beings for reproduction,—except where our statesmen make conditions so hard for the successful in every line but economics that they can't reproduce because they have n't money enough

to raise their children,—that the potatoes he plants in rich, improved soil will produce more weaklings than those raised in hard, sterile soil, which kills off the weak and puny. And if he keeps this up, the rich soil will deteriorate his breed more rapidly than the poor soil unless he selects the fit for parentage. And men, at least some men, are not different from potatoes, at least some potatoes.

Let us be generous for a moment, Mr. Shaw, and let the public in on how this selection business works. Let us for argument's sake make the debatable assumption that if I were sitting in a parquet theater seat watching your "Back to Methuselah," I would be in an improved environment. Next, suppose that the physical capacity to endure and the intellectual capacity to enjoy the complete cycle of this play were the sole test of a man's social fitness to survive, and carry on the richest values of civilization. But suppose the ones who could not sit it through were privileged to go out and raise a bunch of progeny, as they could easily do before the play is finished; and imagine that those who could go through it alive were thereby sterilized, which is quite conceivable.

I think, then, even you will admit that there would be nobody left to appreciate a second performance. Dramatic barbarism would have been achieved at one bound. Instead of speaking as Edmund Burke did to "empty benches and future generations," you would have spoken to full benches and empty future generations.

Now, this is not far different from the situation in which civilization places mankind. Those who could sit through your play would be the finest intellects and most artistic souls of the race; moreover, they would be endowed with rare powers of physical endurance: but they would have no children to perpetuate their virtues, while the mob that despised your play and despises all the high values of any culture would people the world. The political, social, and economic factors which enable our brightest people to make such exalting achievements are the very factors which sterilize them. Ample evidence shows that they suffer no physiological sterilization, but undergo a psychological sterilization, which, so far as evolution is concerned, is the same thing. The men who have the abilities to attain and create the rewards of civilization are the very ones who in its later stages that very civilization pushes to the biological wall.

Of course selection goes on. Selection, whether you believe in it or not, *always* goes on. If you had the patience and wit to gain an understanding of Professor Pearson's "Mathematical Contributions to the Theory of Evolution," or of the occurrence of sex-linked lethal selection noted by Morgan, Little, and Gibbon, or F. A. Woods's proof that mental and moral qualities are associated and that moral people live longer under natural conditions than immoral people and rear more progeny, which guarantees the moral progress of mankind by selection, unless our statesmen set up social conditions which counteract selection, you would be convinced that this is not my personal fancy. I cannot survey your numerous references to biological treatises and your meager understanding of the same without reflecting upon the melancholy exclamation of Jonah after re-

turning from his seafaring adventure, "I have travelled far and seen little." In Jonah's case, however, his success as a reporter was due entirely to physical limitations. Just as it would seem to be your first duty in the above hypothetical situation to shorten your play, that your auditors would not be killed off, so it would seem the prime, original basic object of getting civilized at all, and the first duty of government would be to set up those conditions of home-building, sound family life, air, food, freedom from taxation to take care of increasing hordes of unfit, freedom from being placed in the front line of battle and getting killed, and a thousand and one other economic, social, and spirituals elective factors which would prevent the unfit from getting born on the one hand, and to minister to adaptive and preferential fecundity among the fit on the other. I admit my analogy is not complete, but it is sufficiently so to be painfully suggestive.

Your statement about Newton and Beethoven completely discourages me. You have more mental agility than I or else a deeper biological insight, if you can see what connection there is between the deteriorative effects of improved environment without selection and the things these gentlemen would have done in mathematics and music had they been Australian Bushmen. You say it suggests this conclusion to your mind. Well, it does not to mine. As I said, you do not distinguish between the individual man and the race. If you mean the improved environment of Germany and England *produced* Beethoven and Newton, you know nothing about either psychology or biology. If you mean the bad environment of Australia prevented the Bushmen from *produeing* Newtons and Beethovens, the inference is the same. Newton and Beethoven made their great achievements, first, because they were great mutants of a great race, and, second, because this great race by its great powers, due quite largely, I think, to the adaptive selection of a hard climate, built a noble environment that furnished the tools and conditions for these individual achievements. As related to men of their own time and race they were colossal performers. Their race as related to the Bushmen in the fields of music and mathematics is a colossal race. In a fist fight they may be inferior. The individual units within a race vary much more widely from one another than do the average units of different races. The average European is somewhat above, not vastly above, the average Bushman as a whole; but the supreme European in these directions, at least, is a mountain peak to a molehill compared with the supreme Bushman. The probability is, though it is not proved, that it is not ability, but variability, that makes progress. Certain it is that the great dramatic mutants, such as Shaw and Shakspere, give us our only truly permanent drama. But the Bushmen have so far shown no power to vary in the direction of such priceless persons. They consequently have a poor environment as *we* look at it, but a perfect environment as *nature* looks at it, because nature, as we silly neoes look at it, has no "aim" except the adaptation of organisms to environment. For this reason, as nature views him, the Eskimo is no doubt an evolutionary triumph, but from our idealistic point of view he

is an intellectual and artistic fizzle. But what racial deterioration due to reversed selection has to do with the individual achievements of the Newtons and Beethovens I fail to see except that with our reversed selection the great blood that produced them will soon become a weak and pulseless stream of evolutionary water.

You express surprise and some degree of personal responsibility because my mind has cracked under the influence of your art. Let me hasten to say there is no thought on my part of applying for damages. Indeed, if I applied for anything, it would be for repairs. But, please note, I said that the faces of men had probably *changed* under the influence of art. I did not say they had always improved. It seems, though, to me that so thoroughgoing a Lamarckian as you, who believes acquired characters are transmitted wholesale, would at times feel a fearful responsibility. If the grimaces and guffaws, some happy and some otherwise, which you have so long produced upon the faces of the public are going to be transmitted, God pardon us for being glad we began our studies in physiognomy and facial beauty, shortly to be published, before the transformation set in.

As to your fears about the opinions of Professor Giddings and Messrs. Frank and Davis, I am not familiar with their intellectual histories; but since your writings on evolution were published before mine, I doubt if you need feel any deep responsibility for their agreement with me.

The generous tribute you pay to my recklessness of speech, coming from you, is indeed praise from Sir Philip. I understand for the first time the feelings of a man who has just won from his chief his *croix de guerre*.

There are two *objets d'art* in your Methuselahenic collection of biological curiosities, Mr. Shaw, that I am sure will engage the jocund attention of the future historian of the evolution theory. The first is that Darwinism or neo-Darwinism must be wrong because the Germans tried to prove it with poison gas and submarines. The second is that just because we can think faster than our brute ancestors, acquired characters must have been transmitted. Just because the Germans were bad marksmen and worse biologists is neither proof nor disproof of any law of nature. And just because our ratiocinative rapidity is greater than our brute relatives is neither proof nor disproof as to how it came about. It is certainly obvious that in time of danger the rapid-fire thinkers would escape more frequently than the slow and dull, and that you and I, we readily admit, are descendants of the former; but how these hair-trigger thinkers arose is just the whole problem of evolution. I merely point out this lovely *faux pas* of yours to say that if acquired characters are inherited, and, in the sense of heritable germinal modifications, I should not be surprised to learn that they are, it will not be by Shaw's methods, but by the exact and exacting experimental procedures of such men as Guyer and Jennings that the fact will become established. Just because you cannot think offhand of any other way by which evolution has proceeded, is no disproof that a little experimentation may reveal a hundred and one other ways that you never would or could have thought of. Laboratories are built

to supplement parlors and pulpits, a fact which the occupants of the latter have not yet fully recognized.

Finally, my dear friend,—at least I hope that the passing of these complimentary pleasantries has made us personal friends,—your fear that I should suffer from the hands of "practical debaters" is equaled only by my own alarm lest lethal selection would instantly beset you should you fall into the hands of experimental biologists. They are such indecent rapscallions and such lovers of truth that, as Huxley said, they have n't the slightest respect for authority, and "the traditions of a thousand years sound [to them] like the mere heresay of yesterday." Among truth-seekers and fearless logicians I should gravely fear for your safety.

But permit me to say that it was just because our statesmen *are* "practical debaters" and can easily convince the public of the beauty and beneficence of an income tax which takes away from half to three fourths of the wealth created by the farsighted and able to apply it to making conditions favorable for the halfwitted to reproduce their kind, by proving that your grandmother had a wart on the end of her nose, that I got together all the good words I could think of to call their attention to their oversight of biological principles. They are not stupid men; they are untrained men. Moreover, they are men of immense kindness of heart. You say yourself that your Lamarckianism is "mystical" and hard to understand, while my Darwinism can be understood even by fools. Scientists and practical men are much more likely to accept the simple and easy in preference to the mystical and hard. And I honestly believe that their kindness of heart and decent wish to improve the race will respond much more readily to the simple showing of facts which I gave them that many of their best intentioned measures reverse forward and upward-going selection and set up a backward and downward-going selection than to your preaching a creative evolutionary religion and Lamarckian mysticism, which you say yourself nobody but "trained, apt, and comprehensive thinkers" can understand.

As you ring up the curtain on your Lamarckian drama "Methuselah," and step aside in order that the auditors may begin to enjoy themselves, you state that your reason for assuming the rôle of iconographer of a new scientific religion is that your "mental powers are waning." This I regret; not your stepping aside, but your depressing autodiagnosis. But this, if true, would seem all the more reason why plain facts, accepted by virtually every biologist in the world, the only persons competent to speak upon such matters, should be welcomed by hard-headed men in preference to mystical philosophies beyond their ken. The practical debater takes what he can understand in preference to what he can't. No statesman will ever enact a system of philosophy. And thus by your own showing he will put my simple, practical suggestions into real legislation for a real world, and reserve your impractical dramatizing and philosophizing to beguile his mind and compose his spirit when he retires for an hour of virtuous merriment into the unreal world of the theater.

Very cordially yours,

A. E. WIGGAM

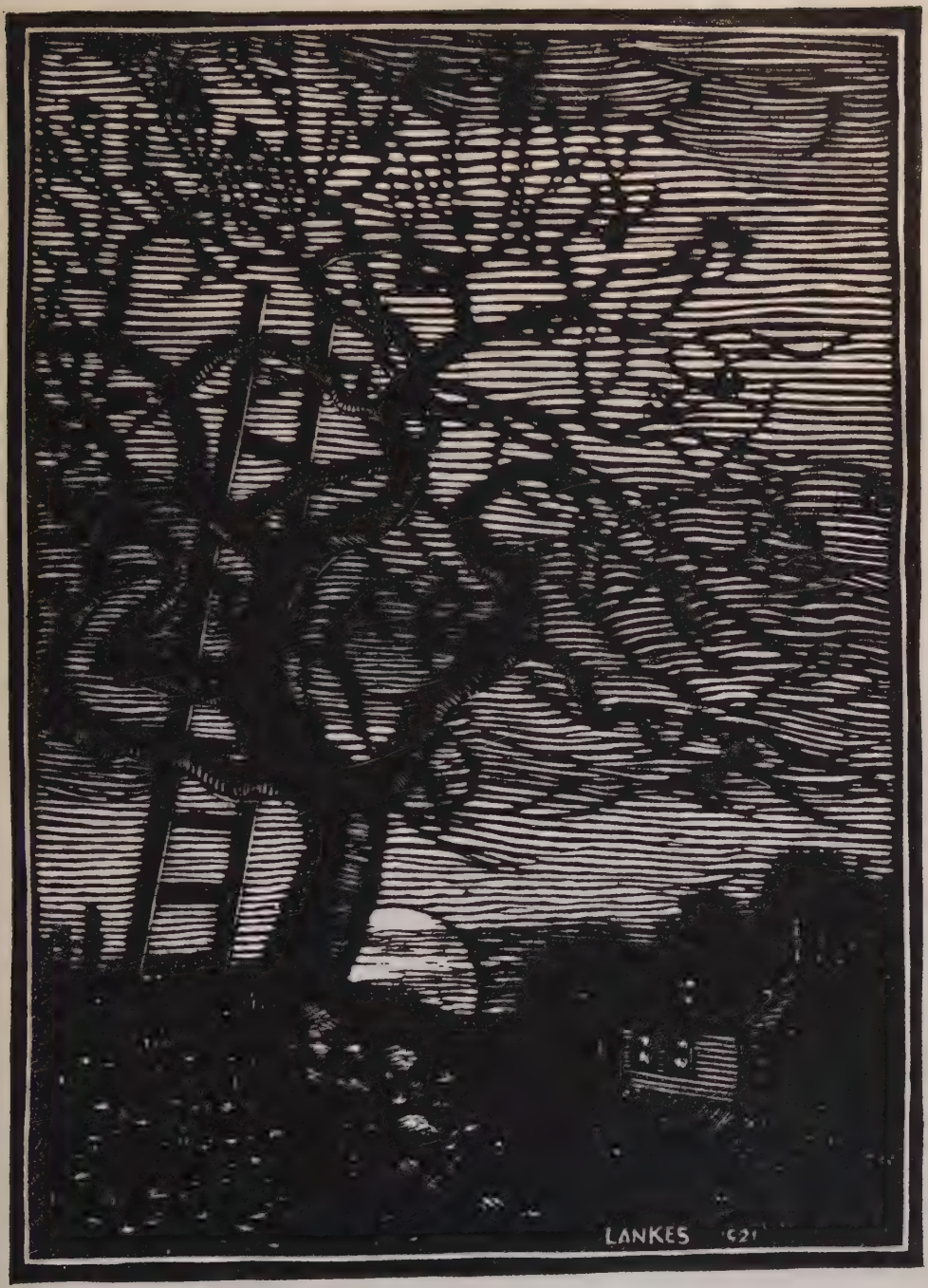
Six Woodcuts

By J. J. Lankes

Winter

The meeting-house

The tavern



October

A tail-piece

Admiral Horthy

By Eugene S. Bagger

Drawing by Paul Roche

He is a handsome man, this Hungarian admiral, and he knows it. He is also a practical person, and he knows how to exploit his impressive appearance as a political asset. British and American correspondents who have interviewed him since his accession to power in November, 1919, rarely fail to note the resemblance he bears to Admiral Beatty. To be sure, that resemblance increases in reverse ratio with the square of the correspondent's familiarity with the hero of Heligoland: it is more apparent to Americans than to Englishmen; it is more apparent after dinner than before. The cuisine of the royal castle at Budapest is excellent, and its wine cellar is famous.

But whether or not the likeness is real, the myth that has grown up around it is a very real item on the credit side of Horthy's balance-sheet. In strange lands, after all, anything that reminds of home, however slightly, is a source of comfort; and to bewildered Anglo-Saxon reporters, thrown by fate into a country whose psychology they understand as little as its language, the tilt of Admiral Horthy's cap affords one of the few links with known reality. The cap is the cap of Beatty; whose head the head may be is of less importance to reporters, overworked priests of the great modern cult of the obvious. They accept Horthy at the face-value of Admiral Beatty's cap.

At a conservative estimate thirty-three per cent. of Admiral Horthy's prestige in England and America is accounted for by his cap. Fifty per cent., say, of it is due to the belief, assiduously fostered by a well organized propaganda, that it was he who put an end to the Hungarian Commune. The remaining seventeen per cent. is derived from his reputation as Hungary's savior from the Hapsburgs.

Now, it is true that Horthy is responsible for the killing of a great many Bolsheviki, and, as will be seen, of a great many non-Bolsheviki as well; and laudable though that achievement may appear to some, to the unprejudiced mind it is not the equivalent of his having defeated Bolshevism. And as to Horthy being the man who kept the Hapsburgs out of Hungary—well, it is a fact that he was present when the sun of Charles's hopes set for the last time. Even so was *Chantecler* present at sunrise. But *Chantecler*, with his sense of humor stirred to life at the wrong moment, went down in tragedy; whereas Horthy, who has no sense of humor at all, but, instead, a very keen sense of business, proceeded to present the bill. "For one Hapsburg sunset, a blank check, drawn by the Entente

on the people of Hungary to the order of Nicholas Horthy, Regent." The bill was approved, the voucher issued. It was not the first instance in Horthy's career that he cashed in on a coincidence.

He is nothing if not unoriginal. He takes the patterns for his actions and gestures, like his successes, wherever he finds them. By the way, it is not only his cap that reminds of Lord Beatty. It 's his chin, too. Once he explained to the correspondent of a New York newspaper that he was determined to maintain law and order at all cost. Of Admiral Horthy's conception of law and order more anon. He quoted a pronunciamento he had made to a deputation of workers. " 'Remember,' he had said, 'that I am here to keep order, and'—*here the Admiral's jaw squared like Beatty's,* and his fist crashed down on his desk—'I am going to keep order.' " Was that squaring of the jaw spontaneous or was it aimed consciously at effect? We don't pretend to know. What we know is that it scored a full hit. British heroes ought to copyright their features.

Another historic character to whom he paid the tribute of flattery's sincerest form is Henry of Navarre. To that great Huguenot Paris was worth a mass. Budapest was worth another to Horthy, descendant of stiff-necked Calvinists. Rumor has it that in 1920, on his elevation to the regency, he embraced Roman Catholicism, not unmindful, add the malignant, of the provision of Hungarian basic law limiting succession to the throne to Roman Catholics. Be that as it may, it is certain that Horthy the Calvinist attends mass regularly, and he has been photographed kissing the banner of the Virgin Mary, ancient emblem of Catholic Hungary. It is an emblem not unknown to some of Horthy's own Calvinist ancestors, perhaps, chained by a Hapsburg king to Neapolitan galley-benches.

Nor does his patent connection with the Roman Church end with this act of homage. Terrible to heretics, that church can be most gracious to the returned prodigal. To Horthy belongs the distinction, not divulged before this in English print, of being the first Calvinist canonized at the suggestion of Rome.

That same Catholic renaissance, reigning in Hungary since the overthrow of the Soviet, which revived the long-abandoned banner of the Holy Virgin, postulated that the Hungarian army be provided with a special patron saint. Application for a patron saint was officially made to the Holy See, which in due time named St. John of Capistrano, a Neapolitan monk whose fiery eloquence helped the recruiting campaigns of John Hunyadi, scourge of the Turks in the fifteenth century.

Now this appointment pleased the Catholic element of the country, but it displeased the Calvinists, whose power in Hungary, though far less articulate and at present rather dormant, is potentially quite considerable. For once these Protestants lived up to their name and protested against pasting a sectarian label over the national army. This protest did not embarrass the chaplain-general, the Roman Catholic Bishop Zadravecz. If, he said, the Calvinists resented that the army should have a Catholic patron saint, why, it was perfectly simple: there ought to be a Calvinist patron saint, too. Would

the High Presbytery kindly suggest one of its own saints for the office of co-patron? The amazed Calvinists replied that they were obliged for the kindness, but that they had no saints. And now Bishop Zadravecz had an inspiration. He ordered a large panel painted for the church of the Budapest garrison—a panel representing St. John of Capistrano, the fighting Franciscan of Naples, with Nicholas Horthy, the Calvinist admiral. Between the two the likeness of Bishop Zadravecz himself was portrayed.

In this triptych Admiral Horthy appears mounted on his white horse. That white horse, like Beatty's cap, has become a fixture of the Horthy myth; like the cap, it is a plagiarism. Its spiritual ancestor, as it were, was the celebrated black horse of the French royalist General Boulanger. He rode this white horse when, in November, 1919, he entered Budapest as a conqueror at the head of his national army, with the Banner of the Virgin waving above his, alas! heretical head.

That ride was one of the climaxes of Admiral Horthy's career. Official Hungary celebrated the event as a great victory over the Rumanians, who had evacuated the city on the day before. Official Hungary disregarded the trifling detail that there was no causal connection between the Rumanian withdrawal and Horthy's entry. The national army had never had a chance to fire a shot at King Ferdinand's troops, who left because the Allies at Paris ordered them to leave.

§ 2

There is one point on which both Horthy's enemies and his friends emphatically agree—that he is the prototype of his class and the symbol of that class returned to power. Hungarians call this class, with a word borrowed from English, gentry; squirearchy would probably describe it better.

Up to 1848 that class, together with the aristocracy, was the sole possessor of the land and of political and civil rights. The serfs—*glebæ adstricti* since 1514—paid their tithes and their taxes, worshiped God and the landlord, and bred and died like cattle. The aristocrats were absentees, mostly at the Vienna court, in whose atmosphere they were slowly denationalized. In the seventeenth century most of the great noble houses were reclaimed from Protestantism by Hapsburg counter-reformation. This fact accentuated the cleavage between them and the gentry, which remained Calvinist to a large extent. In contrast to the Austrianized nobles, the squirearchy preserved intact the old national customs and traditions, including a thorough contempt for the national language. Up to the nineteenth century a sort of pidgin-Latin was the official and the polite idiom. These gentry lived in their manors a life of idleness tempered by a little husbandry, a good deal of hunting, eating, and drinking, and peppered by occasional outbursts of rhetoric which they called politics. Upon culture they looked down as something alien and therefore detestable. They seduced pretty peasant girls and administered corporeal punishment to indignant peasant fathers.

Originally their *levées-en-masse*, called "noble insurrections," provided defense for the country against external enemies. But gradually these

levées ceased, and the country was protected by professional armies of royal mercenaries and impressed serfs, the expenses being conveniently borne by the serfs who escaped impressment. The gentry were in eternal opposition to the central Government, which they denounced as alien oppression. This also was a convenient arrangement, as it afforded an excuse for dodging public service and for glorifying passive resistance and political ca'canny as patriotism. Even their stiff-necked Calvinism became by and by not so much a matter of religious fervor as a political tradition, a mode of teasing the Catholic court. It was the gentry who frustrated the enlightened reforms of Joseph II, disciple of Frederick the Great and noblest of Hapsburg rulers. When Friedrich von Gentz, Metternich's brilliant friend, said Asia began at the gates of Vienna, he had in mind this Hungarian squirearchy, retrograde, narrow, and cruel.

The reform laws of 1848 abolished serfdom and the nobility's privileges, including exemption from taxes, and enfranchized the burghers and propertied peasants. That was a terrible blow to the squirearchy. Deprived of the fruits of the tithe and *corvée*, they actually had to get up and work for a living. But worse things were yet to come. In 1868 the Jews of Hungary, mostly old settlers whose lot had been on the whole fairly good, were emancipated. That was the *coup de grâce* to the patriarchal economy. Western methods of commerce, industry, and credit were introduced, with free competition safeguarded by law.

The great noble houses, with their immense wealth, weathered the storm, some of the more intellectually mobile aristocrats even rode the crest of the wave; but the gentry went down rapidly. Unwilling to surrender old standards of life, unwilling to learn the new profitable pursuits, they sold or mortgaged their estates and their emancipation bonds, and squandered the remnants of their patrimony in wild revels, frequently followed by suicide, more often by the slow death of genteel poverty in some county sinecure. On the other hand, the power of the Jews, thrifty, provident, quick to learn the new Western ways, increased in proportion. At the outbreak of the World War Hungary was ruled by the alliance of great aristocratic families and the new class of industrial and financial magnates. The country was still an oligarchy, but the type changed from a semi-Oriental patriarchal rule of the squirearchy to a more Westernized system of large-scale exploitation.

The collapse of the Hapsburg Empire in October, 1918, ended this chapter of Hungarian evolution. The revolution of October, headed by a radical aristocrat, Count Michael Károlyi, was the work of two elements which gathered strength in the preceding decades of gradual Westernization—the bourgeois intellectuals, mostly Jewish, and the industrial workers of Budapest.

It was a very mild affair, indeed, this Revolution of the White Aster; its leaders were middle-class liberal theorists or Fabian socialists; its aim was to establish peace with the Allies, friendship with the non-Magyar races, and to reorganize the state on lines of Western democracy. The aspirations and the intellectual level of the movement were high, but it had no

Admiral Nicholas Horthy

root in the politically undeveloped masses; it was top-heavy.

Had Károlyi succeeded in dividing the great estates, with compensation to the old owners, among the peasantry, he would have won the support of the latter and would probably have endured. But the blows of a short-sighted Allied policy (*"Les vainqueurs sont toujours boches,"* wrote Oscar Jászi, the brilliant leader of intellectual radicals) and of a Russian-financed Bolshevik propaganda of returned war prisoners from within undermined his authority. Károlyi fell; the Soviet came into power. But the Soviet had even less vital strength behind it than the liberal revolution; it was born of despair, a makeshift run by a group of stupid, ill educated adventurers, and narrow-minded, if honest, dogmatists. Instead of trying to win over the peasants, the one real, if inarticulate, power in the country, they did everything to antagonize them. The Hungarian Commune was on the point of collapse from inner rottenness when the Rumanian attack at the end of July, 1919, dealt it the death-blow.

The Rumanians entered Budapest and disarmed not only the communists, who at this time were throwing away their arms voluntarily, but also the anti-communist trade-unionists. They did not disarm the White Guards, formed either beyond the frontiers of Soviet power or in Budapest at the moment of the overturn. Three months later the Rumanians left on orders from Paris. At that moment the only organized power in the country was the army of White Guard detachments, and these White Guards represented an armed class, the gentry.

After a lapse of almost eighty years suddenly the Magyar gentry was back in the seat of supreme power, unchallenged. It was a return with a vengeance, only too literally so. Their leader and standard-bearer was Admiral Nicholas Horthy.

It was in the days of the Soviet régime at Budapest that a few hundred officers of the old Austro-Hungarian army formed at Szegedin a counter-revolutionary government. Szegedin was beyond the reach of Bela Kun's power, in the zone assigned by the terms of the armistice to the Jugoslavs, and was garrisoned by French colonial troops. A cabinet was appointed, or, rather, appointed itself, but this cabinet had no real attribute of power except a small volunteer army consisting exclusively of officers on the Russian counter-revolutionary pattern. It had no constructive policy, no program, no working plan beyond the engineering of anti-communist intrigue at Budapest. It was financed by French subsidies and by "voluntary" contributions of wealthy Szegedin Jews, whose patriotic zeal was stimulated by visits of grim-looking officers carrying rather obviously big Mauser pistols in their holsters. The one thing that forged these men into a potential political instrument was their hatred of Bela Kun and his gang. They might have adopted as their motto, *"Hang the Bolsheviki; after that the deluge."*

But this hatred, this lust of revenge, sought out the communists at Budapest only as the nearest target at hand, as the scapegoat conveniently substituted for a much more dangerous, but much less palpable, enemy. Almost without exception these officers belonged to the gentry, the class dis-

possessed from its privileges during the last half-century. They were victims of the evolution that wound its way through industrialization toward modern Western democracy, and reached a premature pinnacle in the brief period of the Károlyi republic. In this evolution Soviet rule was a mere interlude, a diversion, and delay rather than a realized aim.

The more sophisticated among the officers and bureaucrats perceived that their real enemy was not violent revolution, which, after all, could be countered by more violence, but democratic evolution, with its subtle and irresistible processes. Now, the carriers, the agents of that evolution, were the intellectual and commercial *bourgeoisie*, consisting mostly of Jews. But most of the communist leaders were Jews, too. Here was a coincidence, and in a sense something more substantial than a coincidence, that, as the leaders of the counter-revolutionists realized, afforded a great simplification, which could be exploited for purposes of propaganda.

To the great majority of the officers, of course, these considerations never occurred. All they could understand was that an intangible something, some sort of a human earthquake, had swept away the foundations of the old Hungarian state, with its comfortable class privileges, had destroyed the Austro-Hungarian army, and with the army their own livelihood. All they knew was that if they could not be officers and gentlemen, they would have to starve. That intangible hostile something now resulted in putting a bunch of "dirty Jews" into power. But even before the revolution it was "dirty Jews" to whom their fathers had mortgaged or sold their estates, who had the best lawyers' and physicians' practices, owned the factories, bought and sold the produce of the land, ran the newspapers, and introduced all kinds of alien notions, French, English, German, into the country. In a word, the Jews were at the bottom of all the misery that befell the "historical" class, the chief pillar of Magyar nationhood, the gentry. The Jews had to go. The mood of the officers was symbolized by one Captain Pronay, head of one of the Szegedin detachments, as the officers' units were called, who swore that he would not rest until he killed one thousand Jews with his own hands. The officers drilled by day; at night they drank to the day that was to end forever the rule of communists, liberals, intellectuals, and other Jews.

The commander-in-chief of this officers' army was Nicholas Horthy de Nagybánya, vice-admiral of the old Austro-Hungarian navy. He was the son of a fairly prosperous Calvinist squire of County Szabolcs, on the Eastern edge of the great Hungarian plain. Young Horthy went in for a naval career, a very unusual thing among members of his class, who commonly regarded the cavalry as the only arm worthy of their choice. The navy was a purely imperial, un-Magyar institution. Naval officers had to be educated at Pola; they had to speak German; they had nothing to do with horses; they thus were apt to become denationalized. To this very day Nicholas Horthy speaks Hungarian with a German accent. His advancement in the navy was good. He was assigned to the general staff, and later appointed aide to the old Emperor Francis Joseph, a rare honor for a Magyar and a Calvinist.

In the war Captain Horthy commanded the cruiser *Novara*, ominously named after Radetzky's victory over the Piedmontese in 1848. He displayed considerable physical courage, the kind of dash which is the mark of cavalry officers of his class. It was his squadron that repeatedly shelled Italian coast cities. He was wounded in the Battle of Otranto. But his supreme exploit, the one that brought him the rank of admiral, was the quelling of the naval mutiny at Cattaro. It was a most characteristic exploit in more than one sense.

§ 3

The men who rebelled at Cattaro were, like the majority of the Austro-Hungarian naval personnel, Jugoslavs, Croat-speaking Dalmatians, since Roman days among the best sailors in Europe. What caused the mutiny is not quite clear; some say it was too much Jugoslav national feeling, others, too much sauerkraut. One day the red flag was hoisted on several destroyers and light cruisers in the harbor, and officers on board were disarmed. A loyal somebody in the land fortress flashed out a radio call for help

There was a fleet of German submarines in the Strait of Otranto. A squadron was despatched at full speed to deal with the mutineers. The submarines entered the harbor; a few shots were fired; the mutineers surrendered unconditionally. When all was over, Horthy appeared on the scene. His cruiser hoisted the imperial ensign; the ship's band struck up the imperial anthem; and henceforth Horthy was known as the "Hero of Cattaro." He court-martialed the rebels and had a number of them shot. Soon he was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral.

When the end came, a particularly odious and humiliating task fell to Horthy's lot: he was instructed to turn over the entire Austro-Hungarian fleet to the Jugoslavs. From that moment the Austro-Hungarian navy was a mere memory, and Horthy was an admiral only *in partibus infidelium*, having no more to do with a fleet than the Roman Archbishop of Trebizond has to do with his diocese. A prouder soul might have discarded the admiral's uniform, now the token of defeat and disgrace; a more realistic spirit would have sought new fields of patriotic endeavor, would have adapted itself to the exigencies of a situation where Hungary's interests lay in forgetting as quickly about armies and navies as possible. Not so Horthy. He wore his naval uniform when he retired into the steppes of his paternal estate in County Szabolcs, and did not emerge until the formation of the counter-revolutionary government at Szegedin.

When Bela Kun fell, Horthy asked the French command for permission to enter Budapest with his troops. But they were not wanted there by the Rumanians, and the French, none too loath to be rid of the boisterous and rather useless auxiliaries, allowed them to cross into the Trans-Danubian country. Horthy now established headquarters at the popular bathing resort Siófok, on Lake Balaton. The detachments were turned loose on the country-side.

What followed now is comparable only to the record of the Turks in Armenia; nothing in recent European history furnishes a parallel. Before leaving Szegedin Horthy issued to the

detachment chiefs blanket warrants "to pronounce and execute sentence on the guilty." Under the pretext of searching for and punishing communists, the officers raided and plundered villages, outraged women, maltreated and killed Jews and whomever else incurred their displeasure. The brutality of the acts committed and the flimsiness of the excuses proffered surpass belief. Old grudges were settled in a summary fashion. Years ago a distressed squire may have sold his harvest to a Jew for what he thought was a bad price. Now the squire came back, chief of a communist-hunting squad; he seized the Jew, hanged him, and took his property. Or else an officer would see a Jew wearing a new suit of clothes. He would shoot the Jew and expropriate the suit. In several places the Catholic priests themselves tried to protect innocent Jews; they were hanged on the spot. It should be remembered that well-to-do Jews had suffered just as much under communism as Christians, but that did not make any difference; they were arrested, tortured, and murdered. The number of victims who perished in these atrocities can be put between five and six thousand. I have no space to relate these horrors in detail; reliable accounts may be found in the files of the Manchester "Guardian," of Vienna, Prague, and Italian newspapers. But I have to tell of two incidents which help in rounding out the portrait of the Hero of Cattaro.

One of the terror detachments was headed by a Count Salm, a Hungarian officer of Austrian descent. He had achieved unenviable fame by an exploit at Dunafoeldvar, where he murdered a wealthy Jewish merchant, not without having previously exacted a ransom for safe-conduct. After the murder the count not only took all cash and valuables from the victim's house, but also pulled a pair of brand-new shoes off his feet, remarking that dead Jews needed no new shoes. But Count Salm's most substantial claim to a reputation rests on a case of the Jewish millionaire Albert Freund de Toszeg, member of one of the greatest industrial families of Hungary. Count Salm's party raided Freund's château, near Lake Balaton. Without further ado, without even a pretext, the millionaire was condemned to be hanged in the presence of his wife. The peasants of the village witnessed the proceedings in dumb horror; Freund was a kindly man, and they all liked him. Count Salm asked an onlooker for a piece of rope. The peasant said he had none. Infuriated, the count sent off the villagers to search for a rope; after a while they returned and said that no rope was to be found in the place. Thereupon Salm tore a piece of wire from a fence and hanged the unfortunate with his own hands. Mrs. Freund fainted; the peasants wept; the Gipsy band that accompanied the officers played ribald songs.

Now, hundreds of other Jews had been murdered before this in a similar way, and nothing further happened. But this was different. Freund was a millionaire and belonged to a very influential family. The case was reported to the Allied representatives at Budapest, and an inquiry was ordered. Under this pressure Commander-in-Chief Horthy issued a warrant for Salm's arrest. A search was made. A few days later Horthy reported to the Allied missions that he was very sorry, but Salm had disappeared. All

the while Count Salm stayed right at headquarters, and dined and wined with Horthy every night.

§ 4

Late in 1919 Sir George Clerk arrived at Budapest as Allied high commissioner and peace-maker among the warring Magyar factions. He came and saw, but Horthy conquered. He wore a cap like Beatty's; he had good table manners; the atmosphere at the castle was pleasant. Sir George trusted Horthy. A compromise, insuring two places in the cabinet for social democrats and free and impartial elections for a National Assembly, was effected. Some liberals demanded guaranties. Sir George did not see why guaranties were necessary. He had not heard of Count Salm; he had not spoken to the men who dug their own graves at Siófok. Sir George said, "Horthy is a gentleman." Sir George left Budapest. The two socialist ministers were dismissed; the "free and impartial" elections were held under the auspices of machine-gun detachments. Forty thousand opposition voters were interned, of the opposition candidates over a score were imprisoned, two opposition editors were murdered. The National Assembly convened, and elected Horthy regent, unanimously. The officers of the Ostenburg detachment, who, with drawn revolvers, invaded the floor and the galleries of the Assembly just before the session was called to order, did not vote. They just furnished the setting for the unanimity.

Once more the regent emphasized that he was a mere lieutenant of the king.

"I shall cede the supreme power to the lawful king as soon as external circumstances permit," he said. Just the same—safety first; one never can tell what may happen—he made the army swear an oath of allegiance to himself. Some older officers refused to swear. They protested that their oath to Charles was good enough, and accused the regent of secret ambitions to the crown.

He had betrayed the political traditions of his class when he entered the imperial navy and joined the imperial household. He now proceeded to betray his betrayal. He was professedly the lieutenant of the exiled king and nothing else. At Easter, 1921, the exiled king returned. Only four days before Charles's arrival Regent Horthy declared in the "Petit Parisien":

"Hungary is a kingdom. In the absence of the king I am the regent. Emperor Charles is our only lawful king." Four days later king and regent faced each other in the Castle at Budapest. The Little Entente had delivered its ultimatum: Hapsburg restoration was to be regarded as a case for war. Once more somebody volunteered to pick Horthy's chestnut out of the fire. Horthy ordered his "only lawful king" to leave the country. Charles obeyed. Horthy, who doubtless during the proceedings was congratulating himself for having had the foresight to exact an oath of allegiance from the troops, chuckled to himself. He chuckled even more half a year later when Charles tried his luck again. The airplane excursion ended in near-tragedy. Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia mobilized. Horthy, at the head of his troops, shelled the royal train. Charles was taken prisoner, and was soon on his way to

Madeira. Europe and America applauded Horthy for saving Hungary from Hapsburgism. In reality, he only saved his own chance to the throne of Hungary.

In the summer of 1920 a delegation of British labor, headed by Colonel J. C. Wedgwood, M. P., arrived in Hungary to investigate charges of the White Terror. Their report, fully documented, tells of horrors unspeakable and unprintable. Two officers, especially, Captain Pronay, above mentioned, and Lieutenant Hejjas, were found guilty of atrocities beside which the worst German deeds in Belgium pale. Colonel Wedgwood asked Mr. Hohler, British high commissioner, what he knew about these officers. Mr. Hohler said he had been informed by the Hungarian Government that Pronay and Hejjas had been "demobilized." Colonel Wedgwood went to the Ministry of War, and found that the two officers were still on the army pay-roll. Colonel Wedgwood then inquired of Regent Horthy. "They are my best officers," said the regent.

But, then, these officers are very powerful. A pretorian guard is a most useful instrument, but one has to pay the price. Once a delegation of Budapest Jews waited on Regent Horthy, who received them in state, attended by two officers. The regent was most gracious. He assured the delegates that although he disliked bad Jews, he liked good Jews, that he knew the delegates came in under the latter category and that everything would come out all right. At this point one of the officers whispered something into his ear. The regent retired to an adjoining room, followed by the two officers. A few minutes later they returned. But the regent was a changed man. He told, in the harshest tones, the astounded delegates that he expected them to do their duty, that he would stand for no foolishness, and that his hand would fall heavily on the disloyal. Thereupon he clicked his heels and turned his back on the visitors, a gesture copied from the old emperor, to signify that the audience was over. God only knows what passed between the regent and his officers. God only knows, but anybody can guess.

The German submarines quelled the Cattaro mutiny, and Horthy was created admiral. The Rumanians destroyed Bela Kun, and Horthy entered Budapest in triumph. The Little Entente eliminated Charles, and Horthy was hailed as the bane of the Hapsburgs. He wears his cap like Lord Beatty, has beautiful table manners, and Sir George Clerk called him a gentleman. What more do you want—in Hungary? Gentz said that Asia began at the gates of Vienna. He was right a hunderd years ago. He is much more right to-day. In 1914 Budapest was twenty hours from London. In 1921 Budapest was twenty minutes from Bokhara. The Magyar people to-day is groaning under the yoke of Uzbeg chieftains who created themselves a ruler in their own image. That ruler is Nicholas Horthy, Turanian khan who speaks with a German accent, Count Salm's friend and protector, Calvinist who renounced his faith, admiral who abandoned his ships, regent who betrayed his king.

Jerrup

Jerrup

By James Hopper

Drawings by R. L. Dickey

The judge and his family had been camping up in the hills and were returning homeward, the judge driving, his wife by his side, the two young-lady daughters behind, with small Jim wedged in between them. And as the car stopped before the Valdez ranch, in a still wild part of the valley, a torrent of dogs came rushing out. They foamed about the wheels; they sprang high up in the air, like water spouted upward in rapids; their baying had a queer high note, which sent a pricking sensation up and down the spine.

For a moment the party was stupefied by the vigor of the onset. The young ladies instinctively drew their skirts tight about them, and, "My! what a wild bunch!" the judge cried. "You would think they were coyotes!" But small Jim slipped out of the sisterly wedge which had been holding him, and, leaning over the door, looked down as one looks down at water from a bridge. The dogs, seemingly, were not behaving in this way out of hatred, but out of some deep yearning. When you looked at any particular one of them, he leaped still higher in a hysterical begging for a caress; or flattening himself in the dust of the road, he squirmed in a torture of humble love.

Mrs. Valdez appeared at the three-barred gate. She was a big, unkempt woman, and in her eyes was a light which betrayed a little of what the dogs so vehemently expressed.

"Down! down!" she cried. "Monte, Carlos, José—down! down! You, Juana, behave!"

With the quieting effect of her voice, things became clearer. There were not a thousand dogs after all, but only twelve or twenty. Though they were still much alike, all of them yellow, with flattened heads and long, narrow eyes, some could be told from the others, the one called Juana, for instance, a female older and more sedate than the rest.

"She is the mother of them all," Mrs. Valdez cried, laughing; "the mother or grandmother or grandaunt. But I don't know the father. Sometimes I think he belongs up in the hills. But what is your name, little boy?" she asked of Jim, having now come up to the car.

"Answer! answer!" the big sisters whispered, prodding him, secretly.

"Tell the lady your name," his mother softly urged.

"He can't speak, because he has no tongue," the judge announced loudly.

"Jim!" The small boy exploded all of a sudden.

"Well, Jim," Mrs. Valdez said, "you see that shed over there, don't you, where we keep the cart? Well, if you 'll go to the shed, away back in the corner you 'll see something."

Jim tumbled eagerly out of the car and went toward the shed, half smiling, half afraid, his elbow across his

eyes as several of the dogs, despite the guard, reached him with their long, red tongues. At the entrance of the shed he stopped, looked in; then those in the car saw him dive within, arms out-stretched, as though toward something he meant to reach on his knees.

Idly waiting for his return, they chatted with Mrs. Valdez. It did not pay to ship the apples since a law had been passed that every apple must be wrapped in tissue-paper; so the apples were rotting on the ground. The judge's eyes clouded as she explained this. He believed in laws, but so many worked wrong. The clear sun beat down hard; far up in the sky a hawk circled; the wild lilac across the valley looked like a gray-blue smoke.

Jim came tramping back, holding his arms in a cradle across his chest. The dog Juana walked by his side, squirming with a pretense of pleasure that hid some concern. When he

reached the car, they saw that what he held in his arms was a small pup. It was already amusingly like the other dogs, with coarse yellow hair, a thin flat head, and long narrow eyes.

"What are you going to do with *that*?" the judge asked jovially.

"Going-to-take-him-home-with-me," said Jim, all in one breath.

"Wait till some other time, and I 'll get you a good dog," said the judge.

"I can't have that puppy around the house," the mother said.

"Put the dog back! Go on, Jim, put it back!" the sisters cried.

Already a presentiment of disaster had been showing in small Jim's spine; but now he bowed his head in an attitude of such misery, and then raised his face to them in such supplication, that all at once they all changed their minds.

"All right; take him along," the judge said after a moment.

"Take him along," said the mother in a tone of much patience.

"But remember, *you 'll* have to feed him," said the young-lady sisters.

The car drove on down the valley toward home. In the front seat the judge was not quite satisfied. Doubt attacked him. Perhaps he should not have let Jim take the dog.

But on the back seat, between his two big sisters, Jim sat very quiet, afraid to remind people of his existence, afraid to risk a new questioning of the Fates. He sat mute, making himself as small as possible, and thrilled secretly now and then to the warm nudge of a soft muzzle against his hand, under the rug.

"What are you going to call him?" said the sisters, deciding at last to show some interest.

Jim sat paralyzed. He could not think.

"Well?" said the sisters.

"Jerrup!" cried Jim, inventing one quickly.

Jerrup, in the following days, be-

came the heart of small Jim's life, though soon there was found that in him which caused doubt and worry. Jim had made for the pup a bed of gunny-sacks on the kitchen porch, by the door. Happening to go out that way one evening, the judge, as he divined the presence of the small creature in the darkness there at his feet, stooped to stroke him as he passed, and immediately felt his hand stung as if by a viper.

The judge snapped on an electric light which swung above his head, and looked down. The pup was cowering low, ears back. He was wriggling in apology, and between his fore paws was a bone.

"It 's the bone," the judge thought. "That is why he bit me. He knows no better; he thought I was going to take away his bone. But," he said to himself, "I must teach him not to bite even when he has a bone. Otherwise he is no good in a house with children."

So he stooped once more and laid his hand upon the pup. But quick as a flash the pup turned flexibly and tried to bite the caressing hand, which escaped just in time.

This time the judge slapped him sharply. The pup flattened himself out still more and squirmed. He seemed convulsed with gratitude for having been slapped. The judge was satisfied that he now understood, and leaned over to give him a good-by tap. And as quick as a flash the pup snapped at him.

Again the judge struck; again the pup accepted the lesson gratefully. Again the judge caressed him; again the pup bit.

All alone there on that back kitchen porch, in the dark, the judge now found himself trapped within a vicious circle. Every time he touched the dog, the dog tried to bite him; and every time the dog tried to bite him, he must of course hit the dog. But

every time that, big man that he was, he struck the soft small beast, he felt like a cowardly tyrant, he was disgusted with himself. This anger at himself in turn made him strike all the harder, and the harder he struck, the sicker he felt at himself. And the cursed little beast would not yield. Flattened under the tornado of blows, he indomitably bit back. Yet he must be made to yield; that which had been begun must be finished. The judge beat harder and harder, hating himself harder and harder. His soul was a tight knot; his face was red; he trembled.

And the entire family, he knew, by that time was out on the porch. Grouped in a circle about him, they looked at him, appalled.

It was absurd. In just a minute the thing had taken on a ridiculous importance. As if through the wrong end of a telescope, the judge could see far, far away a happy tranquil time which had been only a few minutes ago. Which had been only a few

minutes ago, and yet now was so far that it was impossible to get back to it. In just a minute, insensibly, without warning, he had slipped into this, into this turbulent horror. He was all tight with anger and self-loathing; he trembled.

Small Jim suddenly broke into a wail. He wrung his hands in his distress.

"O Mother," he cried, "he is going to kill him! O Mother, he is going to kill my little dog! My little dog—he is going to kill it!"

This did not better things for the judge. As he held to his joyless task, another part of him saw clearly everything as small Jim must be seeing it. Out on that dim porch, under that ring of light, with black night all around, this great, furious man beating the little dog. Probably large flapping shadows multiplied and magnified his every gesture. To the small boy a wind was blowing of tragedy, of disaster. If there is anything pitiful, it is a child in fear. If there is anything abominable, it is to make a child fear. "Mother! Mother! He is going to kill my little dog!" That "He" hurt the judge. It was the first time Jim had ever called him "He." To the small boy the father was no longer the father; he had been weirdly transformed into a being mysterious and evil and awful. The judge liked his task less and less; he wished he had never undertaken it. But now what was there to do except beat and beat, since that cursed little beast continued to bite and bite?

Tact of woman finally saved the judge. Jim's mother kneeled down near the pup and pretended to examine closely what was taking place.

"There! There!" she cried.

"What?" said the judge, rather imperiously.

"You have done it; he is no longer snapping. See? He has stopped."

The judge seized shamelessly the straw held out to him. He rose, gasping.

"Well, he was certainly a hard one," he said. "But of course," he said, "it had to be done. We cannot have a dog that bites."

Jim had stopped crying. And now, at the sight of his flushed face, all begrimed with a sort of black mortar made of the tears of his eyes and the dirt of his hands, every one broke out laughing. Happiness, as if by enchantment, came flooding back.

"Come, let us all go in," said the mother.

After a while small Jim stole out all by himself, and, laying himself down on the porch, placed his arms around his dog, and his cheek on its rough coat.

But the judge held in himself a certain dissatisfaction. He could not feel that he had come out of the clash exceedingly well. He could not feel that he had acted in the matter with any admirable decision. Over this matter of keeping a small dog, this man, who without hesitation judged men, was full of doubt. Perhaps it

was a sense of the danger that still lurked for his dog, which made small Jim so solicitous.

"See, Father? See?" he would say, kneeling before Jerrup and looking up into his father's face. "See? I can take the bone away from him, and he does n't say anything." He would, in fact, take the bone from the pup, who would feebly squirm, and then would give it back to him. "See? He lets me take his bone. You 've trained him all right, Father." The judge was not so sure. Secret experiments performed at night on the kitchen porch left him without much illusion. And now and then something would happen which he could not quite hide from himself: Jim would appear with a bandage wrapt around his thumb.

"What is the matter, Jim? Did you hurt yourself?" Jim took on an air of serene indifference. He looked up into the cherry-tree; he looked up into the apple-tree.

"Yes, Father. It 's just a scratch. I scratched myself. On a bush I scratched myself. It is n't anything, Father."

One morning the judge heard from his study the gruff voice of one who had come down from the village to make a scene. The scene was deftly netted at the door by the family's feminine element, taken within, muffled; but through the ceiling the judge heard, "I ain't a-going to let my boy be bit by no old dog!" Another day it was the eldest daughter who sat down to breakfast with a red mark on her cheek.

"I was riding Dan," she said, "and he ran me under a twig!"

Jerrup was growing to be a big dog, lean like the stock he came from. His coat was yellow and coarse, and his eyes were long and narrow. The whites of them flashed sometimes in their far corners like foam. But to Jim he was the perfection of dogs. The boy and the dog were one. Side by side they trudged all over the land. People would meet them in the most unlikely places, on the hills, in the cañon, and would come in with amused reports of their great companionship.

But the judge, though saying nothing, and, in fact, trying to see the least possible, remained uneasy with dark suspicions. In the very affection of the dog for the family there was something strange. It passed the bonds of the normal; it was hysteria. Now and then the family went to the city for a visit, and Jerrup was left at home alone for a few days. He met them in the yard when they returned. First he leaped upon one after the other with such passion that it was difficult to remember the assault was well meant. Then he crawled all over the yard like a snake. Then, rising, he began to run. He ran in circles around the yard, at a long lope, baying the while. His clear voice filled the garden, rebounded from the pines, shot up the trail to the village, as he turned and

turned at the same long lope. Every one at length grew uneasy. Small Jim ran out to the path of the circle and tried to stop him. But every time the dog evaded him with a supple twist of the flank, and loped on, still barking, in the dizzy circling. Finally, he fell and was motionless in a kind of dog swoon.

And toward the judge himself Jerrup's demonstrations were such as to cause embarrassment. As far as he could see the judge, Jerrup would begin to crawl. It did not matter how far he was; as soon as he spied the judge, he started to crawl toward him. He writhed not only with his belly, but also with his head, which he held down flat in the dust; and with his tail, also held firmly down. His fore legs were squashed out each to one side, his back legs trailed; he looked like a newt, a gila-monster. He squirmed as he crawled, and his progress was a series of half-circles, one to the right and one to the left. The indignant judge called, snapped his fingers, clucked and roared at him; but he refused to get up, and stubbornly came on in this wriggling agony of adoration, till his groveling nose touched the beloved feet at last.

Upon which he rose abruptly with a bark so short and sharp that, no matter how well the judge thought himself prepared, he felt his heart somersault in his chest.

When Jerrup was about two years old he began to answer the coyotes at night. The first time this happened, every one was awakened and listened with a sort of fear. The house stood isolated at the end of a trail a mile from the village. The night was moon-lit, and from afar came the cries of the coyotes, like a bubbling fountain of distant, desolate sound. And Jerrup, planted square in the center of the yard, answered.

He merely barked at first, the resounding valiant bark of the dog. But soon an abrupt change went through him: it was as if he had taken strychnine. It was as if the far bubbling wailing had come to a pitch attuned to something within him, had sprung a spring all ready and taut within him. His lean body gave one long oscillation, then stiffened, and a howl traveled across the air toward the far wailing, bubbling music. The beginning of the howl was a dog's, but it rose swiftly till it quavered into the exact copy of the coyote's high, desolate falsetto.

For a moment the house was as still as if frozen, then heads showed at the windows, and voices rained down upon the convulsed canine.

"Jerrup! keep quiet!" the judge thundered. "O Jerrup, do go to sleep like a good dog!" the mother begged. "Down! down!" the sisters cried. "Jerrup—down! Into your house, Jerrup!" Small Jim, worn out with the day's playing, turned in his bed and muttered.

In the white moonlight the dog could be seen crawling arabesques of passionate apology all over the yard;

but the heads had no sooner left the windows when a new howl brought them back. Once more, tormented and racked, Jerrup was answering the coyotes. He did not seem to be able to help it. It was something he did not want to do, but he could not help it. The dog seemed tortured. Certain notes of the coyotes wrenched irresistibly the howl out of him.

After some days every one learned to remain asleep when on moon-lit nights Jerrup answered the coyotes. All except the judge, who would rise and watch him from behind his curtains, and who out of the sight drew wonder and doubt.

Not so Jim, who had accepted his comrade utterly, as he was, without question. He and the dog were to be seen together in all parts of the land, at any time of the day; on the hills, in the cañons, swimming in the lagoon.

When Jim was in school, Jerrup was at the door. It was clear that the boy felt not the least mental superiority toward the dog; to him the dog and he were equals. They played together; they tramped and hunted and swam together. If permitted, Jim would certainly have had them eat together; now and then, absent-mindedly and amiably, he shared Jerrup's bone. If permitted, they certainly would have slept together; now and then, up in the hills of a golden afternoon, they curled up close for a nap. At night, when vigorously being prepared for bed, Jim actually smelled doggy. "You smell just like Jerrup," his mother complained. And Jim smiled up at her, perfectly happy to smell like his dog.

Seeing this, the judge suspended continuously the sentence which continuously was on the point of crystallizing in his brain; the man who judged his kind with such certainty puzzled over the dog. And the dog lived on, ignorant of the frailty of his fate; loudly played and loudly barked without knowing how thin the whim which left him to play and to bark.

He had been in the family three years when he endangered still further his precarious hold. On that day Jerrup came home in a disgraceful condition. Jim explained how it had happened.

"He *would* roll on that gull," he explained. "It was an old gull, Father; it was a very old gull; it had been lying on the beach for days. I *told* him not to roll on it; I *told* him what it would do to him. But he simply could not understand, Father. He *would* roll over it."

The judge took Jerrup firmly by the collar and led him to the end of the garden-hose. The day was warm; the sun was shining; he expected no trouble. But no sooner did the stream flash upon Jerrup than his ears flattened, his head lengthened, his eyes foamed whitely in their far corners,

and, turning flexibly, he bit at the judge's hand.

The judge struck him over the head with the nozle. Jerrup cowered in an anguish of remorse.

The judge turned the stream upon Jerrup. Jerrup bit, and only just missed the hand.

The judge felt exactly as if in a nightmare. He had the sense of re-enacting a scene acted in a former life. He hit the dog, the dog bit at him; the dog bit at him, he hit the dog. This was a drama he was doomed to suffer at recurrent intervals throughout the eons of eternity. There was no getting out of it. He hit the dog with the nozle, the dog bit at him, and he hit the dog with the nozle. The feeling within him was exactly that of three years ago, and the setting was the same. Around him, as he tried to force his will upon the dog, the family was gathered, pale at the sight of his violence. Tears were in Jim's eyes; without knowing it, he wrung his hands. The judge knew also what *was* going to happen. In a minute his wife would say, "Look! He has stopped biting now." And he would pretend to believe that the dog had stopped biting.

This is just what happened. She did, and he did. But a little later, he went over and sat on a little mound under a tree and thought over that dog. "He has something bad within him," he thought.

He saw Jerrup as the faithful companion of small Jim. He remembered the strange animal's hysterical love for the whole family. Then he saw him, with ears laid back and eyes foaming white, biting people; or, under the moon, retching to the coyote's high howl. When the dog bit, he seemed trying not to bite. Something about him did not want to bite, and something else made him bite. Just as, when the coyotes were singing in the hills, he seemed horribly to try not to answer them, but something wrenched the answer out of him. "The dog has something bad within him," thought the judge. "All of him is good except that one bad thing within him. He did n't put it there; he does n't like it: but he can't help it. It was put in him from the outside; it was put in him long ago. He has something bad within him, and he can't help it."

This again left the judge suspended in doubt. And Jerrup, without knowing anything of all this, by accident made good use of the surcease.

It was night; the dog was barking, and the judge rose, as he often did, to watch him from behind the curtains, expecting to witness one of his strange tormented communings with the far coyotes on the hills. But this night it was different. From the hills came no coyote cries, and Jerrup held to the honest dog's bark. The night was lit by a hidden moon, which threw the pines in black bars across the yard; and between two such bars, in a splash of opalescent light, Jerrup stood with legs apart, head up, and loudly barked. Suddenly, stiff-legged, seeming to glide rather than run, he slid to the yard's utmost confine, and planted himself across the trail.

The judge could still see him, over there, as, head to whatever peril lurked, he filled the night with the violence of his voice. He was far up there alone in the night. The house was well away from him, and its inmates were sleeping. He was up there alone and unwitnessed; he could have been silent; he could have slunk

and hidden; no one would have known. Instead, stiff on his legs, his hair stiff on his back, he barked, and barred the trail. The scene, touched with the ache of loneliness, touched with the witchery of the moon, held within it a grandeur; the judge, from behind his curtain, watched and admired.

The next day it was found why Jerrup had been barking. For several weeks a fugitive from justice had been loose in the country, had held up travelers on the roads and farmers on the farms. The posse which had been trailing him came helter-skelter into the judge's yard in the morning. It seemed that the desperado had come down the trail in the night. His tracks were still clearly to be seen on the trail; and the hob-nailed trough he had made not far from the gate, where he had stopped for some time in the night, and the

bracken and brush through which he had fled at length, turning away from the yard. Something had stopped him; it was, of course, Jerrup.

There followed a period of the dog's life where, though he knew it not, it was as secure as, also outside his knowledge, it had been insecure. The being who, above him, held his fate in his hands was satisfied; the judge for the time had lost his doubts. In his heart and mind the dog had won his way. And the dim, but heavy, responsibilities which had weighed upon small Jim were for the time lifted: he no longer had to conceal for his dog, to apologize for his dog, to reassure the gods who held the fate of his dog. Without worry he could rejoice in his dog, openly glow with the glory of his dog.

But this only for a short time. Jerrup, just as at last he had established his position and won all hearts, took to a new habit that from the first promised new trouble. The habit was this. If going along with small Jim or any one else, he came across another person, he was apt to stop, go up to the person, and, rising on his hind legs, stand up against him.

He rose on his hind legs, placed his fore paws on the person, and looked into his face. Looked into his face with the look of one gazing through a glass that is somewhat opaque.

If the person was tall, the dog's fore paws were on the person's chest, and it was upward that Jerrup looked into the person's face. But if it was a child he met, then his paws were on the child's shoulders, and it was into the child's eyes that his eyes looked.

It was a strange gesture. It was as if this dog, convinced at last that people wished him well, that man was good, had become filled with such a tenderness that he must tell every one. So he rose up to people's faces, looked dumbly into their eyes, and tried to tell them.

The trouble came from the fact that,

of course, few understood. Instinctively, they backed away or warded; little children ran, screaming. And the sudden movement of the startled one would explode in Jerrup the ungovernable thing which made him snap and growl. The village soon was full of fear and scandal; deputations came to the judge to complain.

Every one in the family tried to break Jerrup of this new habit, and a presentiment of disaster came down upon small Jim. He never let the dog out of his sight, and, whenever they came to any one, he tried by quick calls and quick action to stop him from his dangerous trick. But the dog could not be made to understand. His dumb desire to communicate possessed him altogether; he went about with that dim yearning always within him. Despite Jim's vigilance, he would stand up against people and peer into their eyes.

Small Jim, becoming desperate, got himself a switch. When, a little later, Jerrup, rising, placed his paws on the butcher-boy who had come with the meat, Jim cut the dog across the nose with his switch.

Then the dog, moved by the terrible violence within him, turned with the suddenness of a spring released, turned with the suppleness of a snake, and bit.

As soon as he had bitten Jim, Jerrup groveled in an agony of remorse. He seemed to be trying to enter the earth; he wanted to bury himself forever. The bite was in Jim's wrist; it was only a scratch, and Jim would have hidden it. But it happened that the judge, coming along just then, had seen the whole thing. Standing there immobile, the judge felt himself come at last to irrevocable decision.

So, the next morning, which was Sunday, very early, while Jim still slept, the judge took up his double-barreled shot-gun and clucked Jerrup to him. They went out of the garden and across the corral, then across the cañon toward the moors and the sea. Passing the bungalow of his friend Trask, the judge took along Fanny, a well-bred spaniel and famed duck-retriever. Across the blue and white lupin of the downs he kept on, the two dogs playings in circles about him. When he had come to the cliffs, he slid down to a small white beach in the center of which a black rock stood. He seated himself on the rock, he opened his gun, and slipped in two cartridges; he laid it across his knees.

It was a still morning. The risen sun was at his back, and before him the ocean stretched perfectly smooth to the horizon, blue, blue and blue and blue. Not a white-cap marred it, not a ripple; one knew of the waves only by the slight murmur they made now and then as they drew a narrow strip of white lace upon the sand. The judge picked up a piece of driftwood and threw it far out. The dogs went after it.

Fanny reached it first, and, taking it in her mouth, turned for shore. But Jerrup playfully snatched it out of her jaws. Fanny got it back. Frolicking and playing, the dogs at length brought in the stick and laid it at the judge's feet.

The judge picked up the stick, again threw it, and once more the dogs splashed out after it. Every time that they brought it back, he threw it out again. The dogs quickened to the game little by little till they were in a delirium of joy. They barked unceasingly, sometimes holding their heads well up above the water, sometimes

mingling with it, so that their voices were wet like the seal's. Their bodies glistened with the salt water; they looked like fabulous creatures of the sea.

The judge brought his gun up to his

shoulder. When he saw that Jerrup had reached the pinnacle of joy in life, the highest ecstasy given to dog existence, abruptly he annihilated him with a double-charge of his big-barreled shot-gun.

The barkings suddenly ceased, and a great silence followed. A gull gave a brief little cry. Fanny, appalled, came swimming back, and laid herself down quietly at the judge's feet. The judge on his rock sat quiet.

The tide was turning. Out there the still, yellow body began to widen from shore. The judge trembled a bit. After a moment he began to talk to himself.

"There was something bad within that dog," he murmured. "He was all good but for that one bad thing. He had n't put it there; he did n't like it: but he could n't help it. It had been put in him from the outside, maybe long ago. There was something bad within that dog, and he could n't help it."

The current was quickening. It was clear now that the yellow body was going out to sea. And as, motionless, very slowly it slid out to sea, the judge's muttering was the funeral oration. "There was something bad about that dog. There was something bad within him, and he could n't help it."

Returning home, the judge did not tell Jim what had been done. Instead, he said he had given Jerrup away.

"I met a little boy and a little girl driving home in their cart," he said. "They live far down the coast. So I gave them Jerrup because, really, he gets in too much trouble up here. They took him away with them, away down the coast, and the little girl put a blue ribbon around his neck."

Jim listened, wide-eyed, and bravely took the blow, and eagerly pounced upon whatever sweet of consolation lay within it. A few days later the judge drove to the county seat to pass sentence on a criminal. The man was the one who had come down the trail one night—God knows with what purpose—toward the house. He had been captured since then, tried, and found guilty of highway robbery. It was now the judge's duty to sentence him, and the law was such that he could give him the maximum sentence of twenty years or a lighter sentence.

There had been of late what is called a crime wave, and the judge had been doling out the severest sentences. Now, as the culprit stood before him, he shaped his lips to give him the full savage limit.

But just then the convicted man, ordered to his feet to hear the judgment, gave a wild trapped look to the right and the left; and as he did so, the whites of his eyes foamed for the flash of a moment in their long narrow corners. Something began to speak within the judge.

"That man has something bad within him," it said. "He has something bad within him, and he can't help it." And before he knew it, while still his lips were framed to give out the heaviest sentence, he heard himself giving out a lighter one.

Riding home afterward across the salt marshes, the judge said to himself:

"That dog Jerrup's life was some good after all. Maybe that is the only reason why he was at all. Just so the man be given a lighter sentence; just so the man have a little less prison and a little more freedom.

"But," he thought on, "was that altogether a good thing, that the highwayman should have been given a lighter sentence? Perhaps it was a bad thing."

The judge was no longer sure. Jerrup was exercising still his maleficent faculty of throwing him into doubt. A fog was coming from the sea. As he drove along, the judge was passing through the fog of the sea and the fog of his doubts. "Life is certainly a mix-up," he sighed; and then smiled.

But there was one who held no doubt, one who was certain, and that was small Jim. He had accepted resolutely the judge's story, and now, through him, Jerrup in a way was still alive—alive with a good deal that sort of a life which some live in paradise, through the faith of those they have left behind. Whenever he was asked about Jerrup, Jim would say firmly and gravely:

"Jerrup is down the coast with a little boy and a little girl and is very happy. They put a blue ribbon around his neck, and they love him. He is very happy. There are great fields for him to run on, and mountains. It 's near the beach, so that he can swim when he wants to, just as he used to do with me. And it 's away down the coast, with no people to bother him, with no people at all except the little girl and the little boy, and their father and mother, who love him. So, you see, he is very happy."

Our Medicine-Men

By One of Them

II—What Is Preventive Medicine Preventing?

Drawings by Clarence Day, Jr.

THE purpose of the medical profession is said to be the cure of disease and the prevention of its occurrence. It is possible in America, as well as elsewhere, to detect a growing air of sniffishness toward the pound of cure, together with an increased regard for the ounce of prevention. This is true of progressive physicians and advanced thinkers generally. The present vogue of preventive medicine is chiefly a product of the humanism that has resulted from the advance of physical science and the decline of Christianity. Modernism tends to put aside the worship of deity and to substitute for religion a supreme arrogance, a confidence that mankind can look out very well for itself.

The same tone of defiance in the face of the terrors and the limitations besetting all living things is to be heard in the voices of hygienists and preachers of public health. It is implicit in the later researches of Metchnikof, who boldly demanded the extension of our biblically allotted threescore years and ten. It is to be discovered in the ringing appeals of public health orators of the type of V. C. Vaughan. According to perorations of this kind, the purpose of the science of the study of disease is not academic, but always utilitarian. Its aim is the conquest of maladies that have terrified man from the beginning of time. It purposes to lengthen the insufficient span of years now accorded us. It hopes to bring about the production of a new race of healthy, efficient, happy, and upstanding men. Scientists in the study of disease are represented to be animated not by intellectual curiosity, but are supposed, rather, to be driven to their labors by a deep love for suffering mankind.

This humanitarian spirit is not confined to the bacteriologist, chemist, epidemiologist, and engineer of the health army, but is ascribed, by some dexterous twist of rhetoric, to the medical profession as a whole. It is here that the pretensions of the gild rise to the highest pitch of fatuity. For the medical profession is said by certain public-health orators to be the only one that works constantly, by its efforts in disease prevention, to remove the necessity for its own existence!

There can be no doubt that preventive medicine holds out the promise of the conquest of disease. The mortality rate from tuberculosis and typhoid, from yellow fever and Asiatic cholera, is being reduced noticeably in many countries by the enthusiastic and untiring efforts of hygienists. The mean length of life is alleged to have been materially extended. Given a little

more knowledge, a few more public health officers, a more efficient hygienic gendarmerie, a slightly more intelligent and docile citizenry, and there is no reason why any one should die from an infectious disease, or any obstacle remain in the path of a grand, unparalleled, gorgeous, and stupendous proliferation of the human race.

So intimate the shouters for public health. It will be our task in the pages that follow to inquire whether such an event is desirable, and, if so, to find out in whose hands the abolition of disease should be placed.

Is the wide-spread and unrestrained practice of preventive medicine desirable? Serious objections have been advanced that it may not be. The writer brings these forward with considerable trepidation, realizing that they will be denounced as immoral, unethical, and anti-social by all forward-looking citizens. But the objections had best be faced now rather than when the evils that they point out have become irremediable. It is best to follow the advice of Huxley, who remarked that "there is no alleviation of the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and action and the resolute facing of the world as it is, when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off."

The first objection to the continuance of the campaign of disease prevention that has been made is concerned with the question of the population of the earth. This has been increasing during the past at an astounding rate. Hygienists admit that their fight is already saving countless thousands of babies and adults who would otherwise die. Every new conquest of disease is heralded with joy and thanksgiving. Every new advance results in gifts of further sinews for the war against disease. Additional progress may be

A new race of men

looked for in the near future, with a resulting augmented rate of increase of a population that is already too dense for comfort. The twin demons of famine and pestilence have been visualized as the eternal regulators of the amount of population on the earth's surface. These ogres, whose activities are asserted by many in the long run to be beneficent, are now sorely beset by socialism on the one hand and by preventive medicine on the other.

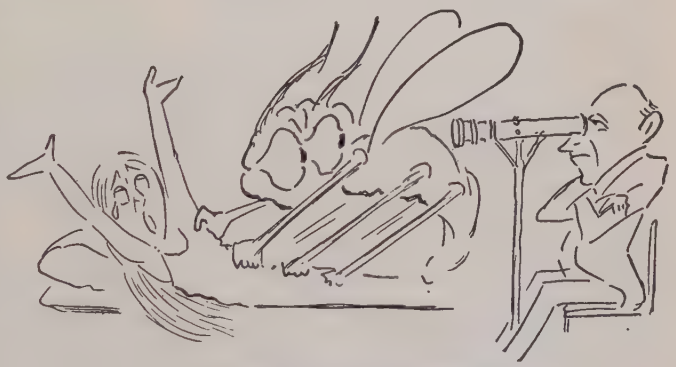
Humanitarians deprecate the bogy of overpopulation, and hold that collateral advances in the production of the prime necessities of life will keep pace with the rapid increase of the *genus homo*. But there is a limit to raw materials and a maximum of rate of production. It is entirely conceivable that the present augmentation of inhabitants may surpass those limits. In consequence, it is only a question of time before there will be great difficulty in supplying the necessities of all. What is more, the

inordinate and rabbit-like fecundity of humanity results in other grave evils. The first is that of war. Socialists, pacifists, and humanitarians generally would do well to turn from their denunciations of emperors, capitalists, and secret diplomacy to an examination of this question. Nations like the Central empires literally burst their bounds because of lusty, constantly growing populations. No arms congresses, no florid gestures by Mr. Harding or other great statesmen, no mere preachment of human brotherhood, can prevail against the overflowing of such excessively philoprogenitive nations. It might be objected that war automatically restrains overgrowth. This is not the case, for accurate statistical investigation shows that it does not kill enough people to counterbalance the always more densely swarming humanity. Again war, as at present practised, is very objectionable. It is an instigator of Bolshevism, which has frightened the better class of our citizens to the verge of insanity, and threatens all the organizations and institutions that we prize most highly.

Another evil of overpopulation is the alarming growth of the great municipal agglomerations. As the number of our inhabitants increases, little dispersion over the land is to be noted. On the contrary, the rural population shows a relative decrease, and the incessant human agglutination into stinking and tawdry cities goes on unrestrained. It is toward the perpetuation of these multitudinous sweating groups that preventive medicine in the long run tends.

It has been remarked that humanitarians and socialists advocate changes in the system of distribution and increase in production to offset the grave problem of overpopulation. Hygienists of a more advanced outlook dare to suggest that the problem may be met by the deliberate limitation of offspring. This plan is officially indorsed and very prevalent in several European countries, but in America the movement still suffers disfavor.

The second objection to the indiscriminate extension of the practice of preventive medicine is based upon its tendency to bring about the survival and subsequent multiplication of the unfit. Thus the hygienist who organizes the efficient supervision of the milk supply saves the cretins, morons, and achondroplastic dwarfs, as well as the healthy and well favored babies of the lusty middle class. This tendency of hygiene to inhibit the normal purgative methods of nature has been the subject of accurate mathematical analysis by the biometrician Karl Pearson. Pearson concludes that the humanitarian



Is preventive medicine desirable?

hygienist unwisely opposes the mechanism of the survival of the fittest by which nature has kept down a too great proliferation of undesirables. He contends that continued advance in public health may swamp us with a plague of defectives.

Just as the physical and chemical researches of men like Newton, Faraday, Helmholtz, and Van t'Hoff are inspiring events in the dark history of human bigotry and ignorance, so those of Pasteur and Claude Bernard, of Bordet and Loeb, in biology and pathology are luminous and instructive. But the first-mentioned investigations, in themselves beautiful, have led to the hideous development of modern industrialism. Those of the biologists may result in a final choking of the world by a horde of fifth-rate and undesirable persons. It becomes a commonplace of observation that humanity makes ill use of the achievements of its brilliant sons. It is not yet ready for the boons that science can confer.

But it does not follow from this that the science of the study of disease should in any way be inhibited.

Since the prosecution of science of all kinds is desirable, but the application of its discoveries at present unwise, it is necessary to concoct some plan that will insure the perpetuation of research, but suspend for a time its practical, or, to be accurate, its impractical application. Preventive medicine might, for example, be put down by drastic laws, and the funds now expended upon it be diverted to the scientific study of disease. The results obtained, instead of being made available to society, should be kept secret, excepting from the qualified persons who are conducting the researches. Then, in case humanity should awake one fine morning to find itself with the ability to check its present irrational philoprogenitiveness, and to devise and execute a plan for the suppression of the breeding of the unfit, the bottled-up knowledge accumulated by the intensive researches of the scientific Ku Klux might be uncorked for the benefit of the emerging superman.

It is realized that, while the objections to disease prevention discussed in the preceding pages are sound, it is impossible even to suggest that their logical conclusion be put in practice. The race becomes more and more used to comfort, to physical ease, to the alleviation of illness and amelioration of pain. It can no longer sit resignedly by, contemplating fatalistically its ravishment by fearful plagues. It loses the stoicism, the fortitude, the ignorance, the sense of powerlessness before scourges characteristic of the ancients. Therefore we are forced to turn from the logic of the perils of preventive medicine. Humanity will not heed these perils. So, all that is left for us to do is to consider to whom the task of public health is to be intrusted, if we are to increase the

Frightened by Bolshevism

good and reduce the ill effects of preventive medicine.

The principle rôle of preventive medicine lies in the control and extermination of infectious diseases. Scientists in the study of disease have dredged up many interesting facts in regard to the characters and habits of the nefarious authors of such malaises. They begin to learn something of the way in which microbes are transferred from diseased to healthy persons. This, together with the study of the resistance of persons to infection, constitutes a branch of knowledge which forward-looking doctors are pleased to call the science of epidemiology.

Deliberately swallowed microbes

American medicine may be proud of the fundamental contributions of some of its sons to the problems of the eradication of disease. This work was animated by that spirit of self-abnegation and passion for truth that led the old German hygienist Pettenkofer to test the validity of Koch's claim of the discovery of the microbe of cholera by swallowing deliberately an entire culture of the virulent organisms. This was the spirit of the American Theobald Smith in his researches in Texas fever and tuberculosis; of the army surgeons Reed, Carroll, Agramonte, and Lazear in their dramatic discovery of the mosquito transmission of yellow fever; of Reed, Vaughan, and Shakespeare in the deadly camps of Cuba during the Spanish-American War; of Gorgas in the brilliant sanitary achievement that made possible the construction of the Panama Canal; of Ricketts in his studies of Rocky Mountain spotted fever and tabardillo; of Noguchi in the discovery of the cause of yellow fever; and finally of Park, Williams, and Krumwiede, of the New York Health Department, who work devotedly and efficiently at the task of control of infectious disease in our metropolis despite the fact that they have scanty material, are paid miserable stipends, and have to defer to the imbecile whims of grafting and ignorant New York political magnificoes.

It is true that the majority of these workers were trained as physicians, but few of them had anything to do with the actual practice of medicine. They had turned from this field to that of the laboratory, to bacteriology and the study of immunity. Public health becomes less and less an affair in which physicians should meddle. It demands, rather, a man of the temperament and clear-headedness of the engineer, who is accustomed to think mathematically and who dwells in a region where the land-slides caused by his errors descend upon his own head. What is desired is a person trained in executive tasks, privy to the compilation and interpretation of statistics, in touch with recent knowledge in sanitary engineering, in epidemiology, in bacteriology.

These requirements are unfortunately not possessed by the vast majority of medical graduates or doctors, for the practice of medicine does not challenge to intellectual rigor, characterized as it is by an ethic which forbids the denunciation of the blunders of colleagues, by the

great value placed on "personality," by a blithe readiness to "pass the buck" and stand from under the avalanches caused by serious errors. Public health in its administration and technical prosecution is therefore an affair for engineers, bacteriologists, and mathematical statisticians. What remains for the physician in this field? To him may be intrusted the subsidiary, but still important, tasks of instructing the masses in the art of birth-control, and of diagnosis of the contagious exanthematous diseases.

The writer does not wish for a moment to imply that doctors of medicine should be *excluded* from the office of health commissioner. The possession of such a degree by a candidate should do nothing more than cause the committee of intelligent aldermen in charge of the appointment to examine his abilities with particular closeness.

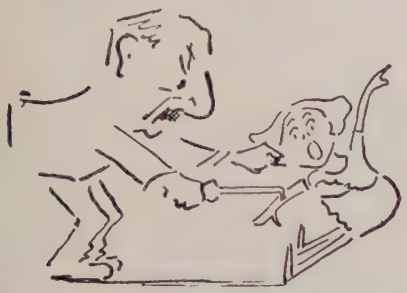
Recent years have seen an enormous increase of public-health work throughout the nation. The cause is championed by eloquent orators and expounded by able rhetoricians. Cities of the progressive type begin to devote significant portions of their budgets to the salaries of health commissioners, and to vie with one another in the installation of elaborate sewage systems and the construction of efficient water-supplies.

In the early days in large cities, and up to the present in the majority of small ones, the position of health officer was politically delegated to mediocre physicians, ward-heelers of the local Tammany, who needed to eke out their existence by the paltry stipend that was accorded to the occupant of this office. The activities of such officials are devoted to occasional smallpox vaccinations and to inane fumigations, which are now known to be of little importance. They earn their salaries by the tacking-up of red, blue, or yellow placards on dwellings smitten with the various exanthemata that are still the necessary experience of almost every child. They make feeble efforts at the sanitation of dairies whose owners lack sufficient political influence to say "Hands off!" They assert that an epidemic is under control when in reality it has burned itself out. Nobody could possibly be more impotent to check a plague than these muddle-headed gentlemen, who resemble nothing so much as the Russian *chinovniks* of the days of the czar. They are clever in creating alarms when there is really no danger, in order that they may have the credit of throttling epidemics that fail to appear.

Inane fumigations

Their inspections of the sanitation of schools are frequently elaborate pieces of folderol. Since their positions depend upon the favor of powerful political and financial forces, they are seldom uncompromising in enforcing ukases that might interfere with the interests of their masters.

Their knowledge of micro-organisms, whose efficient foes they are supposed to be, is often confined to casual observation of photographs in text-



Dosing school-children

books. I have heard members of their class pronounce bacillus "backsillus." If they have at their disposal a laboratory with a bacteriologist, they often tend to use it perfunctorily or ignorantly, and lack the knowledge adequately to supervise its technics and methods. Being practising physicians, they are likely to show deference to the rich and to pay scant attention to the less fortunate.

In short, the typical small city health officer, and to some extent the gentlemen who fill this office in our more pretentious agglomerations, are frequently politicians, orators, and poltroons whose salaries might better be devoted to municipal displays of fireworks or to monthly barbecues for the poor of the community. Their effect upon the incidence of infectious disease is virtually nil. Progress in replacing the retired or unsuccessful otolaryngolists, ophthalmologists, and obstetricians by sanitary engineers and real doctors of public health is retarded greatly by the inexplicable theory that the occupant of the office should possess the degree of M. D. It would seem that these formidable letters have a cabalistic significance, which causes the microbic authors of plagues and pestilences to turn up their toes and die at a wave of the hand of the owner of these magic symbols.

The intrusting of the health of our communities to physicians of the type just described leads to serious embarrassment and needless economic losses to our citizens. But the ludicrous picture presented by such persons is surpassed by that of officials who enthusiastically apply the more or less scientific data of bacteriology to practical epidemiology. Such misapplication is remindful of the asininities engaged in by physicians who make their diagnoses exclusively by modern biochemical tests. It is easy to find such instances in the field of public health.

Let us present an example of the public enbarrassment that might result from this ignorant and enthusiastic attention. A small city is stricken with an epidemic of diphtheria. The alert health officer of the town administers prophylactic doses of antitoxin to all school-children who prove to have positive Schick reactions, and to such adults as will submit to the test. By some odd chance the families of the three plumbers of the town have been smitten with the disease. The good doctor swabs the throats of the healthy members of the family, and finds by bacteriological examination of this material that all three of the plumbers harbor organisms which have the appearance of diphtheria bacilli; at least he is so informed by his bacteriologist. The health officer then declares a quarantine of these households, and places the plumbers in durance vile until such

time as the noxious organisms disappear from their throats. He makes daily cultures. Each time the results are positive. The organisms persist. Meanwhile the situation of the town becomes first trying, then embarrassing, finally desperate. Sinks are stopped up, pipes burst, and the resulting inundations cause great damage; one child is scalded to death in its cradle by a flood resulting from such an accident. Bath-rooms, deprived of the attentive care of these indispensable mechanicians, fall into disuse.

The citizens become frantic. Meetings of protest are held. The release of the plumbers is demanded. But the health officer is firmly backed by the city administration and the police, and remains obdurate. He insists that these important citizens are still carriers, and thus a menace to the community. Life in the town becomes more difficult. Sanitation grows impossible. Finally, plumbers are imported at great expense from neighboring cities. They attempt, with the promptness and efficiency characteristic of the gild, to repair the accumulated damage; but it has reached staggering proportions, and small progress is made. Meanwhile the interruption of sanitation has resulted in the outbreak of dysentery, typhoid, and paratyphoid fevers. The new plumbers are among the first to succumb.

The lamentable condition of the town has now been noised abroad. Additional plumbers are sought out, but refuse to come, even when offered princely sums. Life is disorganized. Citizens flee the place by night. Pestilence stalks abroad. Finally, the notoriety of the affair necessitates the intervention of experts who find, upon checking up the work of our zealous health officer, that the original plumbers are not carriers of authentic diphtheria bacilli! Their throats harbor diphtheria-*like* microbes, it is true, but test proves them to be non-toxin producers, and hence entirely harmless. Such a calamity as the one just described is entirely possible, given a health officer sufficiently enthusiastic, ignorant, and backed by an adequate power for the enforcement of his dicta.

Public health activity should, if possible, be freed from the clutches of politicians whose obscenities make our municipal government the laughing-stock of the world. The entanglement of public health with politics is one of the worst of the influences that retard it; for it is now comparatively easy to find efficient commissioners of health, since these persons begin to be graduated in droves from the new schools of hygiene of our universities. But the chief difficulty in the way of their efficient functioning is that of the idiotic change of political power so frequently occurring in the majority of American cities.

The writer has a friend who is a particularly efficient health officer in a rapidly growing Middle-Western city. He complains bitterly and with shocking profanity of the vicissitudes that beset him. At present he has rather a free hand in his activities. The majority of the city council and the mayor are in sympathy with his progressive efforts. He has been accorded a liberal budget, which he uses with breadth of vision and discretion. But he lives constantly in the fear of a return to power of the minority party, which proposes to make "economy" the slogan of its campaign. These

Machiavellians, in order to keep at least partly their promises of a reduction of municipal taxation, threaten to slash mercilessly the budget of our health officer. His plans, the result of five years of educational activity, of oratory, of battling with ignorance, of intrigue, would be irretrievably wrecked if this party should come into power. Even now, in order to hold his hard-won ground, he finds it necessary to make friends with wealthy and influential men.

It is an interesting fact, which would certainly appear inexplicable to naïve persons, that the bitterest opposition to his efforts comes from the rank and file of the physicians of the city. These supposed guardians of our health look askance at his establishment of health-centers. He has manned these with an efficient corps of young physicians, dentists, and visiting nurses, who give free advice and treatment to thousands of the school-children of the city. The doctors, however, are almost without exception on the war-path for the scalp of the commissioner.

The health commissioner in question would long ago have resigned in disgust were it not for his peculiarly warlike and stubborn temperament. In addition to the tenacity of a gila-monster, he possesses marked political sagacity. This he has gained from a realization of its absolute necessity to a successful prosecution of his work. Convinced of the value of his cause, he stops at nothing to insure the perpetuation of his efforts. He matches intrigue by counter-intrigue, and has succeeded in rolling logs of a greater weight than those of his opponents. He fights fire with fire.

There are, it is sad to relate, lamentably few men of his kind who, combining good training and exact knowledge with the warrior temperament and the uncompromising devotion of a religious zealot, still possess a sufficient modicum of Jesuitical craft.

The Wise Man

Ante porcos

By L. A. G. Strong

When from the upland of his mind
  He came to us a little while,
Wisdom, as if in malice, kept
  Strange reticence beneath his smile.

Never a word but seemed to hint
  Some vast deliberate unsaid.
We prayed for clearer speech. He shrugged,
  And took his wisdom to the dead.

The Valley of the Black Pig

Being the Fifth Part of "The Wind Bloweth"[1]

By DONN BYRNE, *Author of* "MESSER MARCO POLO," *etc.*

Drawings by GEORGE BELLOWS

To him, for a long time now, the sea had been only water. All the immense pelagic plain, dotted with ships; with bergs of ice, like cathedrals; with waves that curled or swept in huge rhythms; with currents defined in lines and whorls; with gulls that mewed, and whales that blew like pretty fountains; with the little Portuguese men-of-war; with the cleaving of flying-fish and the tumbling of dolphins—all this was water. All this joyous green, this laughing white, the deep reflective blue, the somber exquisite gray, was water. An infinity of barrels of water, vats of water, water, wet water.

To him, for a long time now, a ship had been a means of keeping afloat on water, of going from place to place. All its brave strakes, its plunging bows, its healing beams, were wood, such as one makes a house of, or a tinker's cart. All the miracle of sails; the steady foresail; the sensitive jibs; the press canvas delicate as bubbles; the reliable main, the bluff topsails; topgallants like eager horses; the impertinent skysails; the jaunty moon-raker, were just canvas stretched on poles. All the pyramidal wonder of them, fore, main, and mizzen, were not like a good rider's hands to a horse; compelling, coaxing, curbing the wind; they were utilities. The spinning wheel was a mechanical device. Port was left, and starboard only the right hand. The chiming of the ship's bell was not an old sweet ceremony, but a fallible thing, not exact as the ticking of a cheap watch. And "The lights are burning bright, sir," was not a pæan of comfort, but a mechanical artisans' phrase.

To him, for a long time now, they who went down to the sea in ships were men only—men such as sell things in shops or scrub poorhouse floors or dig tracks for a railroad. The slovenly Achill man who would face death with a grin; the shambling Highlander who on occasion could spring to the shrouds like a cat; the old bos'un who had been for years a castaway on Tierra del Fuego; the wizen chantey-man, with his melodion, who could put new vigor into tired backs with his long-drag chanties, like "Blow the Man down," "Dead Horse," "Whisky Johnnie," and short-drags like "Paddy Doyle," "Haul the Bowline," and capstans, like "Homeward Bound" and "Wide Missouri," and pumping chanties like "Storm along"; the keen man at the wheel, and the hawk-eyed lookout; the sailor swinging the lead in the bows with a wrist and forearm of steel—all these were only men, following the sea because they knew no better. And the

[1] Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

mate who would wade into a mob of twenty with swinging fists, and the navigator who could calculate to a hair's-breadth where they were by observing the unimaginable stars—they were not of the craft of Noah; they were men who knew their job . . . just men . . . as a ticket clerk on a railroad is a man . . .

To him, for a long time now, ports were ports only, places whither one went to get or deliver cargo. Baltimore, like some sweet old lady; Para, heavy, sinister with rain; Rio, like some sparkling jewel; Belfast, dour, efficient, sincere; Hamburg, dignified, *gemütlich;* Lisbon, quiet as a cathedral —they were not entities; they were just collections of houses covering men and women. Men and women, they were born crudely, as a calf is born of a cow, they lived foolishly or meanly, and they died . . . And they were hustled out of the house quickly . . . They thought themselves so important, and they lacked the faithfulness of the dog, the cleanliness of wild animals, the strength of horses, the beauty of tropic birds, the mathematical science of the spider, the swiftness of fishes . . . How the devil had they ever arrogated to themselves the lordship of created things?

To him, for a long time now, the world had been, was, one mean street . . .

§ 2

Of all cities, none was better calculated to foster this mood of his than the one to which his business now brought him—Buenos Aires on the Plata. Leaving Liverpool with steel and cotton, there was an immensity of ocean to be traversed, until one came to the river mouth; then fifty leagues of hard sailing to the abominable anchorage . . .

Here now was a city growing rich ungracefully—a city of arrogant Spanish colonists, of poverty-stricken immigrants, and of downtrodden lower classes . . . a city of riches . . . a city of blood . . . Here mud, here money . . .

Into a city half mud hovels, half marble-fronted houses, Gauchos drove herd upon herd of cattle, baffled, afraid. Here Irish drove streams of gray bleating sheep. Here ungreased bullock carts screamed. From the blue grass pampas they drove them, where the birds sang, and water rippled, where was the gentleness of summer rain, where was the majesty of great storms, clouds magnificently black and jagged lightning, where were great white moons and life-giving suns, where was the serpent in the grass, and the unique tree, where were swift horses . . . Beeves that had once been red awkward calves, and then sullen, stupid little bullocks, and then proud young bulls, with graceful horns . . . such as earnest Christians believed had lowed at the manger of Christ born in Bethlehem . . . And stupid, suspicious sheep, that had once been white gamboling lambs, playful as pups, and so ridiculously innocent-looking!—Did n't they call their Lord *Agnus Dei,* Lamb of God? —and gentle ewes and young truculent rams, like red-headed school-boys, eager for a fray, and shame-faced wethers . . . And by their thousands and their tens of thousands they drove them into Buenos Aires, and slew them for their hides . . .

But this was sentimental, Shane said. Bullocks and sheep must die, and the knife is merciful as any death.

But ought n't these things be done by night, privily, as they should bury the dead? Must they drive down these infinities of creatures, and slaughter them openly and callously, until the air was salt with blood, until carrion crows hovered over the city in battalions. Had they no feeling, had they no shame? Must the pitiful machinery of life be exposed so airily?

Of course it must, he knew. These things had to be done in bulk. Now were n't the Middle Ages, when one killed a cow because one had to eat, one killed a sheep because the winter was coming when woolens were needed. All Europe needed shoes, saddles, combs, antimacassars, afghans, what not. And Europe was a big place; so in bulk they must bellow and bleat and die, and have their hides torn from their pitiful bodies, salted, and chucked into the hold of a ship.

Of course it must. That was civilization!

§ 3

From long ago, from far away, came the chime of old romance, but very thin, like the note of a worn silver bell, that could not hold its own against this blatancy. Came ancient immortal names—Magellan, that hound of the world, whining fiercely, nosing for openings that he might encircle the world, he had been up the silver river. Sebastian Cabot, too, the grim marauder, seeking to plunder the slender Indians, he had been here. It was he had christened the great stream—Rio de la Plata, the river where silver is. And Pedro Gomez, who headed the greatest expedition the Argentine ever saw, and founded and named the city. And fighting Beresford, the British general who took it from Spain, and Whitelock who lost it again . . . Campbell could see his bluff grenadiers, their faces blackened with powder, their backs to the wall, a strange land, a strange enemy, and blessed England so far away . . . And the last of the Spanish viceroys, with a name like an organ peal, Baltazar Hidalgo de Cisneros y Latorre—a great gentleman, he had been wounded fighting Nelson in Trafalgar Bay. Campbell could almost see his white Spanish face, his pointed fingers, his pointed beard, his pontifical walk . . . And of them nothing remained. Nothing of Magellan, nothing of Cabot, nothing of Gomez, nothing of stanch Beresford, or bluff John Whitelock, or of the great hidalgo . . . *Stat magni nominis umbra?* . . . No, not even that. The shadows of the great names had gone . . . The dim chime of a silver bell drowned by the lowing of dying cattle, by the screech of bullock carts, by the haggling of merchants over the price of hides . . .

But he could not remain on board ship in port. Ships, he had enough of them! There was nothing to do but go ashore, landing at high tide at one of the two lugubrious piers, and make his way toward the squares . . . past the blazing water-front where the prostitutes chanted like demented savages, past the saloons where sailors drank until they dropped, or were knifed or robbed or crimped. Down the ill lit streets, which must be trodden carefully, lest one should stumble into a heap of refuse. Down to the Plaza Victoria, with its dim arcades, or to the 25 de Mayo, with its cathedral, its stunted paradise-trees. And from the houses came shafts of light, and the sounds of voices, thump of guitars like little drums, high argu-

ments, shuffle of cards . . . Dark shadows and lonely immigrants, and the plea of some light woman's bully—"*cosa occulta* . . ." A dim watery moon, the portico of her cathedral, a woman exaggerating the walk . . . Pah! Immigrants fearful of the coming snow . . . A *vigilante* strutting like a colonel. Mournful pampa winds.

The theaters? Sugary Italian opera; a stark Spanish drama, too intense for any but Latins, foreign; debauched vaudeville, incredibly vulgar; or at the concert hall, sentimental Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon songs, with an audience of grave uncritical exiles—a little pathetic. No!

The clubs? Oh, damn the clubs! A blaze of light and raucous voices, ship-

masters, ship-chandlers, merchants discussing the riddle of local politics and the simony of office; or the price of hides and freight charges; how a shipmaster could turn a pretty penny in bringing out shoddy clothes or pianos. They were crazy for pianos here! Rattle of glasses and striking of matches. Ceremonious salutations.

"Well, Captain, what kind of a trip did you make out?"

"Pretty fair, Captain."

"Will you have a little snifter, Captain?"

"Well, Captain, seeing that it 's you—"

"Paddy, a little of what ails him for the captain—"

And after a while the whisky would dissolve the ceremony, and would come nauseating intimacies—

"We shipped a stewardess in Hull—" or, "There was an Irish girl in the steerage, a raving beauty, and when I saw her, I said, 'Wait.' So—"

They were all the same. Give them whisky and time, and the talk would come around to easy money and easy women. All were the same, bluff, sentimental, animal, all but the one or two hawk-eyed, close-lipped men who came and went silently, who drank little and drank by themselves. These men made the really big money, but it was n't easy; they took a chance with their lives, smuggling slaves from Africa for the Argentine plantations, or silver from Chile and Peru. But as for the rest, easy money, easy women!

Well, what was Campbell fussing about? Was n't he, too, making easy money, bringing agricultural steel and cotton goods here and taking away his tally of hides?

And as to easy women, was n't there Hedda Hagen?

A shipmaster had introduced him to her at a band concert in one of the public squares—a tall Amazonian woman with hair white as corn, and eyes the strange light blue of ice. Her head was uptilted—a brave woman. The introduction had a smirking ceremony about it that defined Fröken Hagen's position as though in so many words. Her bow was as distant to Shane as his salutation was curt to her. Shane was suddenly annoyed.

§ 4

The captain of the American boat talked incessantly while the band blared on. Strolling Argentines eyed the woman's blond beauty at a respectful distance. They trotted to and fro. They loped. They postured. She paid no attention. To her they were nonexistent. To the American skipper's conversation she replied only with a flicker of the eyelids, a fleeting smile of her lips. Shane she seemed to ignore. She was so clean, so cool, so damnably self-possessed.

"Fröken Hagen," Campbell ventured, "are n't you sick of all this? Captain Lincoln says you have been here for five years. Are n't you dead tired of it?"

"No." Her voice was a strong soprano timbre.

"Don't you want to get back to the North again?"

"Often." She had a quiet, aloof smile. Somewhere was the impression of a gentlewoman. She did not mean to be abrupt. She was just immensely self-possessed.

It occurred to Shane suddenly that he liked this woman. He liked her dignity, her grave composure. He liked her coolness, her almost Viennese grace. He liked her features; but for

the wideness of her mouth and the little prominence of chin she would have been immensely beautiful. Her corn-like hair, massively braided, must be like a mane when down, and beneath her Paris frock he could sense her deep bosom, great marble limbs. Her voice had the cool sweet beauty of Northern winds . . . Her eyes were steady, her chin uptilted. Somewhere, sometime, somehow she had mastered fate.

About, in the gaslit square, escorted, guarded, went other women, reputable women. Great raw-boned women, daughters of Irish *porteños*, with the coarseness of the Irish peasant in their face, the brogue of the Irish peasant on their Spanish, but punctiliously Castilian as to manners; gross Teutonic women; fluffy sentimental Englishwomen, bearing exile bravely, but thinking long for the Surrey downs; gravid Italian women, clumsy in the body, sweet and wistful in the face; Argentinas, clouded with powder, liquid of eyes, on their lips a soft little down that would in a few years be an abomination unto the Lord; women of mixed breed, with the kink of Africa in their hair, or the golden tint of the Indian in their skin. Good women! And yet . . . For grace, for coolness, for cleanliness, the venal Swedish girl outshone them all . . .

"Fröken Hagen," Campbell said, "may I call on you some time?"

"If you like."

"Does that mean you don't want me to come?"

She smiled at him.

"Mister Campbell,"—she laughed gently,—"you know very well what I am. If you don't call on me, it won't mean anything to me. If you do call, I think I 'll be rather glad. Because on first appearances I like you. But do whatever you like. I have no wiles."

"Thank God for that!"

Lincoln, master of the *Katurah Knopp*, listened in with a silent chuckle. She was a queer one, Hedda was. And Campbell, he was a queer one, too. Two queer ones together. Hedda was all right, but a man sickened of her quick. She was n't what you might call warm. No affection; that 's what a man missed far from home, affection. Yes, affection. Hedda had none. She was a fine woman, but she had no affection. He liked to see men get stung. In a few days Campbell would be down at the club with a face as long as to-day and to-morrow. He would call for a drink angrily.

"Well, Captain, what 's got into you? You don't look happy."

And Campbell, like the others, would grumble something about a big Swede.

"Hey, what 's wrong? Ain't Hedda treated you right?"

"Sure, she treated me right," he would say as the others said, "but that woman 's not human. Take away that rot-gut and gi' me whisky. I got a touch o' chill."

Lincoln had seen it all before. He liked to see it all the time. He chuckled as Shane turned to him.

"Lincoln, are you seeing this lady home?"

"Not if you want to."

"I don't want to break up any arrangements of yours."

"Tell the truth," Lincoln said, "I 've got a little party on to-night. A party as is a party—Spanish girls, Spanish dancers . . . I wish I could take you, but it ain't my party . . ."

"Then I 'll see Miss Hagen home."

Dog-gone, Lincoln would have to go

down to the club and tell 'em how Campbell of the *Maid of the Isles* got stuck with the human iceberg!

§ 5

Without, the west wind had increased suddenly, a cold steady wind, coasting down the Argentine pampas, bending the sparse trees and giant thistle, ruffling the river, shallowing it, until to-morrow many a poor sailorman would regret his optimistic anchorage . . . Shane shivered . . . To-morrow October would be making a din in the streets . . . And the poor skippers fighting their way around the Horn, icy winds and head seas and immense gray dirty-bearded waves . . . To-morrow three men were to be shot in the 25 de Mayo for a political offense, and Shane could see them in the bleak dawn, three frightened stanch figures, the soldiers would be blowing their fingers in the cold air, and their triggers would be like ice to the touch . . . the shoddy tragedy . . .

But within the room was warm, a little fire of coal in the unusual grate, and the soft and mellow light of candles, and here and there Gauchos' blankets on the wall, and here a comfortable chair, and there a table of line, and brass things . . . clean and ascetic, and yet something womanly about the place, the grace and composition of things . . . And with her coming into her house, Hedda Hagen's manner had changed gently . . . She was no longer frigid, aloof . . . She unbent into calm smiles, and the grace of a hostess of the big world . . . the quiet masonic signal of a certain caste . . .

"I wonder," he said, "am I dreaming?"

She paused suddenly. She had taken her hat off, and was touching things on tables with her large fine hands. She turned her head toward him. There was a half-smile in her eyes.

"Why?"

"It does n't seem right."

"That you never saw me before, that you are here in this house after meeting me a half-hour ago, and that you can stay here the night?"

"Yes."

"Well, it 's true."

She was once more the hostess. It was as if some one had sprung nimbly from a little height to the ground.

"I can't give you any whisky, but I can make you tea. Or have my maid brew you some coffee?"

"Is that a Russian samovar?"

"Yes."

"Then I 'll have tea."

So queer! Without, the wind blustered and the little din of it crept into the room somehow, and within was warmth, and the stillness of still trees. And grace. Beauty moved like an actress on the stage. All her motions were harmonious, could have gone to some music on the violin. Now it was the easy dropping to her knees as she lit the quaint Russian tea-pot, now an unconscious movement of her hand to push back a braid of her hair, now the firm certain motion of her strong, white unringed fingers. Now her large graceful body moved like some heroic statue that had become quick with life. The thought came into his head somehow that if he had had a sister, he would have liked her to have been like this splendid blond woman . . .

Yet into this house, where she had settled like some strange bird in an alien land, came shipmasters, reeking with drink, came merchants with their

minds full of buying and selling and all the petty meannesses of trade, came dark Latins who hankered for blond women . . .

"God! I can't understand."

She came toward him frankly.

"*Amigo mio,* have you a right to understand?"

"I 'm sorry."

"No, but— See! You and I have often met. I mean there is a plane of us who must be loyal to one another. You understand. And to you, to one of us, I don't want to lie. Only certain persons have a right to ask. A father, a mother, a child, a sister, or brother or husband. But our destinies touch only, hardly even that. Will never grip, bind. There is no right you have, beyond what—you buy, and there are things—I don't sell."

"I 'm sorry," Shane turned aside. "I was just carried away. But I should go."

"Do you want to go?"

"No."

"Then stay. Others stay."

"But—"

"Are you better than the others?"

"No," he thought. "Of course not. Worse perhaps. I know better."

"You are nearly as honest as I am." She laughed. She put her hand out in a great frank gesture.

"If I can smile, surely you can." Her fingers beckoned. "Come, don't be silly."

He caught her hands and laughed with her. He had been acting like a boy in his twenties, and he a man of forty-two . . .

§ 6

He had thought somehow that in this affair of Hedda he would find—oh, something: that once more the moon would take on its rippling smile, and the sun its sweet low laughter, and the winds be no longer a matter of physics, but strong entities. Quickly, unconsciously the thought had come to him . . . With the wife of his young days had come the magic of romance, and with Claire-Anne of Marseilles had come as a line storm of passion, and with the Arab lady had come the scheme of an ordered life, good composition, and rich color . . . They had lasted but little and gone as a rainbow goes . . . With Hedda there was nothing . . . It was just abominably wrong . . .

Here he was, young,—for his forty-two he was young,—supple, successful in his way, rich if you wanted to put it in that word. And no heart for life; listless. It was wrong . . . All he could think of doing was to be intimate with an easy woman. No zest for her great noble frame, her surge of flaxen hair. The veneer of conventional good manners, conventional good taste only made the actuality of it more appalling . . . she with the gifts of life and grace, he with his, and all they could do was be physically intimate . . . And she took money with a little smile, contemptuous of herself, contemptuous of him . . . They both knew better, yet there you were . . . God! Even animals had the excuse of nature's indomitable will!

Yes, this made him face things he had been trying to pass casually by. Forty-two, a touch of gray at the temples, a body like a boy's, hooded eyes like a hawk's, and a feeling in him somehow that an organ—his heart maybe—was dead, not ailing—just unalive. Once he had zest, and he did n't

even have despair now. If he could only have despair! . . .

Despair was healthy. It meant revolt. A man might sob, gnash his teeth, batter walls with his bare fists, but that only meant he was alive in every fiber. He might curse the stars, but he was aware of their brilliance. He might curse the earth that would one day take his lifeless body, but he must know its immense fecundity. A man in revolt, in despair was a healthy man.

But despair was so futile. Ah, there it was! Life's futility. It was the sense of that which had eaten him like a vile leprosy. Mental futility, spiritual futility. Of physical he did not know. All that was left him of his youth was a belief in God. At sea he was too close to the immense mechanism of the stars, on land too close to milling millions, not to believe, not to accept as an incontrovertible fact.

But the God of degenerate peoples, the antagonistic, furious, implacable God—that was a ridiculous conception. A cheap, a vain one. "Like flies to wanton boys, so are we to the gods," was n't that how Shakspere's blind king had uttered it? "They kill us for their sport." How strangely flattering—to believe that the Immensity that had conceived and wrought the unbelievable universe should deign to consider man, so weak that a stone, a little slug of lead, could kill him, an enemy worth bothering about! Man with his vanity, his broad fallibility, his poor natural functions!

And as to the God of the optimists, how ridiculous, too! "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." So pathetic! They never saw that they did want. That for every well-filled body there were a hundred haggard men. They thought of him as benevolent, firm, but benevolent, like Mr. Gladstone. To them he was an infinitely superior vestryman with a tremendous power for dispensing coal and food to the poor. And the poor devils were so patient, so loyal! And so stupid! They thought that much flattery, much fear would move Him. Their conception never even rose to considering God a gentleman, despising flattery and loathing fear. Poor, poor devils!

To Shane He existed, though as how to think of Him was difficult. Why a man? Why not some strange thing of the air, as a cuttlefish is of the sea? Something tenuous, of immense brain power, of immense will. Something cold. But why even that? Why not, as the cabalists had it, a figure, arithmetical or geometrical, a sound . . . A formula of some great undiscoverable, indefinable thought . . . He was cold, He was efficient, He had so much brains . . .

It seemed to Shane that this optimism, this despair, were strange mental drugs, going through the mental system as a depressant or a stimulant would go through the physical, creating illusions . . . illusions . . . and the sane man was one who had no illusions, not the meaning a man uses of the phrase when he has been jilted by a woman or wronged out of money by a friend, but actually, finitely no illusions. He was sane, a few other men in the world must be sane, but the rest were drugged for their hell or their Fiddlers' Green.

Fiddlers' Green! Good God! Fiddlers' Green!

His mind flashed back a moment to the shining isle, the greensward, the singing waves, the sunlight on the

green jalousies, but strangely his mind could see nothing. He could no longer make a picture for himself. Symbols were barren algebraic formulæ. Not enchanters' words. No light. No glamour. Only strange sounds reverberating in the gray caverns of his head . . . Once in the dead past he could see the Isle of Pipers; no more! It was n't his past that was dead. The past lived. It was he who was dead, he, his present, his future.

Out of the gray caverns of his head came a thin echo of a word he had known and he a boy—the Valley of the Black Pig. A phrase from some old folk-tale heard on a wintry Antrim coast. Some prophesy of old wives that when the Boar without Bristles would appear in the Valley of the Black Pig, then the end of all things was nigh . . . He had a faint memory that somewhere in Roscommon was the Valley of the Black Pig . . . But that did n't matter; what mattered was the memory it evoked . . . Gray, gray, gray . . . Gray hills, gray boulders, gray barren trees, a gray mist sluggishly rising from the ground, and a gray drizzle of rain, falling, so slowly . . . And gray rotting leaves beneath his feet . . . A little wind that moaned among the boulders, and the cawing of unseen, horrible birds . . . Neither was there direction, nor time, nor space . . . Everything gray like the grayness of old women's bodies . . . There was no sun, and the moon abhorred the valley. In such a place as this wandered the souls of women who had killed their children, of monks who at dark of night had said the black mass . . . Here were masters who had deserted tall, gallant ships . . . Hither witches rode on the bleak east wind, to be flogged by their master and horribly caressed . . . The Valley of the Black Pig . . . Here were those who had read the frightful inscription on the altar of the Unknown God . . . Gilles de Rais, marshal of France, and Avicenna; Nicolas Flamel and his wife Petronella; Lady Alice Kyteler of Kilkenny, and Gerald of Desmond, the great earl; and newer names, Dee and Edward Kelly . . . Degraded majesty with soiled beards . . . Gray, gray . . . And the faint ghosts in cerecloths, and the horrible shapes of the mist . . . The drizzle of the rain, and the rustle of the Feet of the Goat . . . The cawing of strange birds and the wind among the boulders and souls, weeping, weeping—unhoping, undespairing, weeping, weeping . . . The Valley of the Black Pig . . .

What was it? In God's name, what was it that had made him this way, his being suddenly lifeless, like a cow that goes dry, or a field that is mysteriously, suddenly fallow? . . . And weariness seem immortal . . . What had led him into this dreadful cemetery of mind? Had he gone too far in thought and emotion and come to a dreadful desert place within himself? . . . Had he eaten of the tree of which the cabalist wrote:

"Of every tree in the garden thou mayest freely eat;

"But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

Had he blundered on it unwittingly, eaten ignorantly, and surely died? . . . Or was he going mad? Good God! Could that be it? Was there something they had n't told him—or a

strange taint in his blood, or his mother's blood? . . . Would he end his days in a madhouse? . . . What a fate, what a dreadful fate! A slavering grayheaded man, wandering through the Valley of the Black Pig forever and forever?

Better to end it now.

Yes, but would that end it? The material envelop of cells and fluids gone, might there not . . . Worse off yet, if anything were left . . . There might be something left; there was the trouble . . . One knew so little, so abominably little . . . Only material wisdom was certain, and that said, don't chance it . . .

Drink? . . . He had his men to think of, his ship . . . It might grip him.

But was he forever doomed to this mournful weeping-place, place of rain, place of mists, gray boulders, and moaning winds? . . . Must he abide in the Valley of the Black Pig until the Boar without Bristles came lumbering out of the red west, and went grunting, eating ravenously, eating prey of souls, until he lay down in obscene sleep, and the stars one by one guttered like candles, and the sun shot into a vast explosion, and the moon was a handful of peat ashes, and the whole great universe snapped like a gun-shot, and the debris of all created things fell downward like a shattered wall, faster, faster, faster, to where, where, where?

§ 7

In the streets now the June snow fell, not the soft and flaky petals of the North, but a bitter steel-like snow that whirled. And the winds of the pampas hurried like furies through the sordid streets, and stopped to snarl, as a dog snarls, and now moaned, and now howled sharply, as a wolf howls. There was something cold, malignant, about it all . . . Old Irish writers said that hell was cold. *An Ait Fuar*, they called it, the Cold Place. *Ait gan chu gan chat, gan leanbh, ait gan ghean, gan ghaire*, a place without a dog or cat or child, a place without affection or laughter . . . Had sainted Brendan come on Buenos Aires in winter on his *vayahe* to Hy Brazil, and thought in his naïvety that here was hell? . . . And was he wrong?

Cold of wolves! It must have been like this in an ancient Paris when Villon thieved and sang, and the wolves came clamoring at the gates . . . and the crusaders in warm Palestine . . . Or in Russia—Siberia, a cold name . . . Here it was hell, but in Europe . . . oh, different there! The heavy flakes, so solid, so wonderful, the laden trees, the great stretch of white. And in the houses the farmers blessing the snow, that would keep the ground warm and fertile for the coming year, that the blue flax might arise, and the fields of corn, with the great pleasance of the clover, and the golden-belted bees . . . And the turf fires of Ulster, and Christmas coming, and after that Candlemas, and then March of the plowing, and glossy crows busy in the fields . . . Always something to see ahead . . . Not in Ireland only, but England, the jingle of bells and the people of ruddy faces . . . And in Germany, too, the bluff important burghers having their houses heated by quaint porcelain stoves, huddling themselves in furs, and waddling obesely . . . Very pleasant . . . And in France, too, in the *assommoirs*, the tang of wine in the air and the blue hue of smoke,

excited Latin voices. *"Encore un boch! T'es saoul, mon vieux! Merde! Je suis comme le Pont Neuf!"* A raucous voice singing a political skit:

Cordieu, Madame! Que faites-vous ici!

Cordieu, Madame! Que faites-vous ici?

Je danse le polka avec tous mes amis!

Je danse le polka avec tous mes amis!

Buenos Aires, hell!

And the worst was the strange inversion of time. Here winter was, cold streets, steely snow, garbage frozen to stone . . . And in Europe was sane June. Purple flower of the heather in Ulster, and white flower of the bogs, and in the little bays of Antrim, men spearing flounders from boats in the long summer evenings. And the bairns hame from school, with a' their wee games, fishing for sticky-backs wi' pins, and the cummers spinning. Eigh, Ulster! And in England, they punting on the Thames among the water-lilies. Soft Norman days, and in Germany the young folks going to the woods . . . In Buenos Aires, hell!

Within the house a cold that the little fire could only gallantly fight against. Without, cold of wolves.

"Hedda, you come from a cold country. Tell me, is it like this in Sweden, anytime?"

She was sitting in the candle-light, doing the needlework she took such quietness in. Her firm white hands moving rhythmically, her body steady, her eyes a-dream. It was hard ever to think that she was—what she was. It was hard for him to think the word now, knowing her. She looked up and smiled.

"No, Shane, not like this, It 's cold, very cold, but very beautiful. By day the country-side is quiet, white, ascetic, like some young nun. And at night there are lights and jollity. It is like a child's idea of fairy-land. One wishes one were further North, where the reindeer are. One is not enemy to the cold, as you are here. One accepts it. It has dignity. Here it is naked, malevolent. That 's the difference."

"Naked, with awful hands . . . A cold that seizes . . ."

"Yes, Shane." She took up her work again. "Sometimes I think long until I get back to Sweden."

"You—you are going back?"

"Of course, Shane."

"When?"

"Five, six, seven years, unless I die or am killed. Certainly I shall go back."

"Yes, but in five, six—hum!"

"But what, Shane?"

"I once knew a woman, Hedda. She was like you—just having friends. And she was as handsome as you are, too. She did n't have your head, your poise. She liked beauty, as you do. But this woman looked forward, as I don't think you do. She saw herself always going down. She saw herself in the end like the helmet-maker's daughter, in some archway of the city, seeking a couple of pence . . . And she was afraid, horribly afraid."

"She was a silly woman."

"How, Hedda?"

"She did n't know two things. That luck changes, destiny is sometimes as kind as it is cruel. And also, when you are old, the money of the archway will bring you as much joy, a drink, a bed, a meal for the morrow, as do the diamonds of youth. The old don't need much, Shane. They have n't far to go."

"But you, Hedda. Are n't you

afraid of—of the archway and the few pence—"

"No, Shane. That will not be my way." The broidery dropped to her lap. Her eyes, blue as winter, looked away, away. "I shall survive it all, barring death, of course, and in seven, eight, ten years I shall drop all this and go back, and be a lady in the land of my birth, a quiet, soft-voiced woman in a little house that has glinting brass in winter and flowers around it in summer. And I shall be very kind to the poor, Shane . . . And all young things that are baffled or hurt can come to me and tell their troubles, and I shall understand. And oftentimes sitting in the long Northern twilights, I shall think: 'Is this Frôken Hagen, who is all the world's friend, the girl who was once despised in Buenos Aires?' . . . And I shall choke a little and think, 'God is good!' "

"You are very sure of yourself, Hedda."

"Yes, Shane. I know my own capabilities. I know, too, my own limitations. I know I can always be of service. But I know, too, that there will be no love ever for me, nor any little children of my body, nor any big man to protect me and my house . . ."

"This other woman—I killed her to save her from the archway—she dreaded so much . . ."

"You were very silly, Shane," she snipped off a thread with the scissors. "People outpour fear, and it may have been only a passing mood, that would have gone with the moon or the season. You know very little about women, Shane."

He laughed bitterly.

"I have been married twice, and once I loved a woman greatly."

"From what you tell me,"—her voice was calm,—"you have never been married. You made a mistake as a boy. And once again you bought a woman as you might a fine dog, and admired her as you might admire a fine dog, and gave her a little passion, which comes and goes, knocks, passes on—but no trust. And once you were infatuated with a hysterical woman, and it all ended hysterically. No, Shane. I don't think you know much about women."

"You know so many things." He was irritated. "Perhaps you know what is wrong with me."

"Of course I do, Shane. Anybody would know. You are so important to yourself. All the world is in relation to you, not you in relation to the world. And people are not very important, Shane . . . I know . . . You look for things. You don't make them. You want everything. You give nothing. You have n't a wife, a house. Your father gave poems, but you haven't a house, a child, a wife, a book. You only have a trading ship."

"But I trade. I do my share of the world's work."

"Any shopkeeper!"

"I handle my ship."

"Any mathematician." . . .

"I brave all the perils of the sea?"

"Are you afraid of death?"

"Of course not."

"Well?"

"Hedda, I handle men."

"Any little braggadocio mate—"

His anger rose in hot waves.

"So I am not worth anything in life, Hedda. How much are you?"

"Oh, Shane,"—she stood up and looked at him seriously,—"my calling is the oldest in the world, they say, but

to me it 's not the least honorable. It is as sordid, just, as one makes it. I want you to think of men going down to sea, and weary of the voyage, and from me somehow they get a glimpse of home. Are this house and myself more evil than the dramshop and the gambling-hell? And are n't there women in England and France who would rather have their men folk with me than leaning on some sodden counter? They might hate the choice, but it 's better . . . Shane, if you knew how weary men have talked to me of families abroad, their hearts burdened. They cannot talk to men . . . And sometimes I exorcise devils, Shane, that young girls may walk safely in the dark . . . And sometimes a man is athirst for a flash of beauty . . . Think, Shane—you are not small . . . Even yourself, Shane, I have helped you. There were times this month when you were close to the river, terribly, terribly close . . . I said nothing, but I knew. And I held you. I willed. I prayed even . . . Shane, Shane, *amigo*, when the time came that I had to work, I chose this with my eyes open."

"I 'm sorry," Campbell lowered his head. "I can only say I 'm sorry I said—hinted . . . But, Hedda, were n't there other things you could have done?"

"A sempstress, maybe. But I think it 's more important to ease a man's mind than cover his back."

"But children. You love children, Hedda. You know so much. Could n't you have been a governess in some great house?"

"Oh, Shane, Shane *mio*, when will you understand?" Her calm voice had a note of distress in it. "None can judge of another's life. None can tell. None direct. What do you know of what passed before—I came to a mean house in a mean town? I once opened a door I should n't have, and left the lighted room . . . for a warm blue darkness . . . And I closed the door behind me . . . And daylight came . . . I am not of a breed that sues for mercy . . . So I went ahead . . . through the world . . . And I never look back, Shane . . . I am no Lot's wife, to become a pillar of her own salt tears." . . .

"But, Hedda, you are good. And this life—"

"Of course I am good, Shane. There is no man can say I did him wrong in mind or body, or heart, either. And I am a comfort to many . . . All I have done is to outrage a convention of property, that I don't believe . . . Shane, do you know, people cover greed with sentimentality and call it virtue . . ."

"But, Hedda, the women don't see. They scorn you—"

"Do they? Poor souls! Let them! *Amigo mio*, I have a life. I have to think, gage, act, concentrate. And when I want time of my own, Shane, I have it. The housewife with her frowzy duties, being kissed perfunctorily on the mat, the man who wears a stilted mask to the world, and before her—lets go . . . Ugh? And the *mondaine* with her boredom . . . the hatred in wide houses . . . Oh, I know . . . Sometimes I think it 's so wonderful, being free . . . Oh, Shane, please don't be absurd, sentimental . . . please! . . . I know my way, and find yours . . . Tell me, do you know yet what day you sail?"

§ 8

A sailor in a jersey and reefer caught his arm in the Avenida de Mayo.

"All filled up," Campbell uttered brusquely.

"It was no' that."

Campbell put his hand in his pocket, looking for a coin.

"You 'll be forgetting the Antrim glens, Shane Campbell." Shane flushed. The coin in his fingers burned him.

"How did I know you were fro' the Antrim glens?"

"You 've seen me a few times, though you 'd hardly know me. Simon Fraser of Ballycastle. You would no' recognize me, if you knew me, on account of my hair being white. I was lost on the coast of Borneo for four years. When I was lost my hair was black,—maybe a wee sprinkle o' gray,—but what you might call black, and when I was picked up, and saw myself in a looking-glass, it was white. They did no' know me when I got back to Ballycastle."

"Would you care for a drink, Simon?"

"I don't care much either way, Shane Campbell. And if I wanted a drink bad, I always have the silver for it. I would no' have you think I stopped you for to cadge a drink. I 'm not that kind of man. But I was wi' your Uncle Alan when he died. Or, to be exact, I saw him just before he died. I was visiting in Cushendun. I have a half-brither there you might know, Tamas McNeil; Red Tam they ca' him. And whiles I was there, I saw Alan Donn go down."

"My Uncle Alan dead! Why, man, you 're crazy—"

"Your Uncle Alan 's a dead man."

"You 're mistaken, man. It 's some one else."

"Your Uncle Alan 's a dead man. And what 's more; I have a word from him for ye."

"But I 'd have heard."

"I cam' out in steam. It went against the grain a bit, but I cam' out in steam. From Belfast . . . With a new boat out of Queen's Island . . . Alan Donn 's a dead man. That 's why I stopped you. For to tell you your Uncle Alan 's gone . . ."

"Come in here," Shane said dazedly. He pulled the man into a bar, and sat down in a snug. "Tell me."

"It was about nine in the morning, and an awful gray day it was, wi' a heavy sea running, and a nor'easter, and this schooner was getting the timbers pounded out o' her. Her upper gear was gone entirely, and we could no' see how she was below, on account of the high seaway. She was a Frenchman or a Portuguese. And she was gone. And we were all on shore, wondering why she had no' put into Greenock or Stranraer, or what kind of sailors they were at all, at all.

"Up comes your Uncle Alan, and he says, 'Has anybody put out to gi'e those poor buggers a hand?' says he.

" 'There 's no chance, Alan Donn,' says we.

"And he says, 'How the devil do you know?' says he.

"And we say, 'Can't you see for yourself, Alan Donn, wi' the sea that 's in it, and the wind that 's in it, and the currents, there 's no chance to help them?'

" 'So you 're not going?' says he.

" 'Och, Alan Donn, have sense,' says we.

" 'If you are n't, then I am.' He turns to one of the men there, a fisher-

man by the name of Rafferty, and he says, 'Hughie, get ready thon wee boat o' yours, wi' the spitfire foresail and the wee trysail.'

"Then we said, 'You 're not going, Alan Donn.'

" 'Who 's to stop me?' says he. All this time we had to shout on account of the great wind was in it.

" 'We think too much of you, Alan Donn, to let you go.'

" 'If one o' you stinking badgers lays a finger on me to stop me, I 'll break his neck.'

"Says Hughie Rafferty to us—you know Hughie Rafferty, a silent man, a wise man—says he: 'He 'll get out fifty yards, a hundred yards from shore, and be stuck. And he 'll say: "Well, I 've done my best. Good-by and bugger ye, and die like men!" And he 'll come back. And if the boat turns over,' says Hughie Rafferty, 'he can swim like a rat, and he 'll be back among us cursing, like his ain kind sel', within a wheen o' minutes.'

"Says Hughie Rafferty, says he, 'I 'll go wi' your Honor's lordship, Alan Donn.'

" 'You will like the devil,' says Alan Donn. 'You 'll stay here wi' your childer and the mother o' your childer.'

"Then a wee old man, that was a piper, speaks up. He was bent in two over an ash plant was in his right hand, and his left hand held his back.

" 'It 's a foolish thing you are doing, Alan Donn,' says he. 'How can you bring off the poor people?'

" 'I don't want to bring off the poor people, Shamus-a-Freba, James of the Pipes. But there 's not a rock, a wind, a current, a wave itself of Struth-na-Maoile that I don't know. I 'm figuring on rigging up some kind of sea-anchor,' says Alan Donn, says he, 'and getting the bloody foreigners to chop their gear overboard, and riding the storm out. Don't worry yourself, Shamus-a-Freba.'

"That was the way of your uncle, Alan Donn Campbell. He was very rough with the strong, but he was aye considerate of the old and over-young. He 'd be rough with the King of England, but he 'd be awfu' polite to a ould man."

"God! is Alan Donn dead?" Shane was near tears. "People like Alan Donn die!"

"Aye, they die, too," said Simon Fraser. "And rogues live. It 's queer."

"The boat was a'ready to be put in the sea when your uncle sees mysel' on the edge o' the gathering. He comes straight to me. You mind how Alan Donn used go through a crowd.

" 'Are you the sailing man,' says he, 'wha 's a half-brither to Red Tam McNeil of the Ten-Acre?'

" 'I am, sir, Alan Donn. Is it go wi' in the boat?' says I. 'I 'll go.'

" 'No, no,' quo' he; 'it 's no' that. So'thin' different. You ken my brither's son, Shane Oge Campbell, wha 's a master on the seas?'

" 'I 've met him once or twice, and I 've heard tell.'

" 'If you see him, gi'e him a message. I 'm sure you 'll see him. I 'm sure,' says Alan Donn, 'this morn I 'm fey.

" 'Tell him,' says Alan Donn, and he puts his hands on my shoulders—'tell him this: I 've been intending to write him this long time. There 's a thought in my head,' says he, 'that all 's not well with him.

" 'Tell him this: I 've been thinking and I 've thought: There 's great virtue to the place you 're born in.

Tell him he ought no' stay so long frae the braes o' Ulster. Tell him: The sea 's not good for the heid. A man 's alone wi' himself too long, wi' his ain heid. Tell him. That 's not good.

" 'Tell him,' says he, 'there 's great virtue and grand soothin' to the yellow whins and the purple heather. That 's a deep, fey thing. Tell him to try.'

" 'Is that all, sir, Alan Donn?' says I?

" 'You might tell him,' says he, 'aye, you might tell him: Your Uncle Alan was not a coward, and he was a wise man.'

"At that I was puzzled—I tell you without offense meant—it sounded like boasting. And it was no' like Alan Donn to boast.

" 'Can I come along wi' you, sir, Alan Donn?' says I.

"With that he gi'es me a look would knock you down. 'Did na I tell you to do so'thin' for me?' says he.

"Then I ken't he was na coming back.

" 'Aye, aye, sir!' said I.

"He goes to the boat on the edge of the water. You could hardly keep your footing with the wind, nor hear your neighbor with the sea. And Alan Donn laughs. ''T is myself that must be fond o' boating,' says he. 'And to-day is the grand day for it, surely. *Hi horo*, push her off,' says he. '*Horo eile! Horo, heroes, horo eile!*' We pushed with the water up to our waists. The keel ground. The sand sucked. We

pushed with the water up to our shoulders. Then the sail caught the wind. And Alan Donn was off.

"And Hughie Rafferty was wrong. Not at fifty, not at a hundred did he turn. Not at a half-mile. He must have had the arms of Finn McCool, Alan Donn, and the hands of a woman. He 'd take the high waves like a hunter taking a wall. Then you could nearly feel him easing her to the pitch. Apart from the waves themselves you could see the wee fountain of water when the bows slapped. Then he 'd come up again. The sail would belly, and again he 'd dive.

"And then he came to the ninth wave—*toun a' bhaidhte*, the drowning wave. Even away off you could see it rise like a wall and curl at the top. We were watching. There was the crippled schooner and Alan Donn and the great sea. And the wave curled and broke. And then was only the schooner and the great sea . . .

"And we waited for a minute, although we knew there was no call.

"And after a while an ould one falls to her knees and raises the keening cry:

" '*Mavrone!* my sorrow! *Mavrone dhu!* my black sorrow! *Mo chead vrone dhu!* my hundred black sorrows!

" 'Is it gone you are, Alan Donn? Is it gone you are in the cruel sea? My black curse on it. It is between you and the people of your heart, between you and the land of your desire. Och, sea, is n't it cruel you are? Ruined Ireland is this day. The star of Ulster is out. And the little moon of Antrim shines no more. Och, *a 'airrge!* My sorrow, O sea!

" 'Who will be good to us now, Alan Donn? You were good to the poor. God's gain and our loss. Who will make the young maids flush, and the young men throw back their shoulders from pride at your having talked to them? *Avourneen dhrelish, mur n, Alan Donn,* our Alan! Who will make the men of the South stand back, and you not striding through a gathering, ever, any more? And the dealing men of Scotland will miss you; you they could never get the better of in any fair, night, noon, or morning. *Peader agas Pol, Muire, Padraig agas Brighid!* Peter and Paul, Mary, Patrick, and Saint Bride, let you be coming quickly now, and take up Alan Donn Campbell from the cold sea!

" 'Your horse in the stable will miss you, Alan Donn. Poor beastie, he 'll miss you sore. Your servant boys will miss you, they that would jump if you but dropped your pipe. The green fairways of Portrush will miss you when spring comes, and you not hitting the ball against the champions of the world. The lambs will miss you, and wee lambs of the fields, and the colts. They 'll be missing you, but 't will be nothing to our missing you. This night your dogs will be crying, and we 'll be crying, too.

" 'Young women, look back of you, and see if the nine glens of Antrim are there. I would n't be surprised if they were gone, now Alan Donn 's in the bitter sea!'

"Then up comes this woman, and she had a great cloak on—"

"What woman, Simon Fraser?"

"The woman there was talk of Alan Donn marrying. The woman from over the sea."

" 'Has anybody seen Mr. Campbell?' And we don't understand.

" 'It 's Alan Donn she means,' says Hughie Rafferty.

"Then the auld one on her knees

takes up her keening, and this woman understands. Her face goes white. She sees the schooner being battered by the Moyle.

" 'Did he go out to that?' she asks.

" 'Yes, ma'am, your ladyship's honor.'

" 'He did n't get there?'

" 'The drowning wave caught Alan Donn,' says Hughie Rafferty.

"For a moment you 'd think she had n't heard. Then—a strange thing—a wee smile came on her face, and suddenly it changed to a queer twist all over the face of her. Then she stood up proudly and looked out to sea . . . and two tears came to the eyes of her and she raised her head higher still . . . The tears came in spite of her . . . and suddenly she gave a wee gulp like a person who 's sick . . . And she turned and began to stumble away in the sand . . . A couple of the young ones went as if to help her, but she turned.

" 'Please!' was all she said. And she went off on her lee lone.

"And then says Hughie Rafferty, 'The tide will bring him to Cushendall.'

"And at Cushendall next day we found the corp. There was n't a mark on him. Even the things of the deep water had respect for Alan Donn."

"What was this woman like, Simon Fraser? This woman there was talk of Alan Donn marrying?"

"This woman was not a woman of Alan Donn's age, and she was not a young woman. Her face was showing not the face of a girl, but the face of herself. She had a proud face and a brave face. This woman would be around twenty-five.

"She was a brown woman; she had brown eyes and brown hair. She was not an Irishwoman. She was an Englishwoman. She had no Gaelic, and her English was not our English. This woman could ride a horse, though not too well. She would put a horse at a jump, though she was afeared of it.

"This woman had money. She was a niece of the admiral's, and she was on a long visit to the admiral's house.

"I 've heard tell a queer thing about this woman. She would play at the piano for hours on a stretch, reading from a book. For hours she would play all by herself. The people passing the road and the servant girls of the house could n't make head or tail of her music. But our folk ken nothing of the piano. The pipes, the melodion, the fiddle, they know that, and a few ould ones have heard the harp. But they knew nothing of the piano. They could n't tell whether it was good music or bad music was in it.

"There 's another queer thing about this woman. When she walked you 'd think she was dancing. Not our reels or hornpipes, but queer ould dances you 'd be walking to, not stepping. She had wee feet, though she was not a small woman.

"Your Uncle Alan's dogs took to this woman, and you ken how Alan's terriers had little liking for any but his ain sel'. I was told also to tell you that she had the dogs, and that they were comfortable, and would be well looked after. So that you need not be worritin' about your Uncle Alan's dogs.

"I 'm afeared I 've given you a poor picture of this woman, Shane Campbell, but it 's a queer thing, you 'd feel this woman more nor you 'd see her. In a great deal of people you would n't note her at all. But were you coming along the road, and a fey feeling come over you, and you say: 'Around the next corner is something kindly, some-

thing brave, something fine,' as you turned the corner you 'd meet this woman.

"Your Uncle Alan liked this woman, liked her fine, but this woman was sick with love for your Uncle Alan.

"You 'll blame me sore, Shane Campbell, and rightly, too; it was very careless of me, me who 's got a careful name—it did n't seem to matter though! The name of this woman is not at me . . ."

All the tears in Shane's eyes, all the emptiness in his heart, was gone now. A sudden elation seized him. He understood. Alan Donn had done a fine, brave thing—Alan Donn had done the strong thing, the right thing, as Alan always did.

He thought: "Alan was in love with this woman, and this woman with Alan. And Alan had looked ahead sanely, seen, decided. Thirty years difference of age. Dignified, strong wisdom and beautiful brave youth, one firm as a great firm rock, the other with the light wings of birds. Mentally sometimes, physically for a little while, spiritually never could they mate. Youth spiritual is like a gosling of yellow down; age spiritual is an eagle of great wings . . . if the spirit has not died . . . Alan would never be an irritated, jealous, paretic old man, nor would see 'this woman' grow stern with repression and ache and loneliness of heart and spirit . . ."

Ah, he had done it well! A line of Froissart's came to Shane: "They were very noble; they cared nothing for their lives!" He had given her no shattered marriage, no empty explanation that breeds only bitterness and perhaps contempt. He had given her a very gallant memory that would exalt her in the coming days . . . The world, the flesh, and the devil had played at cards with Alan Donn, and Alan had won . . .

He thought: "Were it I now, I should have drifted into this, and come to ancient tortured days, and not having strength, maybe, should have ended, not before as Alan Donn did, gallantly, but afterward, meanly, leaving bitterness and desolation . . . Ah, wise Alan!"

And it occurred to him suddenly, wise Alan, fey on the threshold of death, remembering him: there is virtue in the yellow gorse of Ulster, in the purple Ulster heather. Come back to where you were born, and rest, and get strength . . . This is a deep thing . . . Alan knew something . . . The rain and the mist and the wind among the rushes had taught him natural secrets . . . Maybe from the ground man drew strength, and maybe strange ground was alien to other than its own . . . a motherland—why did they call a place a motherland? . . . Antæus, the Libyan wrestler, was invincible so long as his feet were on mother earth, and Herakles had lifted him into the air and the air crushed . . . What did the Greek parable mean? . . . It meant something . . . the purple hills . . . the purple heather . . . The Moyle purple in the setting sun . . .

"I 'll go back," he decided. Scots superstition welled up in him. "A man seeing death sees more than death. Sees life. The Keepers of the Door maybe anoint his eyes, and if he looks back for an instant, God knows what he sees . . . I 'll go."

"Can I give you a lift back to Ballycastle, Simon Fraser? Or a lift anywhere you want. It 's the least I can

do, and you coming this long way to tell me news."

"I 'm very thankful to you, Shane Campbell, very thankful indeed. It 's just the way of you to ask a poor sailorman does he want a lift half-way across the world. But I 'll never again see Ballycastle with living eyes."

"And why not, man Simon?"

"It 's this way, Shane Campbell. It 's this way. When I came back after six years, four years lost on the coast, my three fine sons were gone, twenty and nineteen and seventeen they were. Gone they were, following the trade of the sea. And herself, the woman of the house, was gone, too. I did n't mind the childer, for 't is the way of the young to be roving. But herself went off with another man. A great gift of making a home she had, so there was many would have her, in spite of her forty year'. Into the dim city of Glasgow she went, and there was no word of her. And she might have waited, Shane Campbell, she might so. Four years lost on the coast of Borneo, and to come and find your childer scattered, and your wife putting shame on you. That 's a hard thing."

"You 're a young man, Simon Fraser. You 're as young as I am, forty-two. There 's a quarter century ahead of you. Put the past by and begin again. There 'd be love at many a young woman for you. And a house and new bairns."

"I 'm a back-thinking man, Alan's kinsman, a long back-thinking man. And I 'd always be putting the new beside the old, and the new would not seem good to me. The new bairns would never be like the old bairns, and it would na be fair. And as for women, I 've had my bellyful of women after her I was kind to, and was true to for one and twenty years, going off with some sweating landsman to a dingy town . . . I was aye a good sailor, Shane Oge . . .

"It 's by now, nearly by . . . So I 'll be going up and down the sea on the chance of meeting one of my braw bairns. And maybe I 'll come across one of them on the waterfront, and him needing me most . . . And maybe I 'll sign articles wi' one aboard the same ship, and it 's the grand cracks we 'll have in the horse latitudes . . . Or maybe I 'll find one of them a young buck officer aboard a ship I 'm on; and he 'll come for'a'd and say, 'Lay aloft, old-timer, with the rest and be pretty damned quick about it!' And I 'll say, 'Aye, aye, sir.' And think, 'Wait till you get ashore, and I 'll tell you who I am, and give you a tip about your seamanship, too, my grand young fellow' . . . Life has queerer things nor that, Shane Oge, as maybe you know . . . The only thing that bothers me is that I 'll never see Ballycastle any more."

"Is there nothing I can do for you, Simon Fraser?"

"There 's a wee thing, Shane Campbell, just a wee thing."

"What is it, man Simon?"

"Maybe you 'd think me crazy—"

"Of course not, Simon."

"Well, then, when you 're home, and looking around you at the whins and purple heather, and the wee gray towns, maybe you 'll say, 'Glens of Antrim, I ken a man of Antrim, and he 'll never see you again, but he 'll never forget you.' Will you do that?"

"I 'll do that."

"Maybe you 'll be looking at Ballycastle, the town where I was born in."

"Yes, Simon."

"You don't have to say it out loud.

You can stop and say it low in yourself, so as nobody 'll hear you, barring the gray stones of the town. Just remember: 'Ballycastle, Simon Fraser 's thinking long' " . . .

§ 9

A cold southerly drove northward from the pole, chopping the muddy waves of the river. Around the floating *camolotes*, islands of weeds, were little swirls. The poplars and willows of the banks grew more distant as the *Maid of the Isles* cut eastward under all sail. As he tramped fore and aft, Buenos Aires dropped, dropped, dropped behind her counter, dropped.

The *Maid of the Isles* was only going home, as she had gone home a hundred times before, from different ports, as she had gone home a dozen times from this one. But never before had it seemed significant to Shane. Back, back the city faded . . . If the wind lasted, and Shane thought it would last, by to-morrow they would have left the Plata and be in the open sea. Back, back the city dropped . . . It could n't drop too fast . . . It was like a prison from which he was escaping, fleeing . . . A great yearning came on him to have it out of sight . . . definitely, forever. Once it was gone, he would know for a certain thing, he was free . . .

He was surprised to be free. As surprised as an all but beaten wrestler is when his opponent's lock weakens unexpectedly, and dazedly he knows he can get up again and spar. A fog had lifted suddenly as at sea. And he had thought the mist of the Valley of the Black Pig could never lift, would remain dank and cold and hollow, covering all things like a cerecloth, binding all as chains bind . . . and that he must remain with the weeping population, until the Boar without Bristles came . . . forever and forever and forever . . .

But the nearest and dearest had died gallantly, and somehow the fog had lifted. And then he was dazed and weak, but free. Where was he going? What to do? He did n't know, but hope, life itself, had come again, like a long awaited moon.

Buenos Aires faded . . . Faded the Valley of the Black Pig . . . Buenos Aires its symbol . . . Buenos Aires with bleak squares, its hovels, its painted trees.

He stood aft of the steersman, and suddenly raised his head.

"Mo mhallacht go deo leat, a bhaile nan gerann!
'S mo shlan do gach baile raibh me riamhann.

"My curse forever on you, O town of the trees!" an old song came to him, "and my farewell to every town I was ever in—"

A great nostalgia for Ulster, for the whins and heather, choked him.

"S iowaidh bealach fliuch solach agas borthrin cam— There 's many wet, muddy highways and crooked half-road, *eadar mise*, between me, *eadar mise, eadar mise—"* He had forgotten.

"Between me and the townland that my desire is in," the Oran steersman prompted. *"Eadar mise agas ano baile bhfuil mo dhuil ann!"*

"Mind your bloody wheel," Shane warned. "This is a ship, not a poetry society. Look at the way you 're letting her come up, you . . . Keep her off—and lam her!"

"Lam her it is, sir." The steersman grinned . . .

(Being the end of the fifth part of "The Wind Bloweth")

Adventures of an Illustrator

VIII—Getting Into Russia

By Joseph Pennell

ONE summer day in the year 1890, while E—— and I were bicycling from Berlin to Budapest, or rather from Calais to Budapest, writing and illustrating a series of articles for the London "Illustrated News," we were in Berlin, when up turned Harold Frederic, full of Jews. They were admirable, they were martyrs, they were persecuted. He would avenge them in "Scribner's" and "The New York Times," and the Rothschilds were back of him. And I must come along, and we would do an article on Kieff, the holiest place in Russia, and another on Berdichef, where, it appeared, there was a bigger horse-fair.

The fair at Berdichef was to be held in November. I waited as long as possible for the vintage in Transylvania, and it was only a day or so before I had to start that I went to the consul in Budapest and asked him about getting my passport viséd. He looked at it and said it was no good. I asked why. He told me because it was more than two years old, a fact that I was not aware of and one that was not stated on it. I asked the consul to get me a new one by telegraph from the minister in Vienna. He said that this was not possible, and he doubted if the minister would issue it, anyway.

So I told him the story of this very passport, how I had asked for it in London a few years before, and the minister had refused me. I simply told him that it did n't matter, for I should just go to Cooks' Tourist office and get a British one. He said all right; that did n't matter either; and then I told him that, as soon as I had got it, I should give a lunch to all the American newspaper correspondents in London, and tell them that he had compelled me to do so. The passport was handed me, signed and sealed, before I left the embassy, or legation, as it then was. I have usually found American diplomats more ready to be polite to the last foreign refugee or renegade than to those who have been Americans for centuries. But it appeared that a passport abroad is granted only on personal application. At home it is sent only on a written application,—such is American red-tape,—and there was n't time to go to Vienna. To get into Russia, a passport must be viséd, for it is no good without.

Now, that consul was a man of ideas, and knowing the importance of the case, he said:

"The Russian consul in Pest is a friend of mine. I will give you a personal letter of introduction to him. If you, when you call, choose to ask him to visé the passport; and if he does so, though I wash my hands of the affair, you can go. But, mind, if you get into Russia and have any trouble while there,—and you most likely will

get into trouble,—you can claim no protection from the United States whatever."

The Russian consul was charming, and viséd the passport at once. I was also furnished with official documents from the Hungarian Government to officials at Brody, on the Russian frontier, where the customs bar between the two countries crosses the streets. I was arrested promptly. And as the officials would talk nothing but Polish and could not read Hungarian or American, and insisted on my taking my hat off when I came into their mighty presence, though they kept theirs on, and as I forgot more than once, as there was no place to put my hat but on my head, I came near being sent back to Budapest. But, finally, I not only arranged matters with them, but made a number of drawings in the town.

At the Russian side of the frontier my passport was examined, my baggage was examined, and I was examined. As everything seemed in order, I was allowed to go on, and went slowly on in the Pullman, the only excitement being that the night before I got to Kieff some tremendous Russian official boarded the train, and as his greatness required an entire compartment, the Russian lady who was in the one next to mine was put, in her nightgown, into mine. I can only say she conducted herself with perfect propriety, and not as in a Russian novel, though she did smoke big black cigars.

At Kieff I went at once to the monastery I had come to draw. It stands high up above the plain, within the walls of the fortress. Long before I reached the gate I saw the pilgrims on their last day's tramp to it, for one of the great festivals of autumn was about to be held, and from all over Greater Russia the pilgrims were coming. Some from Siberia, I was told, had been eighteen months on the way. They were in rags. They carried not scrip, but tea-kettles, and all had staves or clubs. They were penniless; they were genuine, not tramps, not amateurs. At the gate many fell upon their faces, and crawled all the way to the church.

I walked, and then asked if I could find some monk who could talk English, as I was told at the hotel I should. The brother sent me, an Irishman, was charming, and at once went to ask for the permission to draw, which he assured me before he went would be refused, and it was.

But I had provided myself with tiny sketch-blocks and bits of paper, and on these I made notes of what I could not remember; but I can never forget the crowd of silent pilgrims stretched upon the church floor, waiting for the mass, the monks, each like a Christ in his stall beneath the tiny gem-like windows, the great gold lamps, the glittering icons in the gloom, and the high gold gates reaching to the roof, on which all the light from the painted windows fell. It was St. Mark's glorified.

All day I stayed there and in the other churches of the city, and when the evening service came, and the choir chanted at their great reading-desks, and the responses came down from the boys in the dome, it was too beautiful for this world.

Next day was the feast, and I was early in the church; but it was crowded. The pilgrims, ragged and smelly, were prone upon the floor, and among them, erect and motionless, in dazzling uniforms and court-dress, the generals and

officials. There was even more beautiful chanting, and at last the gates slowly opened, and generals and officials and I fell upon our knees, and one by one curtains of blue, of rose, of gold were slowly wafted aside amid clouds of incense that filled the cathedral, the holiest in Russia. In the midst for a moment, in glory, we saw the metropolitan, who blessed us. Then the curtains were wafted back, the gates were closed, the chanting ceased. It was over.

But as I looked, a great stone in the floor was rolled away, and leading downward was a flight of steps. One by one the worshipers who were near it descended, and, as I was near, I went, too. The stairs ended in a small crypt, lighter than the church above, in the center of which, on a great stone covered with tapestry, was a richly robed metropolitan wearing his crown and holding an icon. He was very still. By his side, reading a book, was seated a monk, to whom soon was brought a plate of food by other monks. He moved slightly, and as he moved there was a clanking, and I saw the two were chained together. Then I was touched, and motioned to rise from my knees and follow the rest in order to make room for others on the stairs. By winding passages, through horrid catacombs filled with dead monks in their robes, chained to the walls till they molder to dust, I came out. And when that night I told the consul what I had seen, he gasped, and said:

"My God! you have seen it! It is the living death, and you have seen what we have only heard of! The live monk chained to the dead metropolitan will stay with him till he, too, dies."

Days I spent in the churches, in the market, on the river-bank. I saw the pilgrims come down the river on great boats or being ferried over it, to climb the steep bank on the top of which the convent stands, topped by its green and gilded domes, a landmark that glitters from afar. I saw half-naked prisoners, chained together, driven through the streets by armed men. I lunched in gorgeous cafés, filled with glittering officers and beautiful ladies. I bought swell furs in the great fur markets. I saw mounted Cossacks, with swords drawn for no reason that I could find, gallop through a great wide avenue filled with crowds, and I could get no explanation from the people into whose house I rushed before they slammed and bolted the door. I saw Jews driven and beaten to the railway station, and when I came up on the train at midnight, I heard wailing, and I saw on the platform, before I was pushed back again into the car, a crowd of prisoners, off, I suppose, to Siberia, though many were Jews. I saw a great military funeral in the fortress church. And I saw, though I hardly dared to draw it, the beauty of the town piling up on the river-bank. I saw the starving, penniless pilgrims fed. I did a number of sketches, and for the first, and almost the last time, made a number of photographs, using a kodak, then a new toy. Frederic never turned up.

But nothing I ever saw in my life approached the glory of the wonderful mass or the mystery of the living death.

After I had spent some days in Kieff, I found that if I wanted to see the great fair at Berdichef I must go there at once. I went with a letter from the British consul—there was no

American representative in the city—to the governor-general of the province to ask permission to go. This the consul told me was necessary. I did not tell him my passport was worthless. With firm, but polite, frankness the governor-general told me I could not go. So I started for the frontier as soon as I could get my passport viséd.

The eighteen hours or so of dreary steppe, pine forest, and morass succeeding morass and pine forest were covered, relieved only by the long stops at the excellent railway restaurants, where there was time to dine. But if the Russian trains ran as much as they stopped, they would arrive sooner. Sometimes, when the train stopped, I could see a muddy, rutty track leading off in the direction of a copper dome on the horizon. Crowds of Jews, peasants, and soldiers were at every station, and the most charming sight was to see great bearded, decorated officers kiss with tears. Toward evening of the next day I, too, took a droshky, and with others raced across the fields to a distant town in which there was a decent hotel. After dinner I went out, and found the bazaar crowded with Jews and flaring with lights—I went into synagogues. It was the eve of some feast, or the Sabbath, and the fur-capped figures, covered with praying-cloths, reading, praying, and chanting, were unforgetable, and as soon as I got back to the hotel I put them down, though notes were made through the window of the synagogue. The town was Berdichef.

Next morning I went to the market and started a big drawing of it. I had not been at work an hour when a Jew came to me and told me in French I must come with him. He took me to a carriage with three horses and two mounted Cossacks, and away I went, stared at by the Jews, who apparently did not dare to form a crowd. After a short drive we drew up at the office of the chief of police, and there, too, were all my things, which had been brought from the hotel. I was very contemptuously asked in French what I was doing and why I had come. I told the officer to see the horse fair. All my things were examined, and as the drawings were found to be only sketches of Kieff, pilgrims, and Jews, they were dismissed as worthless or with a laugh because they were true. I had my camera with me still, as I knew from experience in Hungary that the Jews would not pose even for money. The negatives, I was told, must be developed, and in the carriage, but alone, I was sent to a photographer. Now, among these I knew were negatives taken in the fortress at Kieff, and as the monastery is within it, probably I had, in getting a pilgrim or a monk, taken a bastion as well, as the ridiculous machine, of course, will do. But the photographer, who also talked French, was human, and whenever anything that looked like a fort was developed, we destroyed it. When the prints were made, the chief of police found them quite harmless, and I supposed I could go when I wished; still, my passport, taken the night before at the hotel as is usual, was not given back to me, and I was told to wait. So I went on drawing for several days, meaning to stay for the great fair, which would be held in about a week. But the passport was not returned. I got a good deal done, but wherever I went, I was always followed either by Cossacks or by the original Jew who had arrested me.

As I was getting tired of this, I my-

self went to the chief of police and asked him about things and what was the matter. He told me at once that I was in Berdichef without permission, which was no news; and I asked him if I could return to Kieff and get it. He said, "Yes." I asked when the trains went. He knew nothing of the trains, but if I wanted to go, I could, with a chain round my leg, on foot, escorted by four Cossacks; and it would take fifteen days, and I must pay all their expenses and my own. Then he ended by saying that he did not talk French, which he had spoken all the while, and thereafter addressed all his questions to me through the Jew, who, it appeared, spoke fluent Whitechapel cockney.

I went back to the hotel to find the landlord in tears. His hotel would be ruined because I was in it. I told him nothing would give me greater pleasure than to leave, if he would only get my passports back viséd. Then he broke into fresh tears and fluent Russian. So, to relieve the landlord and also myself, I made up my mind to start that night without the passport. The only thing that bothered me was the beautiful fur coat I had bought, which was too heavy to run away with. So after a good dinner, always watched by the Jew, I went up-stairs to bed, lay down, fully dressed, on the warm stove in my room, for it was cold. About midnight, when I knew the train would start, I got up and looked out of the window. In the front street the lamplight shone on two Cossacks, muffled up in great coats, resting on their guns. I went to the back window, overlooking another street, and there by the moonlight I saw two more Cossacks muffled up, resting on their guns. I undressed, and went to bed on my stove. For the first time in my life I knew what a genuine fright was. In the morning I went to the station, always attended, and wrote out two telegrams in French, one to E—— in Budapest, and the other to the American minister in St. Petersburg, and handed them in.

A superior official who was called told me in French that they did not accept messages in that language. I humbly asked him to translate them, and he sternly refused, but put them in a drawer. I had more attacks of fright. I went back to the hotel, looking out on the way for a letter-box, which I at last found. I wrote a letter to the ambassador in Vienna, got a stamp from the porter, and, going out, walked away from the hotel, followed by my Cossacks. But I easily evaded them, and dropped the letter into the box. Now I knew I must be safe.

I stayed for days at my own expense, and nothing happened save that not a person in the hotel would speak to me or come near me, and in the stores I could scarcely buy a thing. I heard nothing. I was now sure I should spend months in the place, and more time in Siberia later till I escaped; for if I could not do as creatures of the Stepniak and Kropotkin type could, I should be ashamed of myself. But for a week nothing happened. E—— knew where I was. I had written her from Kieff before I left, and did n't worry.

On the eighth day, I think it was, at lunch, a man came up to me in the hotel and spoke, the first person for a week, and he talked American. He said he had heard how I had been treated, and it was all over the town. And people were afraid to do anything for me or even speak to me, but he was different. He had studied in the

dental college in Philadelphia, and the photographer was his brother-in-law, and Russia was an awful place, and his brother-in-law was very good. And then I cross-questioned him, and there was no more doubt that he had been in Philadelphia than that many of the Jews with their side ringlets cut off had been in London and New York. He said if I would come that night to his brother-in-law's, he thought things could be arranged. I went. There was a good supper, and after supper the chief of police came in and found his French again, and frankly told me that if I would give him five hundred rubles I could go the next day. As I was sure that in a few days I should hear from the United States minister, I refused, and refused when he came down to fifty. Then he said that the next night there were two trains for Austria, one at twelve and the other at three, and asked which I would take. I said I would take the first, and he seemed relieved, and told me that my passport would be at the station.

I packed up the next day, paid the landlord, who, with smiles and tears, bade me good-by, and long before midnight was at the station. There a charming officer of Cossacks greeted me, asked me what class I was going, bought tickets and berths for me and himself in the Pullman,—at my expense,—got into the compartment with me,—he could talk but little French,—and off we went. Repeatedly that night and the next day the train was boarded by officials, who either saluted him or whom he saluted. They looked at the passport, and we went on. There was a final examination at the frontier, and one or two people were stopped. Then we were out of Russia, but the officer still stayed. It was late at night when we stopped at the first Austria-Hungarian station. I got out, and so did the officer. On the engine were two Cossacks. At the Austrian customs office he saluted, and jumped on the train. I was free.

All the way to Pest I was the subject of a wild ovation, and there was E——, reporters from all over the place, the consul, and a wire from the minister, Colonel Fred Grant, to come to Vienna at once. When I got there I was told that the United States would take up immediately the matter of my detention and expulsion, that he had heard from Washington; but when I showed him the passport, his only remark, besides asking E—— and me to dinner, was to say, "You should thank your stars that you are coming to dinner rather than going to Siberia."

While I was in the legation my letter from Berdichef was delivered to him. He opened and read it.

"Well," said I, "now you have the facts before they have." Without a word, he took another unopened letter, held it over a samovar, and the envelop opened.

"I thought you would know that trick," he said. There were more interviews, and I was supposed to have injured my health, though there would be no damages for that, and even the doctor was disgusted when he found that the cough came only from my tonsils and did not mean consumption.

Joseph Conrad, who came from Berdichef or Brody to become the pride of English literature and English seamanship by way of a tramp steamer to the Congo, told me that the people of his native town said that if I would come back again, they would crucify me. I have not been to Russia since.

The Month in World Affairs

By Lothrop Stoddard

Genoa and After—The Near-Eastern Tangle

Was the Genoa Conference a real success or a failure? The answer to this query must depend, first, upon whether we regard Genoa as primarily a political or an economic conference, and, second, whether we look at it from the long or the short view.

If we consider the Genoa Conference from its political aspect, especially as envisaged by Premier Lloyd George, we can hardly consider it as anything but a failure. Mr. Lloyd George went to Genoa with an ambitious program whose main points were a general European settlement with Russia, the reintroduction of Germany into the European family of nations, and the establishment of a genuine concert of Europe founded upon a general non-aggression pact similar to the Four Power Treaty concluded at the Washington Conference between America, France, Great Britain, and Japan assuring peace in the Pacific for the next decade.

Such were Mr. Lloyd George's objectives. And not one of them did he attain. Russia and Germany have not been reinstated in the European family of nations; on the contrary, they have flocked off by themselves and have signed a separate treaty, which, though economic, is widely regarded as the forerunner of intimate political and even military relations. As for the European concert, it is conspicuous by its absence, while a non-aggression pact of the Washington model has proved an impossibility.

In the minds of those who had pinned their hopes upon the success of the Lloyd George program its failure has aroused acute pessimism. Typical of this attitude are the gloomy words of the British publicist Sir Philip Gibbs, who exclaims despondently: "We are in a worse state now than if the Genoa Conference had not happened, for it has intensified perils which lay dormant, speeded up hostilities and policies which were playing a waiting game, and forced forward certain grave issues which might have been postponed and in the course of time eliminated."

This extreme pessimism, however, does not appear to be justified. Despite its failures, the Genoa Conference seems to have been distinctly worth while, both on its political and, even more, on its economic side. For one thing, it was the calling of the conference that did more than anything else to avert, or at least to postpone, the explosion which was threatening Europe early last spring. As Mr. Lloyd George himself expressed it on his return home from Genoa: "We must remember that only a few weeks ago armies were massing on frontiers extending thousands of miles with the

evident intention of marching against each other. By the Genoa Conference their march has been arrested."

These dramatic words do not overstate Europe's acutely critical situation during the opening months of the present year. At that time Soviet Russia was girding itself for battle with its European neighbors, while France was preparing to invade Germany. If those disasters had occurred, Europe would have been on fire. Instead, Europe assembled at Genoa. Granted that quarrels were the order of the day, it was better that delegates should hurl speeches at one another across the green tables than that armies should hurl shells and bullets at one another across the green fields. Disagreements? Failure to achieve a constructive "settlement"? Granted. And yet for weeks all factions got together, exchanged ideas, tackled specific problems in committee, and formulated joint reports. Genoa may be a failure, but we are now in full summer, and Europe is not ablaze. Russia and her adversaries have agreed not to attack one another for the rest of the year, and an international gathering at The Hague is taking up the Russian problem where Genoa laid it down. As for France and Germany, the ominous date, May 31, has long past, and not a French soldier has moved beyond the occupied zone, while in Paris the world's leading financiers are attempting to evolve a solution of the German reparations problem. Would these things have occurred if the Genoa Conference had not taken place? It seems highly doubtful, especially when we consider the conference's economic activities.

It is these activities which are Genoa's best justification. Here we find positive, constructive achievements whose importance will be increasingly recognized as time goes on. It must not be forgotten that the conference's program was a broad one, including a general consideration of Europe's economic difficulties. The fact that specific problems like Russia and Germany stood in the lime-light and got most of the publicity should not blind us to other matters of less dramatic appeal, but of great intrinsic importance. Let us consider two of these, the problem of finance and the problem of communications.

The outstanding symptoms of Europe's economic ill health are undoubtedly the disorganization of its finances and the paralysis of its communications. Many of the world's wisest economists have stated that Europe's present woes are due mainly to unsound finances. With the exception of England and a few of the minor nations, like Holland and Switzerland, who maintained their neutrality during the late war, Europe is to-day weltering in financial chaos. All pretense of maintaining the gold standard has been abandoned, currencies have been enormously inflated by endless issues of paper money, budgets have remained unbalanced, and exchanges have become a wild delirium. Under these conditions healthy economic life, especially large-scale industrial production, is obviously impossible.

To study Europe's economic ills and attempt to formulate constructive remedies the conference early appointed a number of economic commissions, the most important being those on finance and transport. The finance commission was headed by Sir Robert Horne, Chancellor of the

British Exchequer. This body of eminent experts undertook a broad survey of the whole European currency situation. The finance commission's findings are embraced in a report whose main recommendations are as follows: stabilization of currency, freedom of banks from political pressure, reëstablishment of the gold standard, and balancing of budgets. The financial ills of Europe, it was frankly admitted, were too deep-seated to be cured at once. However, a balancing of budgets, deflation of currencies, and reëstablishment of a gold standard would check the downward course and bring great relief, with good prospect of positive cure at no very remote period.

This report is a happy augury. The fact that the representatives of all Europe found themselves in substantial agreement on an economic program so fully in accord with the findings of the world's best economic thinkers indicates that Europe is facing economic realities and may be expected soon to begin cleaning house and getting down to business. Retrenchment, hard work, thrift, and honesty may not be as sensational a program as the fly-by-night economic panaceas that have had such a vogue these last few hectic years, but they are the things that count in the end. The only real dissenting voice was that of the Russian representative, who naturally could not be expected to approve recommendations so at variance with the theory and practice of communism. Aside from this there was no serious dissent to the commission's report, which was characterized by the eminent British authority, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, as "a financial code not less important to the world to-day than was the civil code of Justinian."

The report of the transport commission is likewise of great importance. Ever since the war the state of both land and water communications in central and eastern Europe has been deplorable. During the war years the railroads greatly deteriorated, neither road-beds nor rolling-stock being adequately repaired. And as a result of the peace treaties the situation became even worse. The new frontiers were drawn with scant regard for existing lines of communication, while no effective methods of coöperation were devised between states which, mutually suspicious and hostile as they were, practised policies of the most short-sighted egoism. Acting on the motto, "What we have we hold," each state grabbed all the rolling-stock it could lay hands on. Engines, freight- or passenger-cars, canal-boats, and river steamers, once crossing a frontier, were never returned. Therefore they never crossed a frontier, but were laboriously unloaded, and the freight carried across the border, to be reloaded into other conveyances on the other side. This spelled nothing short of paralysis in transportation and inflicted a body-blow to Europe's economic existence. Of course things were most chaotic in central Europe, but in Russia the absence of hampering frontiers was nullified by an even more complete breakdown of road-beds and rolling-stock.

So crying were these evils that even before Genoa attempts had been made to remedy them. Nearly two years ago an international transport conference met at Barcelona and passed resolutions advocating freedom of transit on pre-war principles. Still more

recently another conference had met at Porto Rose and had drafted a convention for the apportionment of rolling-stock between the various central European states. However, very little had been actually done. The transport commission of the Genoa Conference went exhaustively into the whole situation and issued a report confirming and amplifying the recommendations passed at Barcelona and Porto Rose. The main items of its program were as follows: conditions of international transport to be regulated without regard to politics; the richer states to aid the poorer states to restore their railroad systems; the Barcelona resolutions for freedom of transit to be adopted by all countries; the Porto Rose conventions for the apportionment of rolling-stock to be generally approved; a general European transport conference to be held in the near future.

Such are the main economic achievements of the Genoa Conference. And surely these are of great significance and value.

The distinctions between the Genoa Conference on the one hand and The Hague and Paris conferences on the other hand must be clearly understood. The Genoa Conference was a general meeting of all Europe for a broad program of discussion and action. The Hague and Paris conferences are meetings of experts, representing a limited number of states and concerned each with a specific problem. At The Hague an official meeting of accredited experts are taking up the problem of Russia's political and economic relations with the rest of Europe. At Paris a technically unofficial meeting of bankers and financial experts are discussing the problem of German reparations. At Paris the United States is prominently represented, it being generally acknowledged that the financial rehabilitation of Europe is impossible without American collaboration.

Considering Genoa from its diplomatic aspect, the two outstanding events are the Russo-German Treaty of Rapallo and the sharp opposition between England and France. Last month I discussed the significance of the Russo-German treaty and showed that it was not a mere diplomatic manœuver, but the logical fruit of centuries of close economic and cultural relations. As for Anglo-French antagonism, I discussed that subject in this department some months ago and showed that here, likewise, we are in the presence not of a temporary diplomatic flurry, but of a deep-going tendency, extending over centuries, which was bound to reappear as soon as the common German peril that united the two nations for a decade had passed away.

There can be little doubt that the Genoa Conference intensified rather than appeased the current antagonism between the two nations. Viewed from this angle, Genoa was a diplomatic battle-ground between Great Britain, supported by Italy and most of the "neutrals" on the one hand, and France, backed by Belgium, Poland, and the Little Entente on the other. France disliked the very idea of the Genoa Conference, opposed Mr. Lloyd George's program, and, by effectively blocking the main points in that program, won a tactical victory. The resultant exasperation of English public opinion is well reflected in the angry comments of the British press.

This deepening antagonism between France and England is a very serious matter, because both nations are drifting into traditional attitudes that in the past have spelled war. The best hope for a bettering of relations lies in English common sense and French keenness for realities. Even Premier Poincaré does not act as fiercely as he talks. As one of his compatriots has wittily remarked, "Monsieur Poincaré begins by banging the table—but not the door."

Summing up the results of Genoa, it appears that the balance was on the right side, that the holding of the conference was clearly justified, that a grave crisis threatening European peace was allayed, and that further benefits may be expected from the special conferences of The Hague and Paris, which are Genoa's immediate outgrowth.

THE NEAR-EASTERN TANGLE

While Europe has been taking stock of its difficulties at Genoa, the adjacent regions of western Asia and northern Africa collectively known as the Near East have remained a prey to profound unrest, which steadily increases with the course of time. Everywhere there is trouble: in Asia Minor, in Syria, in Mesopotamia, in Egypt, and along the north African shores of the Mediterranean from the mouth of the Nile to the mountains of Morocco. The disturbances vary considerably in intensity and method, but their underlying motive is always the same, a rebellious discontent against European control and a desire for independence.

In Asia Minor the situation is truly deplorable. The warfare that has been going on for the last two years between Turks and Greeks shows no signs of immediate settlement. Neither party being able to overcome the other, extensive military operations have been discontinued, but sporadic fighting and mutual oppressions of civilian populations keep racial and religious animosities at a white heat. The Turkish Nationalist government of Mustapha Kemal, established at Angora in the interior of Asia Minor, harasses the Greek lines by guerrilla raids and maltreats the native Greeks and Armenians under its control. The Greeks, firmly planted at Smyrna and adjacent districts of western Asia Minor, strive to turn their military occupation into permanent possession and are enrolling the native Christians into an auxiliary force known as the "Micrasiatic Army." In the background hover the European powers, Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, intriguing against one another, angling for concessions, and aiding one or other of the local combatants. Meanwhile Asia Minor, the battle-ground of all these conflicting forces, goes steadily from bad to worse, its economic life disrupted, its unfortunate inhabitants conscripted into the contending armies, forced into exile as penniless refugees, or exposed to maltreatment and massacre.

Farther eastward the Arab lands are seething with unrest. These regions, formerly part of the Ottoman Empire, are now under European control. This control is veiled under the guise of mandates of the League of Nations, but the inhabitants bitterly resent even this degree of tutelage and clamor for the independence virtually promised them by the British and French governments as the price of their rebellion again Turkey during

the late war. England and France have partitioned the entire region between themselves in the form of three mandates, two of these, Mesopotamia and Palestine, being held by England, the third, Syria, being held by France.

The mandatories have never had an easy time of it. In both Syria and Mesopotamia heavy fighting accompanied and followed the imposition of European control. The situation was complicated by the fact that neither England nor France was satisfied with the division of the spoils, and they intrigued against each other in their respective spheres. Toward the Arabs the two countries pursued somewhat different policies. In Mesopotamia, after a period of sharp repression, England adopted a conciliatory attitude, granting it qualified independence as the "Kingdom of Irak" under the rule of Feisal, the Arab leader whom the French had expelled from Syria. In Syria, on the other hand, France pursued a policy of thoroughgoing repression, enforced by a large French army under one of their most determined colonial soldiers, General Gouraud. After Feisal and other Arab nationalist leaders had been expelled or imprisoned, Syria was quiet, but that it was the quiet of repression the grave disturbances of the last few months have made abundantly plain.

Curiously enough, the disturbances appear to have been precipitated in consequence of events connected with the visit of an American traveler, Mr. Charles R. Crane of Chicago. Mr. Crane was no stranger to Syria. During the Versailles Peace Conference he was chairman of a commission sent to Turkey by President Wilson to ascertain the wishes of the local populations. The report of this commission has never been published, but Mr. Crane and other members have stated that the great majority of the Syrians were strongly opposed to any form of French control. This naturally made Mr. Crane very popular with the Syrian nationalists, so when he arrived in Damascus early last April he was immediately surrounded by his nationalist friends, who gave him an ovation that was really a political protest against French rule. In order not to embarrass the French authorities, Mr. Crane left Syria. The French authorities, however, did not forget the incident and promptly arrested many of the nationalist leaders, including their most influential personality, Dr. Shahbander, a man of great popularity, often called the Gandhi of Syria.

This provoked serious trouble. The nationalists promptly staged monster demonstrations demanding the publication of the report of the American commission and the sending of an international commission of inquiry into the French mandate. Terming these demonstrations seditious, the French authorities dispersed them and made fresh arrests. Thereupon fierce rioting broke out in Damascus and most of the other cities of Syria. The riots were quickly repressed by machine-gun fire, causing heavy loss of life; but the country districts were not so easily quieted. Here the inhabitants, reënforced by swarms of Bedouins from the desert, rose in open insurrection and inflicted some sharp punishment on the French troops. At this writing, despite General Gouraud's quick action and severe measures, quiet has not been restored. Meanwhile Mr. Crane, visiting Europe,

sharply criticized French rule in Syria, asserted that more trouble was impending, and gave a most pessimistic report to the Council of the League of Nations. According to Mr. Crane, hostility of the whole Moslem world toward the Western nations, including the United States, is rapidly increasing, this hostility being primarily due to a feeling that promises of independence have been broken. Mr. Crane reported that the Moslems are far less eager for reconciliation with the West than they were at the close of the late war, and are to-day unwilling to accept compromise agreements which were then popular. Mr. Crane went on to state that the present situation is serious not only for the European powers, but also for America, because Americans share in the general unpopularity of the Europeans. This might jeopardize American missionary enterprise in the Near East, which has already cost so many millions and so much energy. There was, concluded Mr. Crane, real danger that, unless the anti-Western movement were checked, the missions might have to abandon their field.

Mr. Crane's prophecy of growing trouble is borne out by events in other portions of the Near East. In Mesopotamia, for example, British concessions have not sufficed to eradicate unrest. At the Genoa Conference representatives of King Feisal of Irak presented a strongly worded memorandum claiming independence for Syria and protesting against French rule. At the same time King Feisal refused the demand of the British high commissioner in Mesopotamia to prohibit demonstrations against the British mandate over that country. Instead, King Feisal formed a constitutional assembly with broad powers over foreign as well as internal affairs. All this has caused strained relations between Feisal and the British authorities, and British reënforcements are reported on the way to handle the situation.

In Palestine, likewise, the situation is very tense. The Arab inhabitants, Christian as well as Moslem, are growing steadily more hostile toward the Jews, fearing that the Zionists plan a Jewish state in which the non-Jewish inhabitants, who comprise about ninety per cent. of the population, will be subjected to Zionist minority rule. Only the presence of British troops prevents the recurrence of the anti-Jewish riots which occurred last year.

In Egypt matters are quieter, following the grant of qualified independence, but the situation is frankly unstable, and trouble may break out again at any time. Farther west along the north African littoral the Italians are having a very bad time of it with their Tripolitan subjects. Last March the latest of a series of fierce rebellions broke out, driving the Italians back toward the coast. At present the arrival of heavy reënforcements has enabled the Italians to conduct a vigorous offensive against the Arab rebels, though the latter are as yet far from subdued. Still farther westward, the French north African possessions of Tunis and Algeria are outwardly calm, but the growth of nationalist movements disquiets the French authorities. Lastly, in Morocco, the Spaniards are pegging away with their costly and interminable war against the Riffian mountaineers. Such is the present state of the Near East—not a pleasant picture.

An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times

By Glenn Frank

What I should not Do with Five Million Dollars

I have just had one of the most exhilarating intellectual experiences of my life. One of our distinguished rich men discussed with me the dilemma he faces in attempting to decide how he should dispose of his fortune in order to make it contribute to the largest possible public good of this and future generations. The man in question is a refreshing contrast to the type of gray-minded executive who has amassed a fortune by that mysterious sixth sense—the money sense. He is essentially an inventor, a social inventor. He has always been animated by the pioneer's restless itch for exploration of new and undeveloped areas of business. His highly successful business has been the product of a mind keenly sensitive to the social implications and public responsibilities of business. He is, in the best sense of that much abused and weather-beaten word, a liberal.

To his credit, let it be said that he has no one pet idea, social, political, religious, or economic, that he desires to foist upon future generations by putting behind it an adequately financed and astutely organized propaganda. He is concerned that future generations think in a liberal fashion upon the problems they have to face at the time rather than that future generations agree with ideas which he to-day regards as liberal. In other words, he is more concerned that after his death his fortune shall minister to liberal purposes, whatever they may happen to be at the time, than to any liberal program now in existence. He is more interested in the creed-maker than in the creed-keeper.

All this is, I think, commendable. It marks a definite advance over the plutocratic, paternalistic Prussian philosophy which animates a certain type of rich man who at the moment of will-making thinks in the conventional terms of endowments and foundations.

I am not attempting to suggest a wholesale condemnation of foundations and endowments. Most of us agree, I think, that the endowment of scientific research, of the war against disease, and of education are salutary forms of endowment. But even in these instances there is a vast and relatively untouched opportunity for men and money, saturated with scientific imagination, to stimulate the people to do these things for themselves instead of having these things done for them by endowments and foundations. The man who could use his imagination, his leadership, and his money to influence the medical profession and the masses of men and women throughout the country toward the working

out of a program that would make of the medical profession a national health army instead of the physical wrecking crew of private practitioners it now is, and that would inject sanity into our daily habits of living, would go further toward making us a physically fine people than any foundation studying this or that disease can possibly do. We need foundations for the study of cancer and hook-worm and yellow fever and typhus. I am not attempting to send even a breath of criticism in their direction. I am only concerned to suggest that throwing several million dollars at a group of scientists and saying to them, "Study cancer," is a relatively easy thing to do. The world is waiting for the rich man who will undergo the intolerable fatigue of thought in addition to the gracious gesture of benevolence, and furnish the imaginative impulse that will awaken medical statesmanship in the medical profession, and convince the masses of our citizens that they should be as fanatically propagandist about health as about prohibition.

And I am not at all sure that the last word has been said on the real relation of endowment to education. We know with what apparent inevitability huge endowments cast a spell of conservatism over educational institutions. We know how frequently the trustees of certain universities can better be described as the trustees of dead men's estates rather than as trustees of the university. We know how frequently the money interest in our universities puts safety above scientific veracity in the employment and dismissal of professors. I wonder if the next great adventure in education will not be the development of a self-supporting university. I am watching with the keenest interest Mr. Arthur Morgan's experiment at Antioch. If he can succeed in creating an institution that can support itself through the part-time employment of students in active and remunerative work and through the rendering by its faculty members of commercially profitable services to the outside world, and do all this primarily because it means a better type of education and a better type of educators and not as the conventional effort to make education possible for poor boys, Mr. Morgan will render a greater service to the nation than any man can do by handing over a billion dollars in endowment to any one or several of our educational institutions. In addition to the development of sounder educational theory, he will have taken a most effective step toward loosening the clutch of the dead hand from our educational system.

But I am wandering too far, perhaps, from my friend who faces the immediate and practical problem of disposing of his fortune. I wanted, however, to suggest at the outset that the rich man who refuses to be content with the lazy method of handing over his money to some "good" cause and really attempts in critical fashion to reëxamine the whole psychology of patronage, and attempts to devise ways and means of preventing his fortune from becoming ultimately a dead hand rather than a living purpose will transform the job of will-making from a morbid affair into an exciting adventure.

I should like now to set down certain observations regarding rich men and their money both during their lifetime, when their living will

dictates its use, and after their death, when their documentary will dictates its use. All five of the statements that I now want to make I have already made at one time or another in these columns during the last four years; but it will be of value, I think, to summarize them in this connection.

First, taken by and large, the rich man's greatest opportunity for public service lies inside his private business. That is to say, statesmanship in business is of greater social value than philanthropy outside business. I have often thought of the case of Carnegie. Mr. Carnegie, when he reached the zenith of his industrial and financial power, sold out and spent the rest of his life in so-called "public work." He endowed libraries, built peace palaces, and enjoyed a wide-spread reputation as a distinguished servant of the common good. I wish Mr. Carnegie had possessed the requisite imagination and statesmanship to see that in his steel industry he possessed a remarkable social laboratory under his immediate control—a laboratory in which he might have helped the nation to experiment its way toward some solution of the vexed problem of industrial relations. I cannot but feel that had he spent his energy and his money in this fashion there would now stand to his credit something far more satisfying than the cobwebs that have been spun across the entrance to his peace palace at The Hague. In other words, Mr. Carnegie had the opportunity to be a statesman in business; he chose to be a philanthropist outside business.

Second, there is something fundamentally ineffective in the final working out of virtually all endowed efforts. I believe that normal human beings basically dislike having things done for them. It may be that some day we shall discover that the only uplift that really uplifts is the doing of some creative thing, the example of which will be contagious, and doing it so successfully, that it pays its own way.

Third, it is a dangerous thing for the American people to permit rich, conservative, old men to endow for future generations their own old and conservative ideas.

Fourth, the only thing any man of sincere and disinterested public spirit has the right to project across future generations is the spirit, the purpose, and the general direction of his mind. Even this right must be hedged about by the proviso that the spirit, the purpose, and the general direction of his mind be dynamic, liberal, and headed toward the future. No man has the right to embalm in an endowment the political, social, economic, or religious ideas that he may hold at the time he makes his will. The moment any rich man goes beyond an effort to perpetuate his good impulse and attempts to give immortality to his fixed notions he becomes a menace to a free people. From the point of view of the public good it is much better for him to waste his substance in riotous living and dissipate his fortune in the collection of bric-à-brac. As Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee once said, "We do not mind in America having our millionaires around everywhere collecting yesterday's porcelains. What we mind is their idea of collecting yesterday's ideas."

Fifth, no one has yet devised a technic for endowing the endower's impulse in distinction from his ideas.

As I stated in an earlier paragraph, it is refreshing to find a rich man who

in the main is willing to subscribe to at least the first four of these statements. I have said that my rich friend is animated with the pioneer's instinct, and possesses a creative mind. He may yet render my fifth statement obsolete by devising a technic for endowing that elusive thing, the liberal spirit. If he does, he will be the world's greatest benefactor.

I doubt that he will. I do not believe that it is possible to express the liberal spirit generation after generation through any one organization or piece of machinery that any man can devise and endow. The spirit of the inventor, of the pioneer, of the progressive is constantly in conflict with established institutions. If the first group selected by the rich man to administer his fortune for liberal purposes is to be self-perpetuating, the obvious fact is that the members of this group will select their successors at a time when advancing age has rendered them more conservative. This means that the second generation of administrators will be more conservative than the first, that the third generation will be more conservative than the second, and so on. If the group of administrators is to be replaced by the method of election from various business, industrial, and social groups, it seems to me inevitable that the gangrene of politics will sooner or later eat away the founder's purpose.

How, then, is a rich man to provide for the *continuous* functioning of his fortune after his death? The answer is, I think, that he cannot and should not. There are of course all sorts of qualifications to this dogmatic statement. I think it is possible and desirable for certain fortunes to be left intact as endowments to scientific research and the like. My statement applies only to the rich man who desires that his fortune shall, generation after generation, promote political, social, and industrial liberalism. I have my own notion of what I should do if I were a multimillionaire facing the problem of making my will, and wanted to be as certain as it is humanly possibly to be that my fortune would minister to liberal and progressive social policies. My notion clusters around the endowment of living genius, and would mean that my fortune would disappear as an entity or single fund at the end of one generation. But this is another story for another issue.

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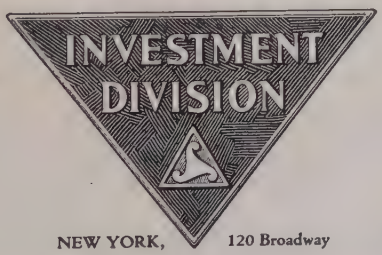

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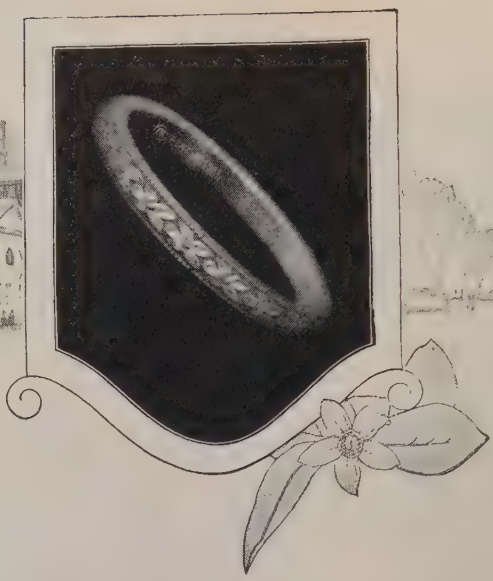

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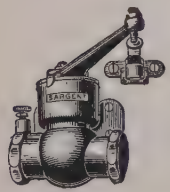

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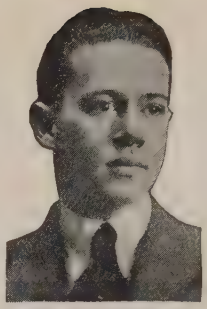

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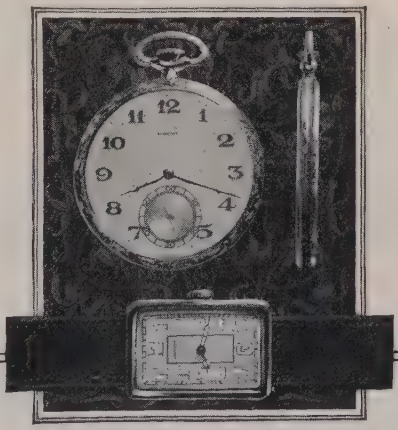

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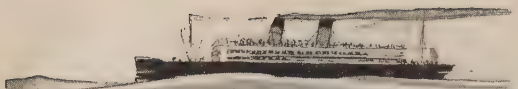

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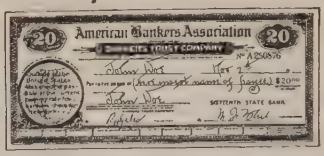

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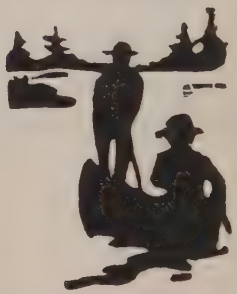

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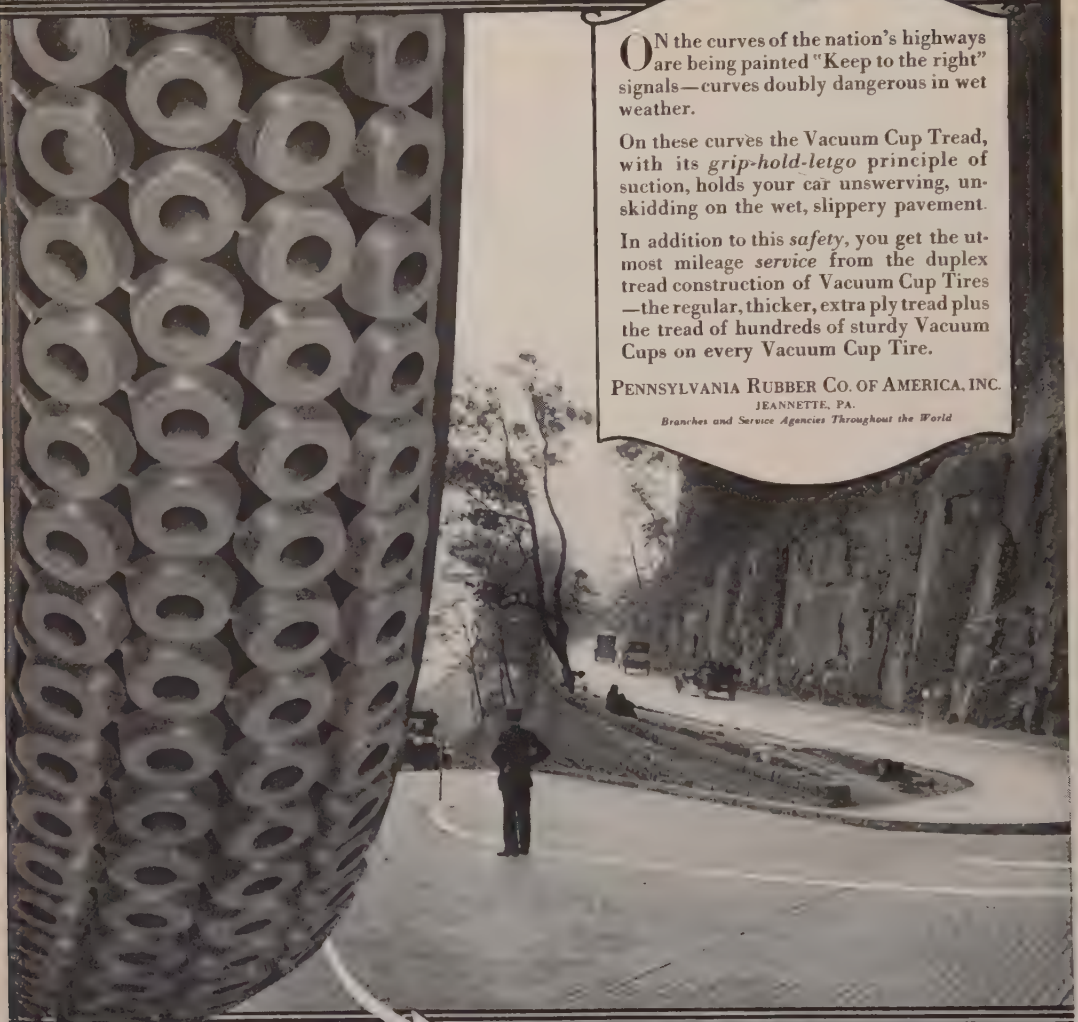

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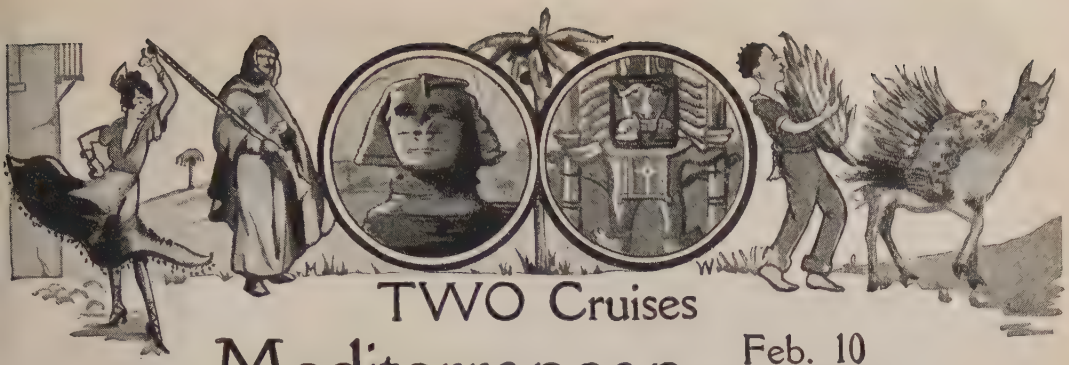

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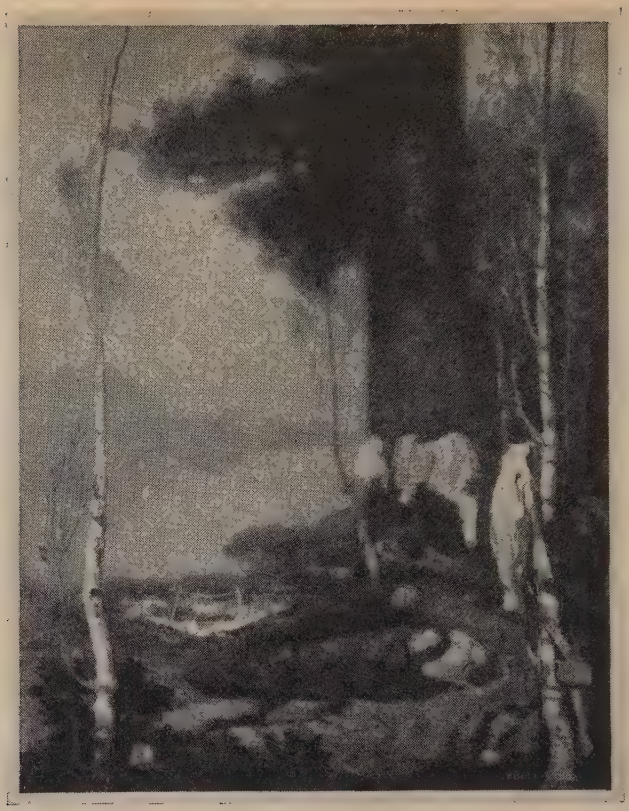

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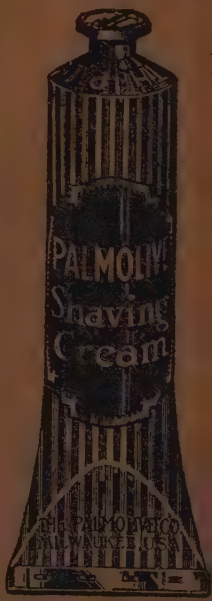

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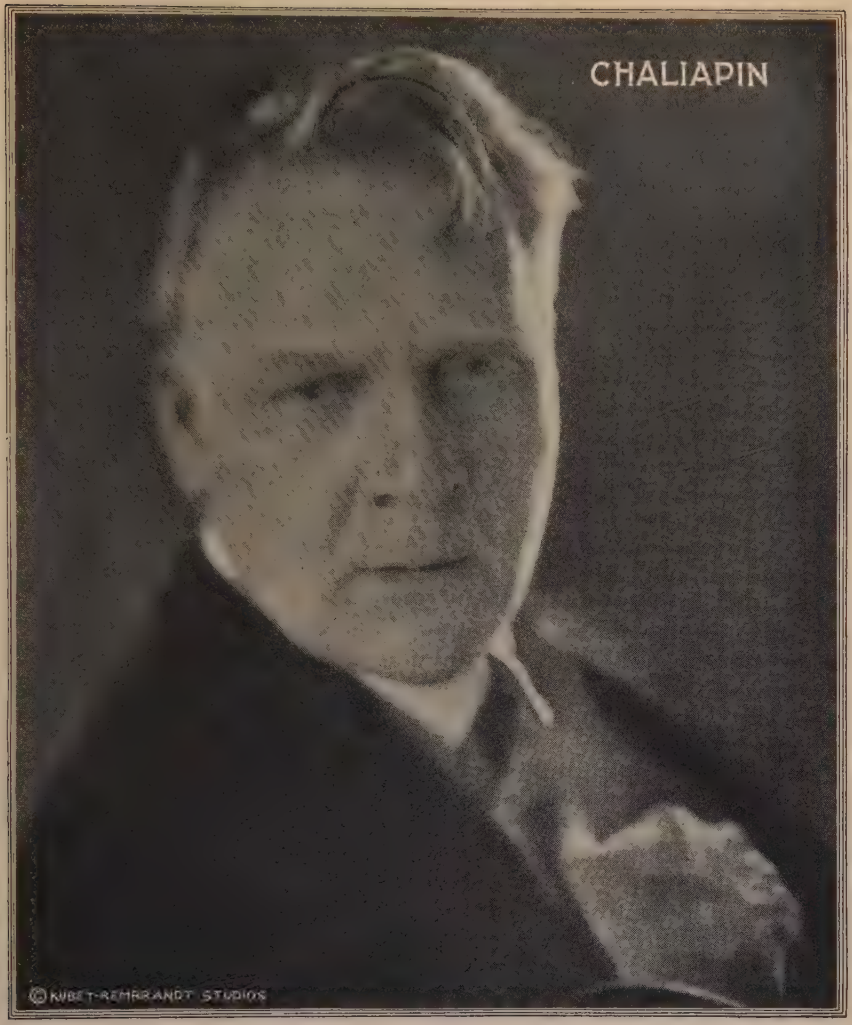

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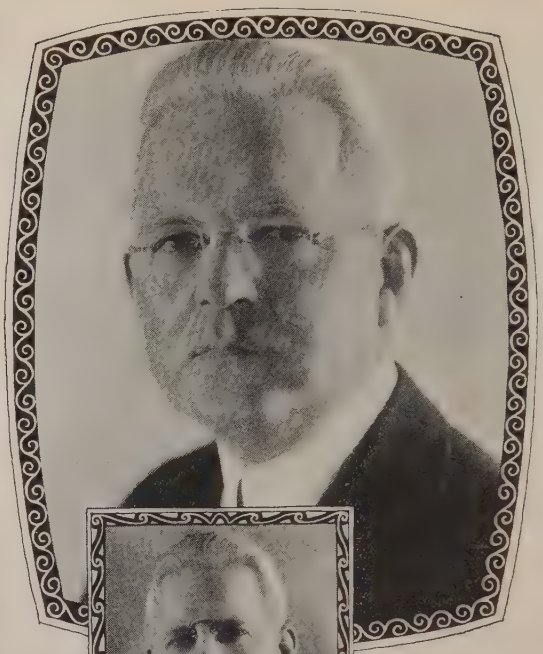

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VOL. 104 — NO. 5

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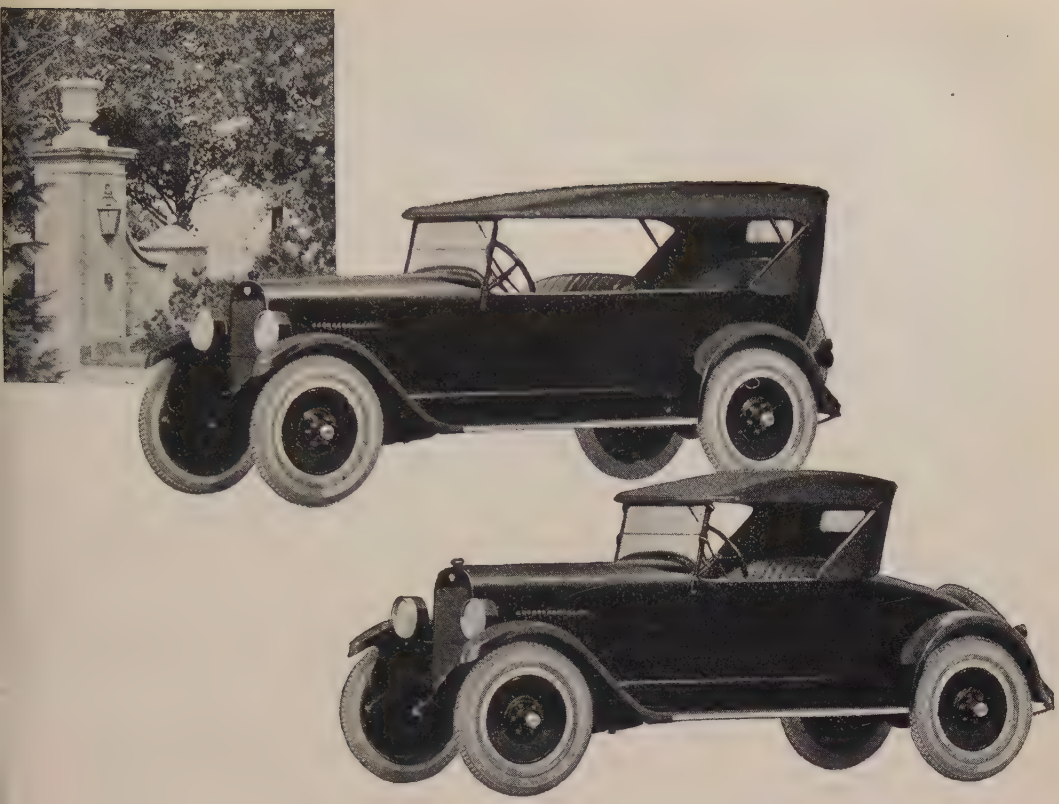

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Among Our Contributors

Franz Molnar ("The Snow-Man") is an Hungarian dramatist who first became known in this country by his play "The Devil," the dramatic success of nearly two decades ago which made George Arliss famous as an actor. Mr. Molnar was born in Budapest in 1879, and as a young man was a printer. In 1900 his first play, "Magdolna," won him recognition in his own country. "The Devil," produced in 1907, was an international success, and in 1907 and 1908 was being acted in virtually every large city of the civilized world. Recently, his "Liliom" has enjoyed an almost equal popularity. Mr. Molnar has visited America twice, and is regarded abroad as a violent America-phobe, if we may coin a word, because of his unqualified enthusiasm and admiration for all things American. Although he is less widely known for his non-dramatic writing, such short tales as "The Snow-Man" are his greatest delight. Benjamin Glazer, translator of the story, is now in Vienna as Mr. Molnar's guest, and more of Mr. Molnar's delightful tales are promised readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE when Mr. Glazer returns.

Five and a half years ago the editor of this column, then a newspaper man in New York, was sent by his managing editor to interview half a dozen leading American women. It was on that day in the early spring of 1917 when America officially entered the World War. The interviews were to deal with the ideas of these women on what that step meant to the women of America. One of the women to be interviewed was the editor of a widely known woman's magazine, a woman not yet thirty, but already an outstanding American. As she came forward, a tall, almost boyish figure, with wonderful wide-set, gray eyes and dark hair parted and coifed simply above a broad forehead, the thought that flashed into the interviewer's mind was, "Joan of Arc must have looked like that."

It was **Honoré Willsie** ("The Adopted Mother"), editor of the "Delineator," already the author of three successful novels, and at twenty-seven a far-reaching power among American women.

Her paper on "The Adopted Mother" is so largely biographical that ordinarily we should not need to enlarge upon the writer's history; but she gives there only one phase of so varied and interesting a career that a few brief facts must be added.

Honoré Willsie comes of old New England stock that "went West." She was born in Iowa, was graduated from the University of Wisconsin, married upon leaving college a consulting engineer, and with him spent two years in the Arizona desert. She came on to New York then, and sold her first short stories. "The Heart of the Desert," a novel, published in 1913, and "Still Jim," which followed two years later, brought her immediate recognition. "Lydia of the Pines," "The Forbidden Trail," and "The Enchanted Canyon" have followed, each adding readers to Mrs. Willsie's wide public. Synonymous with the appearance of this paper, Mrs. Willsie's new novel, "Judith of the Godless Valley," is published. All of these novels have dealt with the West, but they have been Western stories vastly different from the manufactured pish-posh one usually associates with that label.

Hildegarde Hawthorne once wrote of Honoré Willsie:

> She perceives a danger in the fall of the older ideals, of the stern New England spirit that first set this country moving on its far-reaching destiny, in the swamping inroad of alien races before which the old American breed is swept farther and farther from the homes it first built, not only physically but spiritually. And in her books she draws vivid pictures of this yielding and shuffling, taking her characters from descendants of the old stock, and showing where they fail to uphold the old ideals, and how, if America is to fulfill the noble promise of her youth, the young men and young women whose forefathers marked out the high and difficult path, must learn to walk therein, must hew out new and nobler ways, and must be ready to give, as well as to take. . . .

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According to his own testimony, this is what happened when **Garet Garrett** ("The Goose-Man") left the "New York Tribune," of which he was one of the editors: "On a rainy night three years ago Garet Garrett assumed the true guise of an inmate," says Mr. Garrett, writing in the third person, "sawed a hole through the top of his cell, and disappeared from the asylum of New York newspaper life, thereby forfeiting more than twenty years of good conduct. He was next heard of as the author of 'The Blue Wound,' a strange book, for which the publishers could give no sane commercial reason for printing." Mr. Garrett has since produced a novel, "The Driver," which has appeared serially and will come out in book form this autumn; also a number of short stories, and one of thirty essays in "Civilization in the United States." He is said to be writing another novel.

Honoré Willsie

William Overhardt, who has made the drawings for Mr. Garrett's story, is an American artist who was born in Guttenberg, New Jersey, studied in this country at the National Academy of Design, and later under Carl Marr and Ludwig Herterich in Munich. Mr. Overhardt has been particularly distinguished for his fine portrait work in black and white. During the war he was one of the committee of artists organized as "The Division for Pictorial Publicity." When the Government asked for photographs of these men for the permanent war records, Mr. Overhardt suggested that drawings would be much more in keeping, and he was commissioned to make black-and-white portraits of twenty-five of the men of the committee.

W. H. Hudson ("On the Sense of Direction") writes us from London, good-naturedly upbraiding us for the photograph of him which we reproduced in this column in the July number.

"I am sorry to see that the ancient ghost of my countenance is in the magazine. If I had known you were going to put me in your gallery, I should have sent a very much later photograph, one in which I do not appear to be tumbling to pieces!"

Mr. Hudson, in another paragraph of his letter, says, "I am delighted to see that a story by my correspondent and friend, Charles Finger, is next to my own." The story he refers to is "My Friend Julio," with which the July number opened.

Albert Frederick Wilson ("Three Poems—Variations on the Same Theme") is a new poet whose work is just beginning to find its way into magazine publication. An English critic of standing has recently pronounced his long poem, "Woodrow Wilson," to be one of two great poems written in the free verse forms. Professor Wilson is better known for his courses in creative writing at New York University. A number of the outstanding poets and writing and editing folk of the younger school are his former students. Professor Wilson's intimate friends have known for some time that his own work has been slowly maturing, and those who have read his occasioual manuscripts have prophesied a new voice of marked originality and power. A recently published small volume, "The Township Line," and one or two short poems in "The New Republic" and "The Nation" are the first things to come from his pen after a silence of ten years. Professor Wilson lives on a Connecticut farm, in an old Dutch colonial house dating back to 1750. He works in a real attic of handhewn oak timbers, with windows over a lovely old-fashioned garden of tall hollyhocks and Sweet William and Michaelmas daisies. The inscription which he has written for his sun-dial reads:

"Time is a folly of falling sand,
I measure the swing of God's right hand,"

A motto which, Mrs. Wilson whispers, overawes her quiet garden most prodigiously. But she

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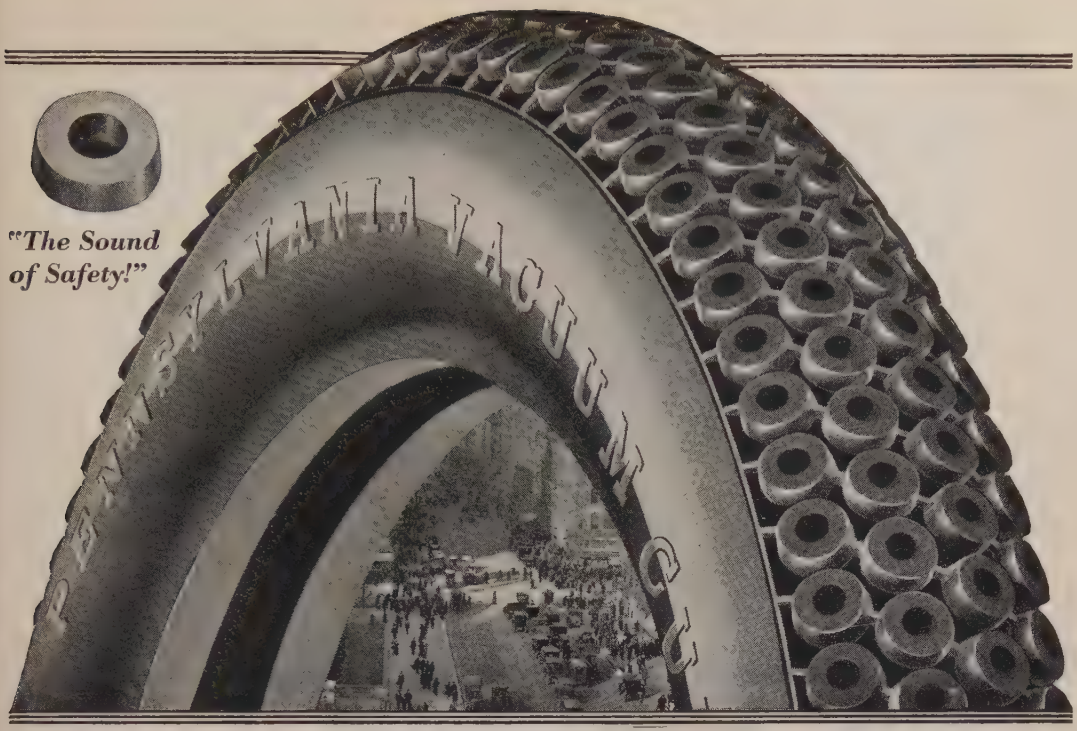
asserts philosophically that living with a poet is very much like that.

Bessie Beatty ("The Bogy-Man of the Bosporus") was one of the first Americans since the war to journey to Constantinople by the Black Sea route, which was closed to all traffic until the American Relief Association decided to use Odessa as a base for famine-relief operations. During her last visit to Russia Miss Beatty wrote a series of magazine articles which were intentionally designed to be non-controversial, non-political, non-economic, but colorfully descriptive of life as lived by such butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers as had survived seven years of war, revolution, and famine. Miss Beatty saw the grim effects of the latter as she went through the famine district with Kalinin and his staff. Three years spent in the editorship of "McCall's Magazine" separate Miss Beatty's two trips to Russia. The first was undertaken as war correspondent for a San Francisco paper, and began with the long journey across Siberia to Petrograd. It was a thrilling year in the history of Russia—1917. Kerensky was at the height of his power, and it was his determination that kept Russian armies in the field against Germany. In her capacity as war correspondent Miss Beatty visited the southwestern front, and lived for nearly a week with the famous Women's Battalion of Death. The Bolshevik uprising of July swept the war into insignificance as far as Petrograd was concerned. Miss Beatty heard the rattle of machine-guns by night and watched by day the troops whom Kerensky had summoned from the front to defend the Government streaming through the streets of Petrograd. Petrograd had hardly caught its breath after this first manifestation of the Bolshevik power before the Korniloff rebellion threatened the city from another angle, physically and politically. Miss Beatty, foreigner though she was, felt keenly the tense anticipation of what would happen should the old régime be restored. What an anti-climax, for a war correspondent at any rate, when the only shot fired was by one of Korniloff's officers committing suicide! The soldiers sent out to fight one another simply fraternized. The Korniloff rebellion, as Miss Beatty has said, paved the way for the Bolshevik revolution of November, when the dictatorship of the proletariat was proclaimed. Miss Beatty, still in Petrograd at the time, saw the Bolsheviks snatch the power of government from Kerensky. She was at the famous meeting of the soldiers and workmen's Deputies, which proclaimed "All power to the Soviets"; she was one of the first non-combatants to enter the Winter Palace after it fell into the Soviet power; she saw the pathetic demonstration of the older revolutionists, who disagreed with the Bolsheviks. It is as a reporter trained in a difficult and dangerous school that Bessie Beatty presents this account of her recent visit to Constantinople.

Albert Frederick Wilson

The amusing story of child life on the Mexican Border, "What do We Wear?" is a first story. Its author, **Elinor Cowan Stone,** has been for the last two years a teacher of English at the University of Colorado. She was born in Michigan, but grew up in New England, and was graduated from Mount Holyoke College. After she left college she taught English and dramatics in various high schools, and also for two years in Oahu College, Honolulu. In 1915 she married, and went with her husband to Hurley, New Mexico, a copper-mining town, where, it is to be inferred, she met the originals of *Ramon* and the other children of "What do We Wear?" A picture of Mrs. Stone will be found in the section of "Informal Talks about The Century Magazine."

Winold Reiss ("The Oberammergau Players") appeared in The Century Magazine in July with some Mexican drawings for Katherine Ann Porter's "Where Presidents Have No Friends." In this column for July we gave a fairly detailed account of Mr. Reiss's career and his work as an artist. In the paper accompanying his drawings of "The Oberammergau Players" he is sufficiently explanatory, so that nothing need be added here.



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Katherine Mansfield ("The Fly") is an English short-story writer whose work has run the gantlet of the most discriminating criticism. A volume of her collected stories, "The Garden Party," has recently been published in this country. Miss Mansfield is the wife of J. Middleton Murray, editor of the London "Athenæum," now "The Nation and Athenæum." It was in the "Athenæum" that Miss Mansfield's first stories appeared. At the present time she is in Switzerland, recovering from a serious illness.

Oliver M. Sayler ("Our Theater at Cross-Purposes") has been a frequent contributor to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE during the last year. Mr. Sayler began his career as a dramatic critic on the Indianapolis "News." Special articles for the Boston "Transcript" and for various magazines followed. In 1917 he spent several months in Russia, and was in close touch with the work of the Russian Art Theater in Moscow. This famous organization is coming to America in November.

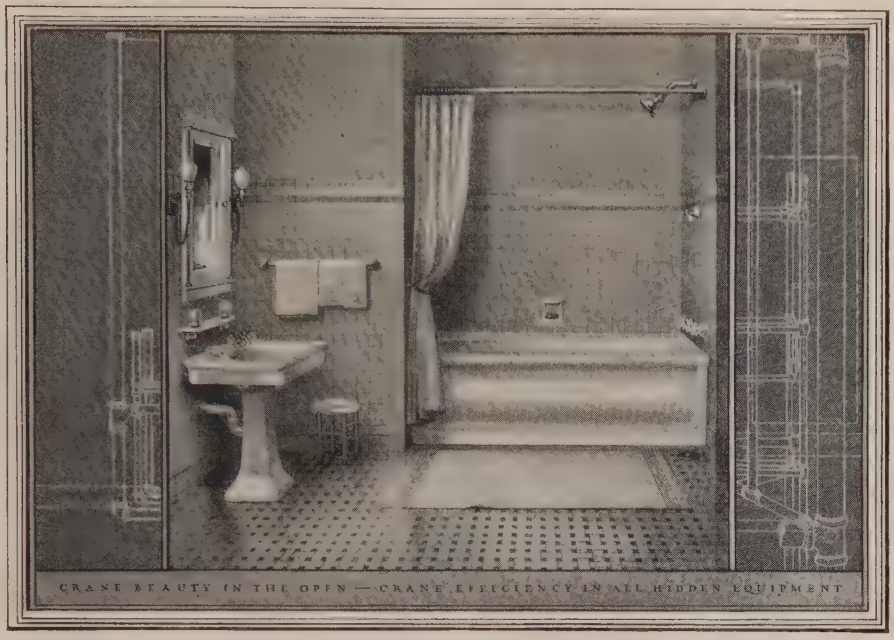
BESSIE BEATTY

Some of the drawings are by **Lucie R. Sayler,** Mr. Sayler's wife. Mrs. Sayler has designed stage-sets and done considerable illustration of articles on the theater. During the war she was with the Red Cross at Le Mans, and later with the French Reconstruction Committee at Verdun. She has studied art under Lucy L'Engle at Provincetown and with Henriette Reiss, wife of Winold Reiss (whose drawings and article on Oberammergau appear in this number), in New York.

Other drawings for Mr. Sayler's paper are by **Lee Simonson,** who designs stage settings for "The Theater Guild," and **Esther J. Peck,** of the staff of The Neighborhood Playhouse.

For the benefit of those who have not read the earlier parts of Donn Byrne's novel, "The Wind Bloweth," we append the following synopsis:

Because it was his fourteenth birthday, they had allowed wee Shane Campbell a day off from school, and he went alone up to the top of the Mountain of Fiona, and suddenly as he climbed he saw Dancing Town high in the air, swinging between his Ireland and Scotland across the sea. Later he met a sailor, a Raghery man, who told him about Dancing Town, which he called "Fiddlers' Green." Together they went to Shane's Uncle Robin to ask that Shane might go with the sailor to learn the trade. But five years at sea, as apprentice and navigator, had shown his eyes much and his heart little, so that when he met Moyra Dolan, it was love and not a matter of sweethearting. He had followed his dream of coming home from the sea to a swept house and a gracious, kindly woman. But the real house was cold and strange, and his wife was cold and strange until sudden death had come to her while she was beating Shane's faithful old hound. For six years after the death of his wife women were alien to Shane Campbell until he met *la Mielleuse* on the road to Aix. But later, when he asked her to marry him, she would not. Nor would she go on a voyage with him. Once when he came back he was bruised and hurt. The consul had said something about Claire-Anne; had got himself knocked down for his talk. But she said it was no lie of the consul's, and she told him how she had lived before she met him. But Shane asked her again to marry him, and again she would not. She spoke of Shane's dagger, of how she wished she had the strength to set herself free, but she knew she had not. So when Shane climbed aboard his vessel again, the dagger was left behind, its work done. But it is not good that man should be alone, and when Shane made Lebanon his home, he sought a wife and found Hamadj's daughter, Fenzile, very beautiful, very kindly, very loving. Into this idyll of Beirut came Ahmet Ali, the wrestler from Aleppo, who paraded past the house, and Fenzile was only amused, not angry. Shane, however, found it intolerable. But if Fenzile should learn that he was stronger than this famous wrestler— And so he fought with Ahmet Ali in the streets of Beirut and crippled him. But when Shane returned again from his voyage, Fenzile was gone—gone with Ahmet Ali. And after that for a long time there was no magic in the world for Shane. Must he move forever in the Valley of the Black Pig, that gray, gray place of lost souls? It was then that Simon Fraser of Ballycastle told him that Alan Donn, Shane's uncle, was dead, had gone down bravely in the sea, but first sending a message to Shane, to remind him that there is a great virtue to the place you are born in, and he should not stay too long frae the braes of Ulster. With that Shane decides to go back to his motherland, and hope, life itself, comes again to him.



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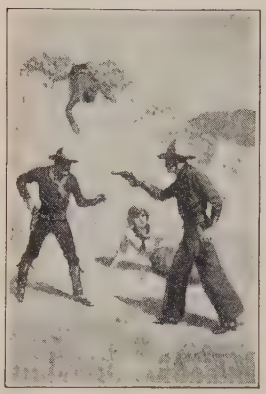

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The story is mainly that of these two extraordinary boys — growing up, loving, scheming, fighting, with the gigantic sea ever just beyond the human figures.

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By T. S. STRIBLING

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A Review of Century Publications

SEPTEMBER, 1922

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VERE HUTCHINSON'S "SEA WRACK"

By Robert Pickett

Here is a novel that at the outset carries conviction to the reader of a quality which must ever be rare—sheer power, a dynamic force in action. The author has written her book, "Sea Wrack" (The Century Co., $1.75), in a passion of intense belief in her characters, in the dignity and interest of their destiny. The sustained mood of dramatic tensity is remarkable. There is no momentary let-down in the whole novel. The opening storm and the wreckers; the fight in the tavern; the sea and the Fens of Lincolnshire, the straggling, furtive village; great old Swinsco, the farmer, and his two adopted boys, Swinsco's sister—scarcely a woman, an obsession—and the two women of the story, Cathy and Tarnia:—all of these, the detail and the action, are of undiminishing interest; but the tremendous power of the story is in its whole and steady action to a tremendous climax.

THE Lincolnshire Fen country—a land washed and invaded by the sea, a desolate strip, with a small village of fisher folk most of whom are furtively smugglers and wreckers; reclaimed agricultural land that requires dikes to preserve it from the savagery of the north sea in high tides and in storm: this is the scene of the book.

Its characters are varied enough, and each adds interest, does something to the story. But of them all, only a few matter greatly in the end. There is Farmer Swinsco, with his great love, who adopted a son, Ayerst, to bear his name and inherit his fields—but to be a gentlemen, too, to be educated into a gentleman. And who took Andrew, tiny infant wrack of the storm, cast up on a spar, alone miraculously alive of all the strong adults of the ship's human freight—took him to be a companion to the other. But not to bear his name, not to inherit the land. Ayerst matters, and Andrew. That Andrew should be beautiful and straight of soul and body, that Ayerst should be a bleached thing of silky, snaky hatreds, is the very heart of the story.

There is Tarnia, too, who matters: still, passionate Tarnia who was love itself, but was caught by wringing pity of her father's lot into a mad renunciation. The intelligence and persistence with which she sets about to kill her soul decently. . . . That can only be undertsood from the book. Cathy—another who matters—is a woman you would think too light to hurt much. But no woman, in her woman's realm of emotion, is without the most potent of poisons to wither the roots of a life. Little Cathy, like the greatest and the least of women who have loved in life or literature, has her deadly weapon for the wrong man who dared to wed her in hope and tenderness and keep her in baffled kindness.

These are the four who matter. One could barely tell—or rather betray—the story thus: Andrew and Tarnia, Ayerst and Cathy; Ayerst and Tarnia, Andrew and Cathy; Cathy and Ayerst, Tarnia and Andrew.

But one could not in a great many more words convey the strong sweep of action, the skill and power, the tremendous drama of the story, nor

the unceasing passion of it, as infinitely varying and as unfailing as the beat of the waves on the shore.

Here is a bit showing how Andrew came out of the sea:

IT seemed sheer impossibility that the eye could find in that hammering sea of shadows and froth any such thing that could be marked as something separate and individual from it. And yet one man had seen some unknown object which was utterly indistinguishable on my part, at all events.

And then, quite suddenly, with many grunts and ejaculations, it was spied by the rest. It did n't give them any particular pleasure, they had hung about there long enough, and if an entire ship had gone, what rubbish could be left by that infuriated storm? They eyed the Skipper (it was evident he was their leader) doubtfully, and stood about uneasy and sullen. He said bluntly:

"We maun chance it," which made them growl despondently.

"Tide 's well on t' turn! It 's heavy work for any old rot."

"It 's a ruddy risk, Skip. . . . There be no good left out there!"

. . . . . .

"T' rope," he told them shortly. "Come spin it out."

They were uncommonly cold by now, and big men as they were I doubt if any one of them had the indomitable grit of their leader. The rope they carried was sodden and clumsy as were their fingers. It was like a dead thing, and they half dead, trying to put some life into it and themselves. They twisted it around each man and straightened it as best they could between them. They had not even started on their business, yet, it cut their skin and tore their nails and bit into their flesh. With the exception of the Skipper they were uncommonly sick, and he, all hot blood at the prospects of a fight. They left their lights with Grainger, and he and I stood, dripping and frozen, and watched them set about the matter.

. . . . . .

With the big man at their head they edged down into the water, digging with their feet for support, bracing their numbed bodies against each hurling wave. It was n't so far out, that shadow, that it could not be caught at. . . . But they were merely two-legged individuals of simple flesh and blood. And the sea was a live, vigorous thing: a maddened monster with all the heat of ten thousand devils. Yet they went into it. Followed their leader like sheep, stumbled and fell and were up again; ducked and pitched and swallowed and spat—were entirely beneath the sea and were snarling on top of it, were gone and were there and struggling on further . . . all in quest of that shadow.

VERE HUTCHINSON

Oh, yes, and they got it. With their own blood reddening the rope, and their feet dragged from beneath them—their breath pumped from their bodies, the water weighing them down . . . yet they clutched it, tore at it, grappled and fought with it, and brought it back—a mere bit of broken spar, a lump of tattered tarpaulin and rope . . . a rotten, useless thing, but theirs—back from the sea.

We helped them—that pallid youth and I—back to where we had waited and beyond that to where the water was less and scattered islands of grass and sand were beginning to show. . . . the Skipper bent down and started to tear the stuffs away from the wood. . . .

They sat and watched him, and I with them. Sodden stuffs, all sorts and kinds, a bit of petticoat, a blanket, an oilskin coat . . . and so on to the very last, when there came to view—sodden and pinched and twisted of limb, yet blinking, a bit of a child, a tiny thing, struggling weakly for the breath that was nearly choked out of it—yet, even as we stared, let out a sob of a cry. . . .

The way you see Andrew started on his adventurings.

A City of Asia

By E. Alexander Powell

Major E. Alexander Powell, now just returned from a motor journey across Europe and through the Balkans and Near East, has pictured the Far East vividly in "Asia at the Crossroads" (The Century Co., $3.00), the account covering the Philippines; Japan, including the Japanese in Siberia, Manchuria, Shantung, Formosa and old Korea; China—Peking and Canton; the French and English possessions in the Far East; and picturesque Siam. The following is from the section on Korea.

BARRING the busy port of Chemulpo . . . the only city in the peninsula of more than passing interest to the foreigner is the present capital, Seoul (pronounced sowl, if you please), or, as the Japanese have renamed it, Keijo. Encircled by a crumbling, crenelated wall, obviously modeled after the Great Wall of China and built a century before Columbus set foot on the beach of San Salvador, it stands on the eastern bank of the broad, swift-flowing Han, nestling in a bowl-shaped valley formed by two semi-circular mountain ranges whose bare brown peaks tower above it in somber grandeur. Arid and forbidding as these mountains look in winter, summer finds them clothed in green relieved here and there by great splashes of heliotrope, honeysuckle and azalea. In the springtime the budding orchards of cherry, peach and plum transform the valley into a sea of snowy blossoms.

Seoul, with not far from half a million inhabitants, is the political, commercial and intellectual center of Korea. For upward of eight centuries it was the home of the Korean sovereigns, and few cities have witnessed more cruelty, bloodshed, licentiousness and corruption. It has several picturesque palaces, now falling into decay, a small but exceptionally fine art museum, mediocre botanical and zoölogical gardens, a number of government buildings, erected by the Japanese, which, though substantial, have small architectural merit, street-car, electric-light and telephone systems . . .

Seoul is a city of magnificent distances and of remarkably wide streets—several of them are wider than the Avenue du Bois in Paris—which are in curious contrast to the mean and garish shops of tinder-box construction with which they are lined. One great thoroughfare, the Chon-no, or Big Bell Street, besects the entire city, running from the East Gate to the West Gate and far into the country in both directions. It is not only the principal artery of the capital but the "Main Street" of all Korea, for along its dusty length flow placid, slow-moving townsmen, dignified despite their absurd topknots and straggling goatees, their enormous, horn-rimmed goggles and transparent fly-trap hats; short, squat women with olive skins and coarse black hair and figures which look like meal sacks with a string tied around the middle, their shapeless garments of white cotton concealing everything save their breasts, which are brazenly exposed; Yangbans, as the native officials are known, lolling somnolently in palanquins borne by sweating coolies; peasants, fresh from the country districts, leading strings of squealing, kicking ponies laden with farm produce or bulls piled high with the twigs which the Koreans use for fuel; Japanese officials in ill-fitting European clothes and Japanese officers in red-banded caps and smart khaki uniforms; schoolboys with knapsacks on their backs, speeding by on bicycles, their baggy garments flapping in the breeze; rickshaws, drawn by half-naked coolies, skimming along on silent wheels; creaking carts hauled by lumbering bullocks; clanging street-cars; motors of all makes and sizes, from lordly Rolls-Royces to bustling members of the well known Ford family of Detroit—all these combine to impart to the great thoroughfare a strange blend of the medieval and the modern . . .

But of all the things I saw in this most picturesque and curious city, there were two which struck me as being of peculiar significance. One is a deserted garden, overgrown by shrubbery and rank with weeds. It is at the back of the North Palace, surrounded by a crumbling and discolored wall. Here, in the cold gray dawn of an autumn morning in 1895, the clever and ambitious queen, the most brilliant and the most cruel Korean woman of her time, was brutally murdered by a band of Japanese and Korean assassins. The other place to which I refer is a long, low, unpretentious cottage in the gardens of the East Palace, screened from observation by shrubbery and high hedges. Here, guarded by Japanese sentries and watched by Japanese spies, dwells in enforced seclusion a pasty-faced, unhealthy-looking youth, who, according to popular report at least, is little better than an imbecile. He is the dethroned emperor, now known as His Imperial Highness Prince Yi Kon.

West!

Reviewed by J. E. D.

Charles Alden Seltzer, author of some fifteen novels, including "The Two-Gun Man," has done an interesting as well as a fascinating thing in his new novel. In "West!" (The Century Co., $1.90) he has placed an Eastern girl on a far Western ranch. She sees things which shock her, and tries to interfere. The way in which the West—its conceptions of justice, its customs and its values—quietly ignores her, the maddening rightness of its outrageous ways for its own necessities: these make an unusually interesting psychological background to an exciting story of adventure in which horses, cattle, cowboys, horse-thieves and cattle-rustlers figure in swift and thrilling action.

WEST and East in contrast, in conflict, is the underlying theme of an exciting Western novel by an author who has written many successful tales of this ever-popular, always appealing, picturesque life of our country. Mr. Seltzer has built on his interesting idea a plot which gains greatly from the fundamental contrast of the characters involved.

The introduction of Josephine Hamilton to the West is of the rudest—from the very train that takes her to her friend Betty's ranch home she sees the lynching of a horse-thief being quietly arranged. She is told that the lynchers have come to the railroad tracks for the purpose "because trees are scarce" and they "aim to use a telegraph pole." Her indignation at the lawless proceeding outleaps her judgment. She assists the horse-thief to escape, exhibiting a daring and ingenuity which the leader of the punitive expedition admires almost as much as he resents her interference in a matter she knows nothing about.

Charles Alden Seltzer in Arizona

Arrived at the ranch, she finds that this man, Brannon, is her friend's ranch-boss. Nothing is said of their previous encounter and a silent duel of wills goes on. She elects to "hate" the brute, and placed by force of most dramatic circumstances in a position of deep obligation to him, she will not acknowledge it or believe in him; then, her violent attempt to change the situation brings her into the power of "Satan" Lattimer—a man of whom her friend Betty said:

"He is a devil. Every evil thing that happens in this basin is laid at his door. He 's handsome, terribly, darkly handsome. He 's a ruthless, smiling devil. If he had lived two hundred years ago he would have been a pirate. But he 's a man, Jo, every inch of him. He stands out of the crowd, he dominates. . . . Lattimer would n't hesitate an instant to carry a woman away to the mountains if he got an opportunity."

Severe humiliation; supreme, imminent danger; terrible ordeals, are before the Eastern girl in her high-willed and gallant attempt to defy the West, its laws and customs, its works and ways, and its personification—for her—in Brannon.

Mr. Seltzer has created a character for whom one must feel admiration—the pluck and resolution, generous indignation and courage of conviction which take a young, handsome and delicately bred girl out into a darkly inimical, wild and unknown world, cut loose from every known and familiar condition, every natural guardian and friend, in order to demonstrate even a completely

wrong-headed devotion to principle—these are admirable. And perhaps the fact that the reader sees Josephine like a finely lovable, utterly mistaken child among forces too strong for her, is just what makes the story so appealing.

The author has personified his "West!" in the big, sanely balanced, clear-eyed daughter of the ranch, Betty; and in Brannon, ranch-boss, Betty's deep, quiet waiting love for whom is contrasted with Josephine's wildly alternating hatred, resentment, unwilling admiration and attraction.

The materials of a book of this type are never novel: cattlemen and "nesters," outlaws and summary justice upon them, the daring of strong men, the hair-trigger suspense of events in a country where men's minds do not run in subway grooves nor rest upon the expectation of a policeman around every corner.

But Mr. Seltzer has, nevertheless, done something different. He has put interesting phases of psychology, the psychology of East and West and of Man and Woman, each in alternate attraction and repulsion, into what would otherwise be just a specially tense adventure tale. He conveys, too, with immense conviction a sense of the beauty, the terror, the magnificence, the strength-giving, cleansing qualities, of the great out-of-doors of the West.

"RICH MAN, POOR MAN"—AND THE AVOCADO

By E. H. S. Bailey and H. S. Bailey

The richly-arrayed food-shop that shows a few alligator pears in a handsome basket, lying on silver or green or orange tissue paper, to be bought only at a correspondingly handsome price, will never know the luxury of the oddly delicious fruit in which the native markets of the South and Central American states may revel—at a half a cent apiece. The growth of avocados, their cheapness, their marketing, their uses and their food value (peculiar among fruits) are described in a section of "Food Products from Afar" (The Century Co., $3.00)—a book which picturesquely tells of the foods of the world used in these United States—from which the following paragraphs are taken.

IN the market places of Mexico, the West Indies, and the Central and South American states, one of the most abundant fruits is the avocado or alligator pear. In these countries the fruits are sold for half a cent apiece, or thirty to forty cents a bushel, and their rapid sale gives one an idea of how generally they are used among the natives. As they are available many months in the year and are so very cheap, it is possible for the poorest of the natives in the principal avocado regions to use them as a part of their daily fare for fully half the year.

The avocado, which originated in Mexico, Guatemala, or South America, grows on a tree from thirty to sixty feet in height. It belongs to the laurel family, as its thick heavy green leaves and their spicy odor and taste would indicate. Its cultivation spread slowly from the New World to the Old, but in recent times it has been grown in nearly all countries where the climate was suitable. Among these may be mentioned India, where it has been cultivated since 1860, the South Sea islands, and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. . . .

The avocado may properly be described as "the salad fruit," for it has the unique position of being almost the only one which when ripe is generally eaten as a salad. A taste must be cultivated for it; but that should be no hardship to the people of the United States who have already devloped a liking for green olives, bananas, tomatoes, and other fruits which they once neglected or positively disliked. We seldom accept new foods on first trial . . . but a little persistence in tasting will usually bring to us a fondness for them. . . . That the taste for the avocado, when once acquired, becomes almost a craving is shown by the extravagant prices paid for it in the Northern markets. When we say that "an avocado, four or five tortillas (small round cakes of coarsely-ground maize), and a cup of coffee by many Indians are considered the constituents of a good meal," it is evident there must be some reason for the high position the avocado has reached as a food product. This is found in the large amount of fat that the fruit contains. In fact it is essentially a vegetable butter, comparable with the olive in this particular. The edible part of the olive contains on the average about 24 per cent. of oil, while that of the avocado contains 12 per cent. Or if we compare energy values, which for most fruits is low, we find that of the avocado to be more than twice the maximum value of most other fruits.

Janet Laing's "Wintergreen"

By Robert Pickett

A book with a strong individuality of its own which yet reminds one somewhat of Barrie and just a bit of Dickens is bound to be pleasing to a considerable number of readers. It is pretty sure that if you like Barrie you 'll like "Wintergreen" (The Century Co., $1.75), the new novel by Janet Laing. There is, though, a sparseness and simplicity about the telling of "Wintergreen," a devotion to the tale for the tale's sake, without divigation or much commentary, that some readers will prefer to Barrie's way. And there is control of the humor so that it never quite escapes to reckless farce which (though it be treason) some readers will take the liberty of preferring to Dickens. (If you 'll just glance back, you 'll see that we *are n't* claiming "Wintergreen" is better than Barrie and better than Dickens!) At any rate, here is a novel of piquant difference from the usual thing—a light, amusing, readable story which yet, by virtue of a personality which informs it, is something decidedly more.

"WINTERGREEN" is humorous. It is funny, but it is the sort of funny that makes something prickle around the heart as well as around the funny-bone. "Wintergreen" is tragic, in parts, but tragic with an over shadowing gently amused sense of a great pother about nothing much—not so unlike a wholesome, matter-of-fact, old-fashioned mother's calm conviction that measles, mumps and whooping-cough are things which must be and which will leave the patient, if not stronger, at least immune from these special perils.

"Wintergreen" is a bit whimsical, fantastic—but only enough to tempt imagination happily into unworn, unwearied-of, unshabbied ways. Its realities are builded on deeper truth than an anxious adherence to the usual: Who knows, anyway, whether many of our most redoubtable realists shall not some day reach a place in estimation like that now occupied by the "aint it real" school in painting?—only those surviving who, like the great Netherlandish masters of reality, painted the soul of things along with the body. "Wintergreen," at any rate, imaginative, queer, surprising, as it is, has at once a most engaging verisimilitude of detail; and it has a soul: a soul just, scrupulous, delicate, unafraid, and, at the back of an immense tolerance—ironic.

Too much to say about a mere little love story with a queer, delicious, middle-aged Scotch-woman as the god from the machine? By no means. "Wintergreen" is no more than that, essentially, yet it has qualities that provoke an uncommon response. The book is one of those, always too few, that readers can regard with something very like affection; the memory of Wintergreen will linger, and her story be long remembered.

It is the story of the daughter of a laird and his very worthy housekeeper, whom he was wise enough to marry. Her position is peculiar: left lady of the manor by the death of both her parents, she finds herself at middle age leading a lonely life amidst the carefully tended possessions and well-guarded dignities which have befallen her. She is respected everywhere—more, she has not sought, nor even encouraged. With her tiny retinue of servants she quietly, uncomplainingly, makes the best of a life not very thrilling or full of interest.

Suddenly come changes. First, a fatuous rich old man whose life she has saved in a manner almost grotesque—so grotesque was he—threatens, per post and telegraph, to turn up at her home as a suitor. Second, her lawyer informs her of the disappearance of a considerable part of her income.

So this sober, shrewd, squarish, middle-aged woman, wholesome but not beautiful, wise but not brilliant, allows the unsuspected streak of imagination, of romance, in her to take command, and comes to a tremendous decision. She will disappear from her allotted place and make herself a new life, seek adventure and strange scenes. So, with characteristic competence, she makes arrangements. The servants are dismissed, caretakers secured to live in the lodge, her lawyers given instructions. Then, overnight, she disappears, escaping alike from her top-heavy establishment and her light-headed suitor.

What she can best turn her hand to is housekeeping. Her mother, as she was taught all that belongs to a laird's daughter, had taught her, too, all the arts of a household, and how they should be practised in person or by proxy. Wintergreen (this, by the way, is her mother's name, which she takes for the purposes of her adventure) has read enormously in her great, quiet stretches of time—and thought more; but never has her hand

lost its cunning with dough or paste or dust-cloth or dish mop; while organization, order, quiet and dispatch, are the cardinal points of her existence.

So she takes a position as housekeeper. At once she is plunged into a very vortex of human passions, sorrows, hopes, fears, perplexities, absurdities, weaknesses, tendernesses, envy, misunderstanding and endangered love.

The peculiarity of the book is that, though it is very real, fairly heart-wringing at times, there is a touch of farce about it all. It is Puck's "what fools these mortals be" touched with a mortal tenderness for the folly, and a stanch, kind, long-sighted wisdom that gives assurance that all will be well. It is not unkind to laugh about the intending suicide who, not in the least a coward, yet cannot find time to get the deed done because happenings continually intervene. Nor at his bargain with Wintergreen, at last, for good, strong, fresh coffee in which to put the lethal powder, and no interference on her part "if he still wants to do it" at the methodically specified time. It is not unkind because the reader has come to know Wintergreen well enough to know two things: that she will keep her promise with exact and honorable completeness; but also that she will find some way to arrange so that the would-be suicide will *not* want to put that powder in the coffee when the times comes.

JANET LAING

All the problems, in fact, are in the end amenable to the steadfast (the outrageous and alluring!) common sense of Wintergreen. (Have you noticed that common sense applied unsparingly to the emotional affairs of life is so rare as to appear the extreme of humor?) Yet the plot is no stuffed man of straw which has been set up expressly for Wintergreen to knock down. The problems are very real and human ones, not oversimplified into black and white, good and bad; but complicated by good folk that are foolish, loving folk who act hatefully, brave folk who are momentarily cowards: like life as we all know it.

One of the realest-seeming things in the book is the picture of the life and the household of a doctor, a general practitioner in a medium-sized town, with wide outlying country districts in his care. This is written, we find, not merely from observation but actual experience, Janet Laing being the wife of an M.D., now a research worker but formerly a busy general practitioner. She has known the mental, moral and physical stresses of such work for the man and for his wife, and her picture of the young doctor who is the "hero" of the tale (if there be any) is singularly sympathetic.

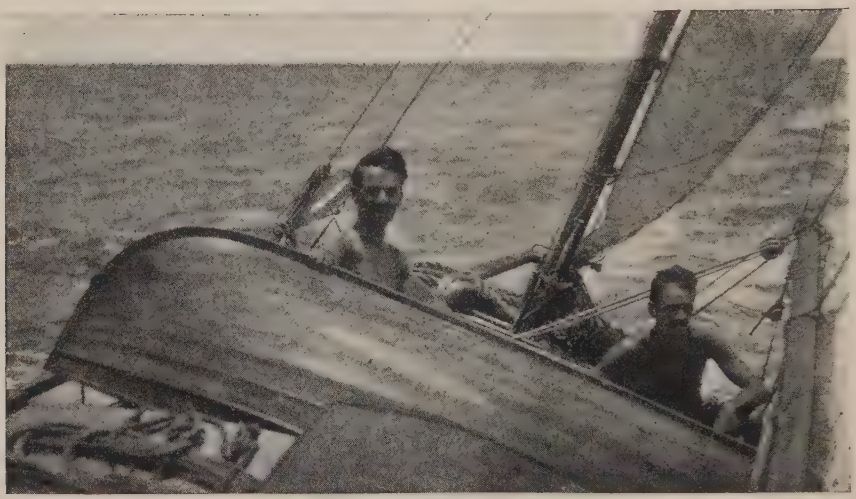
Janet Laing has written, to some extent, through all these strenuous years, and has published a number of novels in England, two of which have been published also in the United States. She calls herself "a middle-aged person" who, with the relaxing of pressure coming about through her husband's more peaceful and ordered work, the growing up of her children, etc., is able, "in the afternoon of life" to return fully to an interest that was among the earliest and most important she has known. Its pursuit was much interrupted "by living," as she explains. Yet that living—"traveling, a long and thorough training in music, marriage, a daughter, a son, years amid the varied duties and vicissitudes of a busy doctor's house, most of the usual and some unusual intrusions of other lives, the War and all it brought with it, and three years of hard work on the Education Authority of the county"—has rendered her "fairly well equipped to begin to be an author," is her modest claim.

Her latest book has already been published in England, and is doing exceedingly well.

There is said to be a vogue in England for books which show gentlefolk turned servant, an alleged post-war phenomenon probably having its inception in many an exasperated jest that—"Oh, well, we 'd better all turn servants." It is treated chiefly as a means of farce with sociological or merely cynical implications. "Wintergreen" is not one of these—the heroine is not so much the "gentlewoman ruined by the war" (though, to be sure, her income has been affected by the general economic depression) as she is a reversion to type. Wintergreen was truly in her element as the wonderful housekeeper at Cauldstanes.

The Cruise of the Hippocampus

By Edward F. Loomis



A rarely happy yarn of a delightful major cruise—from New York down the coast, outside, to Balboa (the other side of the Isthmus), in a twenty-eight foot yawl—with some peril and adventure, much sailing lore that will appeal to yachtsmen who love real cruising, and plenty of good reading for anyone who loves salt water—hapless lubber by mischance, or not. It is written in the vein of perfectly honest, good-tempered, zestful narrative one might expect, from a friend talking to friends. It is plain that the author is a likable chap, "one of the best," and the reader of "The Cruise of the Hippocampus" (The Century Co., $2.00) will most certainly like him and his crew and his "ship" before many pages have been read, and to the very end.

THE first appearance on deck of a morning is generally an occasion of some repressed grumpiness mitigated by a keen interest in our surroundings and the things which concern the boat's sailing. A glance around and aloft to determine the present and future condition of the sea; a question of the helmsman concerning the course and log reading; a cigarette rolled in the lee of the dinghy and smoked with deep inhalations; a perfunctory application of fresh water to the face and teeth: all these things are necessary before we feel ourselves to be the equal of the one of us who has watched while we have slept. His inevitable superiority is the more keenly felt when, as on this morning, we look over the side and see the jagged bottom a few fathoms beneath us.

Yes, he 's known about it all the time; has taken soundings, consulted the chart and decided that we can hold the course without lessening the depth. And so we can, but at the expense of our aplomb.

At 8:45 Morant Point Light bore abeam; and twenty minutes later, the wind freshening at the scheduled time, we had cleared the eastern extremity of Jamaica and were heading south and west. This was an event which, had we been provided with Jamaica rum, would have been duly celebrated, for, contrary to precedent and our doleful expectations, we had rounded the point without resorting to the motor. Moreover, we were now sailing with free sheets for almost the first time in three weeks. One has to head into wind and sea for this period of time, being constantly wet with spray, sleeping on damp blankets, and navigating under exceptional difficulties, to appreciate fully the exhilaration that we felt as we brought the wind behind us and squared away for Kingston.

For the better part of the morning I lay below luxuriating in the long lumbering rush which is a characteristic of the *Hippo* when she is running free, enjoying the novelty of an even keel, and idly watching the spatter of drops whipped up from the sea by the main-sheet to fall in iridescent sparkles through the open hatch. When in time it became my turn to take the deck I sampled another sensation; that of running before

a forty-mile squall that overtook us with enveloping blackness.

Hitherto we have played extremely safe with squalls of wind, for the sails we wore were paper-thin from years of usage and we had no desire to see them whipping into shreds when most we needed canvas. But now, under our new suit of ten-ounce duck, cut up and down and rather short for just such emergencies, I felt minded to experiment, and when the wind with its accompanying torrent of rain overtook us, I held her on her course. It was n't five minutes, however, before the rain had dampened my ardor and it was all hands to the sheets to flatten her against the wind. . . .

. . . Many salty amateur mariners have told me that they like best to sail when the lee rail is six inches under water, but they are cut from tougher canvas than we of the *Hippocampus*. We can stand an inch or two of salt water on the lee deck, but when Paul's Bible and my Bowditch go waltzing together from cabin book-shelf to the bunk opposite we have an indefinable yearning that is satisfied only when something has been lowered. . . .

Twilight, when we wore in past Port Royal at the entrance to Kingston Harbor, saw us at the conclusion of the best day's run that we have made since leaving Key West. We had logged eighty-five miles in less than twenty-four hours, running for half the time against the wind, and we were full of satisfaction and accomplishment.

THE THINGS HE WROTE TO HER

By Richard Wightman

First published in 1914, "The Things He Wrote to Her" (The Century Co., $1.00) went steadily on gaining readers through the period of the World War, though it has not a touch of war interest, but is concerned with the eternal problem, that familiar fourth "thing too wonderful" for Solomon, "the way of a man with a maid." Six times it has been reprinted, and it bids fair to have permanent appeal to human hearts. Part of one letter follows.

WHEN you came into my life your girlhood lay behind; you were a woman, fair and full and round, with a woman's heart, and a woman's mind, and a woman's point of view. Your lips, also, were the lips of a woman, and likewise your feelings and desires. There were numerous people in your world, you had seen different lands, you knew many things, and had been broadened and vitalized by experience. In other words, you *had lived* and longed to live more, and it was that, I think, which caught and held me.

You will remember that I have never asked you to tell me the story of those former days, never put a pencil in your hand and tried to get you to trace a map of your mental and affectional journeyings. This lack of curiosity on my part is due to my belief in a certain principle which I hold tenaciously,—a woman is what *she is*, and must be considered apart from her environment and detached from all the former things in her life. For every woman, in order that she may be a *woman*, is dowered with sex, and sex is forever creating conditions which can never be satisfactorily explained before any minor judgment seat.

What I know of your life is what you have been pleased to tell me. You are the product of your yesterdays, and later will be the further product of your tomorrows. You hold your place in my life, not because of what you have been, but because of what you are, and what you may become. You need relate to me nothing. I desire neither apology nor explanation. I take you by and large, and wager my all upon the quality of your womanhood, present and yet to be.

As for myself, this: there are things in every man's life which are made possible by the dross that was put into his making without his knowledge or consent, things whose telling would add not one whit to the happiness of his kind or the general good of the universe. And I am a man, with all that implies, and am glad of it, through and through. My past is like the common run in that it is not all that it should have been, but it is *my* past, the best one I could make with the tools I had to work with, and I shall neither repudiate it nor wear myself thin regretting its imperfections. Whatever I know, it taught me, and I count my investment in its tuition the best I have ever made. It is better to aspire than to repine, and to be worthy of *you*, to have a place by your side in the . . . onwardness of life, will be about the cleanest desire my heart can entertain.

Shoes, Socks and Happiness

By T. Morris Longstreth

There 's a lot of delightful description, inimitably conveying the happiness of being out of doors, in T. Morris Longstreth's "The Catskills" (The Century Co., $3.50); there 's a good deal of readable narrative of adventures of the road; there 's valuable information, and there are maps and photographic illustrations—but by no means the least worthwhile thing in the book is "A Chapter on Shoes," a part of which follows.

THERE are a lot of people who might like to walk—if they had ever tried it. Of all forms of getting about, walking is the most abjured. To anybody who has cycled or sailed or shot along in an automobile, there is nothing appealing in the prospect of going over the same ground at one tenth the speed for ten times as much exertion.

. . . . . .

"What 's the use o' leggin' it?"

That was Brute's query on the notable day on which he gave up his Ford and took to the trail. I have only one answer, yet. I may find more as the reformation progresses, but the "use o' leggin' it" is the ability to take the short and preferred cut. A region traversable by gasoline, a mountain ascendable by electricity, or a country visitable by steam shall not abrade my boots. There are still mountains, however, up which one cannot be carried either in Pullmans or palanquins, still regions where the only roads are a foot wide and paved with pine-needles. Most curious of all, there are still vast countrysides, of which the Catskills is but one, where a wilderness alternates with villages to make a walker's holiday.

The secret of travel on good roads is a good car. The secret of the wilderness is the walker's, and his alone. Life cannot be read about. Neither can the woods. The delights of the woods are discussable only after they have been experienced. They must be experienced personally; nor is the least flavor of them to be got vicariously, any more than one can grow religious by hearsay. Walking is as personal a matter as growing up, and I no more propose to dilate upon my delight in walking (in the pathless woods) than I should propose to communicate my exact pleasure in the trout and bacon at the end of the trail.

The fact that I have been converted to walking (where riding is impossible), and that Brute now sees the use in leggin' it (where there are no other legs available) remains. And at the risk of exposing our low standards of equipment, we both think it is highly proper to outline the, for us, cardinal virtues of pedestrian outfit as applied to Catskill contingencies.

First as to the sins: There are two prime sins of the road: ambition and new shoes. Of the two the latter is the worse. Let it be with you a moral adage never to start out with untried shoes. Something is sure to happen. It is sure to. There is not even a sporting chance that it will not. It will occur—probably not before the fiftieth mile, perhaps not until the hundred and fiftieth. Then it does. A heel blisters, a sole-nail works through, a tendon succumbs to an unaccustomed last. There are a good many steps to a mile, a good many miles to a successful day; and if each step is taxed even .001 per cent. of pleasure, it is but a matter of distance until pleasure is bankrupt.

The reality is worse than that. At the second twinge the entire usury of torture is foreseen. Content flies at the first unholy intimation that there is something wrong. Imagination paints an endless series of such twinges. Not only the day at hand is instantly ruined, but imagination leaps the night, ruins the next day, sicklies the whole trip with its pale forecast of thought. And all because of one little ouch. And that because of a new shoe. As you revere serenity, do not yield to the allurements of new leather. Nor of low shoes. Nor of high, heavy boots. The army, which may advance upon its stomach, nevertheless has given much thought to its footwear, and a broken-in pair of army shoes is the best insurance of sheer comfort, uncontaminated with foreboding. Also it is not necessary to carry another pair. They will be wet? Then stuff paper inside them for the night to hold the shape. It is better to put them on damp than bone-dry. Socks will do the rest.

Socks, neither, should be new. By socks I do not mean that sort of hosiery worn in cities. Traffic with nothing but the stout socks sold to lumber-jacks which you have laid in for occasion when you were passing through Bangor or Quebec or backwoods villages in the Adirondacks. They will wade you through water and see you up mountains. . . . Properly socked and shoed, your trip's success is half assured.

A PERSONALITY PAGE

One more of the group of brilliant young Englishwomen who are producing notable novels is Vere Hutchinson, whose "Sea Wrack" is noticed on another page of The Centurion. Her father is an army officer who was long in the Indian service of the British Army, but Miss Hutchinson's life has been spent mostly in England. Her present residence is in one of the outlying districts of enormous greater London. This is her first novel. It was published in England slightly prior to its appearance here, and had a distinctly favorable reception.

Charles Alden Seltzer, author of "The Two-Gun Man" and of some dozen other novels of the West, was born in Wisconsin, educated in Ohio public schools, and lives now in Ohio. His boyhood in the Middle West fell in the days when, though forty-niners were either laid to rest or become "old-timers," the railroads were taking up the westward course of America's empire. "Between 1870 and 1880," says Leo Sharfman in "The American Railroad Problem," "more than 40,000 miles of line were laid," and "between 1880 and 1890 more than 70,000." It was a continuation of our pioneer expansion westward, and the mind of this boy of the Middle West turned constantly to the Far West, as the land of romance. As he grew up he dug into tales and records of that picturesque West of the treasure-hunters which flourished just before his time, and became familiar, too, with the newer West of cattle and sheep, of immense prairies and remote high valleys. He has chosen always to write about the men and women and the life of those lands, and has now a very large audience eager for each stirring fictional interpretation of this favorite American subject that his pen turns out.

The senior author of "Food Products from Afar," E. H. S. Bailey, is a Connecticut Yankee, with just a little, perhaps, of the "r in lor" still noticeable in his speech. He was educated at Yale, in the earlier days when Yale was one of the few colleges having a thorough scientific course. After graduation, he became a teacher at Lehigh University for several years before going to Kansas in the early eighties to take charge of the Chemistry Department of the State University.

Professor Bailey has long been interested in foods. It is not often recalled, probably, that the State of Kansas initiated some very important investigations of the foods on the market, before the federal Food and Drugs Act was passed, and in fact had published the findings, these conclusions figuring importantly in the fight for a national bill to improve the quality of our food supply. Professor Bailey was at the very heart of this work for Kansas which proved so important for the whole nation.

He has been abroad for study several times. Just before the World War, he was in Europe on the special mission of studying the food supply of the Continent. He then visited many of our consuls and investigated the condition and quality of the food products which passed under their supervision for export to this country.

Herbert Bailey, the junior author of the same book ("Food Products from Afar") is the son of E. H. S. Bailey. Being the son of a chemist, he was early interested in chemistry, and has been definitely engaged in chemical work since his graduation from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was for ten years connected with the Bureau of Chemistry's work in connection with the federal food laws, and had exceptional opportunity to get acquainted with the food supply of the American people. Stationed for the most part in Washington, he was occasionally detailed to the New York Import Laboratory, where he saw at first hand the strange variety of foods which enter through that port.

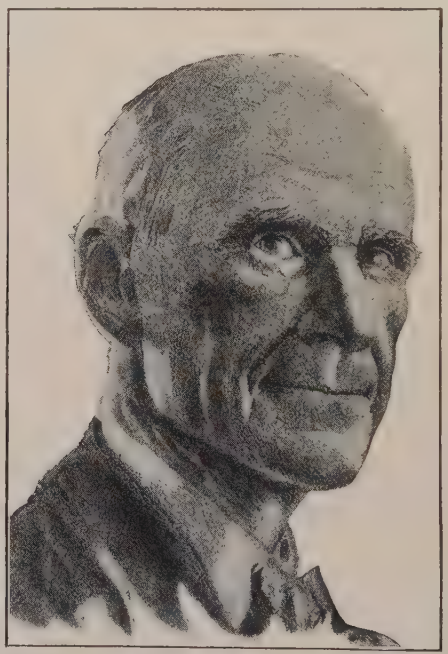
He is now in charge of the chemical work of the largest edible oil company in the country.

Janet Laing, author of "Wintergreeen," having exchanged, she says, a "house of vicissitudes in a noisy town for a house of quiet between the fields and the sea and within range of Scotland's oldest university [St. Andrews]," and having there "pens and ink and paper in plenty, an excellent typewriter (of American make), a good light and a comfortable seat," expects that a long abeyant Janet Laing "will surely emerge." She is modest in assuming that the author has still to emerge, or very ambitious for the future, for she has had a number of successful novels published already.

INFORMAL TALKS ABOUT THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

IS an editor responsible for the manners, morals, and thoughts of his readers? Must he select for them, after the fashion of a censor in war-time or a governess for the young, only those thoroughly sterilized ideas regarded as "safe" by the majority? We really ask this in all seriousness, because our daily mail indicates that a certain number of readers feel that such is the editorial function.

When Frank Crane's "Four Immoralities of the Church" was published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for August, 1921, a gentleman in Massachusetts wrote to us that in his community the magazine had been hidden from the eyes of the young people in the homes, and that he had had it taken from the shelf of the public library, so that readers young and old might escape the pollution of its ideas. We had published that paper believing that truth has nothing to fear from ruthlessly honest examination.



EUGENE V. DEBS

Portrait by Clive Weed, Credited by Mistake to Boardman Robinson in the July Number

Eugene V. Debs's paper, "Behind Prison Walls," published in our July issue, has again raised this question of editorial function. The best way, perhaps, of stating once and for all the point of view that now dominates the editorial office of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is to print a typical objection to the Debs paper and our reply.

An Eastern reader registered his protest as follows:

> I am in receipt of the July issue of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE and am more than surprised to find that you will give space to an article by Eugene V. Debs, who has not only violated the laws of the land as affecting individuals, but who has attempted to wreck the nation. . . . I now request that you immediately cancel my subscription.

In reply to this the editor wrote:

> I am sorry you feel that you must cancel your subscription to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE because we printed a paper by Eugene V. Debs.
>
> I shall make no attempt to dissuade you from your decision despite my regret that we are to miss you from the Century family. I should, however, state frankly why I published the Debs paper despite the great difference between my point of view and that of Mr. Debs on many public issues.
>
> I have no standards of judgment as editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE except the standards of judgment that guide me as a buyer and reader of other magazines. May I, therefore, try to state my point of view not as an editor, but as a reader?
>
> I buy and read magazines in order to gain insight into and information about every conceivable sort of event, personality, and opinion that goes to make up my world. As a reader I resent an editor's attempting to quarantine me against minority opinion. I do not want an editor to decide what is "good" for me. It is not the function of magazine editors, in my judgment, to act as nursemaids to the minds of their readers.
>
> I hope that sometime in the future you will again feel that you want to be a supporter of our attempt to create a truly national magazine that mirrors our day, not simply highly selected parts of our day. We shall then be as glad to

have you back as we are now sorry to have you go.

And, by the way, while we are discussing this paper is a good time to make confession of a regrettable error respecting the portrait of Eugene V. Debs used in the July number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE when his paper, "Behind Prison Walls," appeared. We reproduce the portrait opposite this to emphasize our correction. In the July number, through an error which we regret should have been made, but which seems to have been unavoidable on our part, we credited this portrait to Boardman Robinson. It is really the work of Mr. Robinson's fellow-artist, Clive Weed.

Here are the circumstances. When the Debs article reached our office we telephoned Boardman Robinson to secure his permission for the use of his portrait of Mr. Debs which had appeared in "The Liberator." Mr. Robinson could not find his original drawing, so we asked "The Liberator" to send us a proof of their reproduction of it. In due time this proof came. Though it was not in Mr. Robinson's usual manner, it was such a fine piece of work that we did not question it. A proof of the plate made for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE was sent to Mr. Robinson, but he was ill in a hospital at the time, and it did not reach him. Our first information that the drawing was Clive Weed's came from Mr. Robinson, who wrote us that we had done him the honor to reproduce Mr. Weed's drawing over his name. We take this opportunity to make the correction, and publicly to thank Mr. Robinson and Mr. Weed.

As antidote to disapproval comes a letter from Miss Edna G. Henry, a good friend of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE in Indianapolis. We quote from her letter:

> I am prejudiced, I fear, for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (since it came into being) has been part of our family. I perhaps can tell you something that is worth more than my own opinion. Mr. Charles E. Rush, the librarian of the Indianapolis Public Library, recently brought a copy of your magazine to his weekly conference of workers. He asked how many of them read it or saw it regularly. One hand went up. He asked how many had noticed the change in its cover. Three had. He made this the text of a sermon and said that he believed that THE CENTURY was now, in its form and policy, beyond all question the best magazine in America. He considered that his workers, to be educated and efficient, must be familiar with it. He expected them to read it every month.
>
> This is only one opinion, but coming from the man who perhaps most influences the readers of our town, it should mean something.

ELINOR COWAN STONE
Author of "What do We Wear?"

Elinor Cowan Stone, whose story "What do We Wear?" appears in this number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, and whose picture we reproduce here, is a new writer, whose home is in Colorado. A biographical sketch of Mrs. Stone will be found in "Among our Contributors."

Last month in quoting an amusing letter that had accompanied one author's manuscript, we said that we thought all variations on the "stamps enclosed" formula had been exhausted. Strangely enough this one phrase, "stamps enclosed," seems to have acted as a prod to conscience for certain writers; for no less than five have sent stamps for manuscripts previously returned (out of courtesy and to avoid endless correspondence) by us. Now, just by way of information: no magazine is responsible for voluntary contributions, and when stamps for return are not enclosed it is the editor's privilege to consign such manuscripts to the waste-basket. We have not yet exercised that privilege; but the mailing clerk tells us that the postage bill last month was—well, quite enough to justify yielding to the waste-basket's lure.

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE NOTES

SEPTEMBER brings us back from play to books and work. We 've had our fling at golf and tennis, and other sports, and for most of us, at least the city-dwelling section, the memory of those days on greens and courts will have to carry us through another twelvemonth. Seasons come and go, and with them their fun, but ST. NICHOLAS goes on, month in and month out, keeping step to time and progress.

Radio being so much in the air and in the minds of many of our readers, it seems appropriate to introduce at the very beginning of the September ST. NICHOLAS a story on this subject. This is not the first, by any means, that ST. NICHOLAS has published. A hasty inspection of the index to past volumes shows a large number of articles and stories on wireless telegraphy, the father of radio broadcasting, and during this past year the magazine has carried a large number of interesting articles on various phases of our newest electrical "fad." But "The Radio Message," by George E. Walsh, author of various stories and articles published in previous years in ST. NICHOLAS, is pure fiction. In fact, to some readers it may seem a trifle improbable that events should dovetail so nicely, but the doubting ones must remember that this is an unusual age, and "miracles" are being performed almost daily by our electrical wizards.

To speak of the trolley in the same breath with radio is to bridge a gap in electrical development of some eight decades. It was in 1840 that Thomas Davenport made his early attempts to construct an electric generator, and to use the power it produced for transportation purposes. And this was done in Vermont, which at that time did not even have a single mile of steam railway, let alone any electric line. Davenport's efforts and achievements paved the way for the present development and use of electricity not only as power for moving freight and passengers, but in a commercial and industrial way. T. Commerford Martin in his article, "The Story of the Trolley," in the September ST. NICHOLAS covers the work done by Davenport, Outram (the Englishman who first experimented with the trolley in England, and the latter half of whose name gave the Englishman the word "tram"), Van Depoele, and other pioneers. His story is crammed with fact, but fact interesting and even fascinating. After reading this history of the city conveyance that most of us use, you *may*, perhaps, dwell upon the romance of it and forget the frequent request of "Step forward, please."

The September ST. NICHOLAS carries an unusual quota of good stories. The instalments of the serials are interesting. "The Turner Twins" approaches its concluding episodes (the story will end in October) and new evidence is gathered and clues unearthed in Mrs. Seaman's "The Mystery at Number Six." "The Inca Emerald" brings, as usual, a gripping scene, and one of Mr. Bull's illustrations for this instalment is pictured on the opposite page.

Brewer Corcoran has written a good camp story in "The Handicap." A tenderfoot proves she is not as tender as her tent-mates think, and when it comes to a canoe race, she paddles almost as well as an Indian.

A. May Holaday follows her story, "That Class Election," which appeared in the August ST. NICHOLAS with another one of similar flavor, "The Thoroughbred." Some boys devise a simple means to test two men who are being considered for an important college office. The reaction is so marked that there is no longer a question in any mind as to the choice.

Morton Gibbons-Neff makes his first contribution to ST. NICHOLAS in the September number with a story entitled "The Oddsocks." The title of the tale is also the name of a boat, an ancient fourteen-footer sometimes called a "sneak-box." Two boys bring the old craft to light and fame once more. It is a good story of sailing craft and boy skippers.

Another story which girls, and mothers, too, will enjoy is "Remarkable Sue," by Ruth Gaylord. The delivery of a note to the wrong *Sue*, brings about a situation that for the moment looks rather awkward. It finally turns out very differently, and very happily. Donald Teague has made two charming illustrations for the story.

In the sixth chapter of that interesting series, "The Workshop of the Mind," which appears in the September ST. NICHOLAS, the author, Hallam Hawksworth, discusses some of the mysterious strangers in the land of the mind. He says:

"Sometimes—and I 'll venture this has happened to every one—ideas and images come to us which seem as strange and unfamiliar as if they had strayed out of some one else's brain and lost their way into ours! Yet, on investigation, they are found to belong to years of our lives long past, and, apparently, long since forgotten.

"Voltaire was once asked if he had any notion of the dwelling-place of these mysterious strangers in the land of mind, and how they could be living, all the time, as next-door neighbors to our every-day thoughts and still be wholly unknown to us.

"'Aye,' he replied in the words of the poet, 'where sleep the winds when it is calm?'

"But just as modern weather science has learned a good deal about the comings and goings of the winds that was unknown in Voltaire's day, so modern mind science has found out several things about these unknown guests and their movements, all very interesting and much of it of practical value.

"For one thing, these forgotten memories are usually of matters more or less trivial in themselves,—the big events of life are not apt to be forgotten,—but on their return, these trivial memories often bring to creative minds such a train of new ideas and are themselves frequently so transformed that it is said the creations of genius are largely the upwellings of the unconscious.

"Let us look around a little in the hidden subtreasuries of the mind from which these things come. Here also, in the regions we are now exploring, it is our good fortune again to meet Professor Bergson. When we ask him about the return of these mysterious strangers from our yesterdays, he tells us that he shares the opinion of many other psychologists that the whole of our past life is preserved in our memories, although ordinarily we are so little conscious of the fact.

"'Yes,' he says, 'even to the smallest details. Our memories, at any given moment, are like a pyramid of which we are conscious only of the apex. For every memory concerned in our daily occupations, and of which we are conscious, thousands of memories are stored below, of which we do not even suspect the existence.'"

"FROM THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE SOUNDED THE DEEP ROAR OF THE JAGUAR"

Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull for "The Inca Emerald" by Samuel Scoville, Jr.

George F. Paul has written an article for the NATURE AND SCIENCE department of the September ST. NICHOLAS which deals with the methods used in testing model airplanes for strength and wind resistence. A minature plane is constructed and placed in a wind tunnel. Through this tunnel is forced a draft of air duplicating conditions which a large machine would meet in actual flying. Aeronautical engineers make observations from these tests, and incorporate the results in the finished machines, thus saving material which might be wasted in imperfect ones, and more than that, lives which might be risked in testing them.

In the following pararaphs we give, in brief form, some newspaper comment on the magazine. "The Detroit Free Press," known far beyond the automobile city, says: "ST. NICHOLAS, that never failing friend of youth, greets us in its attractive August dress, with serial and short stories, articles of interest, and verse—all splendidly illustrated." "The Houston Chronicle" voices this sentiment in a recent issue: "Make us a child again!' we plead as we look over the charming numbers of ST. NICHOLAS." And the "American Friend" remarks that "ST. NICHOLAS is one of the best magazines for children. Some of the best books for boys and girls appear first in ST. NICHOLAS."

NOTES FROM THE AMERICAN GOLFER

WHEN Robert Hobart Davis a short time ago wrote for THE AMERICAN GOLFER an article on the early days at the St. Andrews Golf Club, wherein he made certain claims of priority in behalf of the above club, he started something. Among other things it was stated that the late Mr. Robert Lockhart, a Scotchman by birth, was the first to bring over to this country a set of golf clubs and balls. From communications at hand it would appear that there is quite a subject for debate here. In fact the situation is developing into something akin to the experience of a Northerner who, after spending several months in the South, remarked that he had discovered quite an error in the history of the country: In spite of the chronicles, he said, he had learned that twenty-four estimable ladies were the first to fire on Fort Sumter—he had met a granddaughter of each one of them.

Quite possibly no one is in a position to say just who was the first man to introduce the game of golf into the United States, or rather who was the first to bring over necessary equipment for playing the game. Credit for this pioneering has been handed to several, and each time a rebuttal is offered from some hitherto unnoticed quarter with what must be accepted as a very valid and legitimate claim. Yet there appears no logical reason why the matter cannot be sifted down and settled definitely. The task is simply one of gathering all available claims and comparing them.

As a step in this direction, THE AMERICAN GOLFER will offer shortly the claims gathered as a kind of aftermath of Mr. Davis's article on St. Andrews. Already several have been received, and others are invited and expected. We may soon know who was the first American golfer.

THE triumph of Eugene Sarazen, the young home-bred professional, in the recently played Open Championship tournament at Chicago was both surprising and interesting. With such international stars as Walter Hagen, Jim Barnes, Jock Hutchison, George Duncan and Abe Mitchell in the list, the odds against the rising young star were rather towering. For besides the above array there were several other brilliant young players in the field of professional talent, to say nothing of at least three amateurs who had to be reckoned with. Yet Sarazen had the good fortune to reach the peak of his effectiveness at the critical time, and a new champion was crowned. Further interest attaches to the fact that this is the first time since Walter Hagen won the title eight years ago that one of the ambitious younger generation succeeded in beating the field.

In pondering Sarazen's achievement, one is led to a consideration of the possibilities of a similar outcome from the National Amateur Championship to be played at Brookline, Massachusetts, early in September. To be sure, this year's championship will bring together without doubt the greatest field of amateur golfers that ever competed in a tournament in this country. For in addition to our own brilliant players, practically all of whom are expected to play, there will be entered some ten or a dozen of Britain's topnotchers, including the team selected to compete for the international Walker Cup.

In the face of competition of this caliber what are the chances for one of the younger players to emerge the victor? Rather slim, to be sure. For that matter the chances against any single one of those who have already reached the top to win again are very strong. Evans in twelve starts has won twice. Gardner's record is about the same. Ouimet has won but once in some nine starts, and Guilford, present champion, made his first start in 1914. Furthermore, nobody has been able to win two years in succession since Jerome Travers did in 1912 and 1913.

Headed by Bobby Jones, the younger generation musters a rather strong array. Fred Wright, who was the last American survivor in the British Amateur last year; Jesse W. Sweetser, Metropolitan champion; Rudolf E. Knepper, who recently won the Trans-Mississippi title; George Von Elm, Pacific Northwest champion; and several others may be figured as possibilities. Balanced off against the more widely-known players who have already won, the chances of either of these, save possibly Jones, seem rather small. But it may be remembered that there was nothing especially imposing about the chances assigned to Sarazen in advance of the Open Championship. Yet Sarazen is the present champion, and he won as a real champion should, with as fine a finish as ever marked a championship in this or any other country.

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The CENTURY FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

THE purpose of this department is to help CENTURY readers to avoid investments in which they are likely to lose money, or in which the risks involved are greater than the circumstances surrounding the investment would justify the individual in taking; and to assist them in the choice of sound investments that meet their requirements. It is hoped that inquiry will be made regarding securities and dealers before funds are invested rather than afterwards. Questions will not be answered in regard to purely speculative operations. Return postage should accompany each inquiry.

In addition to this Readers' Service, THE CENTURY will publish in this part of the magazine each month the announcements of reliable banking and brokerage houses that it can recommend. No house will be permitted to use these pages until it has been carefully investigated, and every effort will be made to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable houses.

Address all communications to READERS' FINANCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Investment Questions and Answers

Bonds *vs.* Savings Banks

MARYLAND.—*Q.* I have about $6000 to invest in high grade conservative bonds. Upon the recommendation of my banker, I went to a dealer in investment securities who places safety of principal above everything. He has recommended to me for consideration the following bonds for the immediate investment of $3000, leaving my other $3000 in the savings bank for immediate use in case I need it in business.

Indiana Steel Co. 1st Mortgage 5% Gold Bond, dated May 1st, 1912, due May 1st, 1952, in temporary form. $1000.

Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Brooklyn, 1st Consolidated 4% Gold Bond, due January 1st, 1939. $1000.

Richmond Terminal Railway Co. 1st mortgage 30 year 5% guaranteed Gold Bond, due January 1st, 1952, in temporary form. $1000.

The Indiana Steel costs about 100, the Edison Electric about 86 and the Richmond Terminal about 100, making the trio yield something over 5¼% instead of the 4 or 4½% that I would get by leaving my money in the savings bank and with the exact same security, so I am told, that I would have in the savings bank.

Would you please advise me, if, in your opinion, these bonds are as represented and a safe investment for my money which I would rather have than make 10% on it with the slightest chance of losing it.

A. The three bonds that have been recommended to you for the investment of approximately $3000 are high grade securities and we consider them entirely suitable for your purpose. While they may be the same kind of bonds that savings banks buy in Maryland, yet your money left in the savings bank enjoys a somewhat greater protection because of the much greater diversification of the bank's investments than you can secure when you buy only three different issues. If there is no possibility, however, that you will not need the remaining $3000 in your business soon we do not see why it is advisable to leave quite as much as that at 4 or 4½% interest. You could buy high grade short-term securities that would be readily marketable and would yield more.

Good Bonds for Investment

ILLINOIS.—*Q.* After reading your articles in your magazine I am asking you what you think of the following: 4th Liberty Loan; Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul general and refunding bond, due 2014; N. Y. Central & Hudson Ry. mortgage refunding and improvement 5%, due 2013; Wisconsin, Minn. Power & Light Co.; Central Illinois Power Company, and real estate bonds. Also, what do you think of the S. W. Straus & Company bonds.

A. The bonds about which you inquired are all good grade issues and we consider them suitable as investments for your purpose. We include in this blanket opinion the bonds of S. W. Straus & Company which enjoy an excellent reputation in the investment field. We consider them entirely suitable for a portion of one's investment funds.

Missouri Building and Loan Associations

MISSOURI.—*Q.* Kindly give me a rating on the Farm and Home Building & Loan Association with headquarters at Nevada, Mo. They offer $10,000 shares on which you pay $58 a month, maturing in 10 years. A clause in the contract says, "or as soon thereafter as . . . sums accruing amount to $10,000." They claim many years of business without loss to an investor. The interest rate is good if you stay in. You lose heavily if you drop out. Are they a reliable concern? Would you advise taking two shares with them, paying $116 a month and maturing at $20,000 in 10 years or "sometime thereafter." They claim to have always paid everybody at 10-year periods.

A. The present laws of the State of Missouri regarding building and loan associations are not very conservative. For that reason one should be particularly careful about investing money in such concerns. What you say about losing heavily if you drop out of the Farm and Home Building & Loan Association makes us think that this is one of the concerns operating under these new laws. Your letter, however, seems to indicate that the association has been in existence for more than ten years. We would suggest that you check up carefully on that point and that you send on to us one of the contracts of this company so that we can make an analysis of it for you.

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC ENGINEER and the Waterfall. The rushing stream has potential power to turn the wheels of industry and bring electric light to a whole community—but it requires the studies and services of an experienced engineer to harness that power and put it to work.

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BONDS
SHORT TERM NOTES
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INVESTMENT & BANKING

By JOHN K. BARNES

The Leading Part Played by the Small Investor

EVIDENCE continues to accumulate that the small investor of this country can and will supply the capital needed for the growth of American industrial, public utility, and railroad companies. The war taught people to save and invest. It also broadened their investment vision so that now foreign securities as well as domestic issues find a place in most investment lists. The United States has become a nation of investors. Where we had a few hundred thousand buying securities, now we have millions. The importance of this cannot be overestimated. Changed from a debtor to a creditor nation by the fortunes of war, we are continuing to finance our own internal growth without calling upon Europe for capital, and, furthermore, we are loaning abroad to help finance the rest of the world.

When the income surtaxes went up during the war many feared that the sources of investment capital would be dried up—that the streams which supplied our corporate organizations with the funds they needed for continued growth would run low. For it had been the comparatively few large investors, outside of the insurance companies and savings banks which buy the more conservative securities, who had supplied the investment capital in this country. Those large investors were driven into the tax exempt municipal bonds, yet the sale of corporate stocks and bonds goes on at a greater rate than ever before. Investment bankers report that their average sale has dropped from around $15,000 to about $3,000, but their aggregate sales are larger. And in addition to taking more American corporate issues, these new investors are steadily adding a larger amount of foreign bonds to their holdings.

In the more speculative issues these new investors are not able to exercise the same discrimination that those of more experience might, and it is likely that some worthy enterprises may not be launched because those able to see their possibilities may not have funds available to risk in them, while other enterprises of no promise may be put across by the misleading of new investors as to their possibilities. But on the whole there will be less money lost in purely worthless promotions because the public by the Liberty Loans has been educated to think in terms of investment rather than speculation and gambling. The real cure for the blue-sky promotion evil is to get people to invest their money in good securities. Then the get-rich-quick promoter has less chance of tempting it from them.

It is doubtful whether investment bankers appreciate the advantage of this broadening of the investment base from a few hundred thousand investors to a few million. It is harder for them to reach millions than it was thousands; they must adopt new methods to do it. But they are going to find it of advantage to the companies whose finances they handle to have their securities widely distributed. It is going to result in a better public feeling toward corporate enterprises. At present the public is a large owner of securities through the savings banks and insurance companies, but the average person does not take the interest in corporate affairs that individual ownership of stocks and bonds would give him.

The public utility companies have come to realize the value of having many stockholders among the people they serve. It influences public sentiment to the point of fairness to the companies where formerly it was frequently antagonistic. This movement toward "customer ownership," started by Mr. A. F. Hockenbeamer of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company before the war, has been successfully fostered on the various Byllesby public utilities and adopted by many others. The American Telephone & Telegraph Company took it up and with the aid of Kidder Peabody & Company, who carried on a unique campaign among telephone users, added 40,000 stockholders to its list in fifteen months.

A more spectacular achievement even than this was scored by the New York Telephone Company recently. In accordance with the new policy of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company to finance additions necessary to take care of the growing business of its subsidiaries by

(*Continued on the next page*)

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INVESTMENT AND BANKING

(*Continued*)

the sale of preferred stocks of those companies, the New York Company offered $25,000,000 of 6½ preferred stock to its employees and telephone users. The amount was limited to twenty shares for each subscriber in order to get a wide distribution of the issue. In one day more than one hundred thousand people entered subscriptions amounting to $82,500,000. In the allotments no one got more than 5 shares, or $500 worth of stock. No bankers' commissions were paid and probably the company would not have gotten 107,000 new stockholders from among its telephone users had it done so. It was a remarkable demonstration of our new investment capacity, the depths of which our investment bankers have not yet sounded.

Our situation to-day is much like that of Great Britain after the Napoleonic Wars. Those wars taught the English how to save and invest money. Before that they had borrowed from the Dutch to finance the growth of their industries. But with the overthrow of Napoleon they had found their investment pace and started their career as the bankers of the world. This position they held up to the recent war when the opportunity

(*Continued on the next page*)

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INVESTMENT AND BANKING

(Continued)

came to us to take the position held by England for more than a hundred years. Whether or not we take it depends largely on our new investors for the income tax still hobbles our old investors.

So far the new investor is doing well. Some of the things he has done in the domestic field have been pointed out. In the foreign field figures compiled by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and by the London Joint City and Midland Bank of London show that we are now taking nearly twice as many foreign securities as the London market. It is largely the buying of the small individual investor that accounts for this. In four months recently, he took more than $500,000,000 of various foreign government, city, railroad and industrial issues. A contrast of this with the past is enlightening. When the Allies wanted a billion dollar loan from us in 1915, not many people could see the advantage of it and the bankers could not see the possibility of floating it. It was cut to $500,000,000 and went with great difficulty; but when the money was spent here and American business began to boom, the advantage to us became apparent. The foreign loans we are now making have a similar influence, for only by increasing our loans abroad can we increase our exports of goods to foreign countries. Before the war we owed Europe interest on the money we had borrowed from it and we sent them goods in payment, capital and labor being employed at home in the production of them. Now that the war has changed us from a debtor to a creditor nation, we must either loan money abroad or take back more goods than we send out. The loans we make are largely converted into goods here and it is the goods rather than the gold that we export. Thus do foreign loans engage American capital and American labor at home, and our new investors, by their greater purchases of foreign securities, are hastening the return of prosperity in this country.

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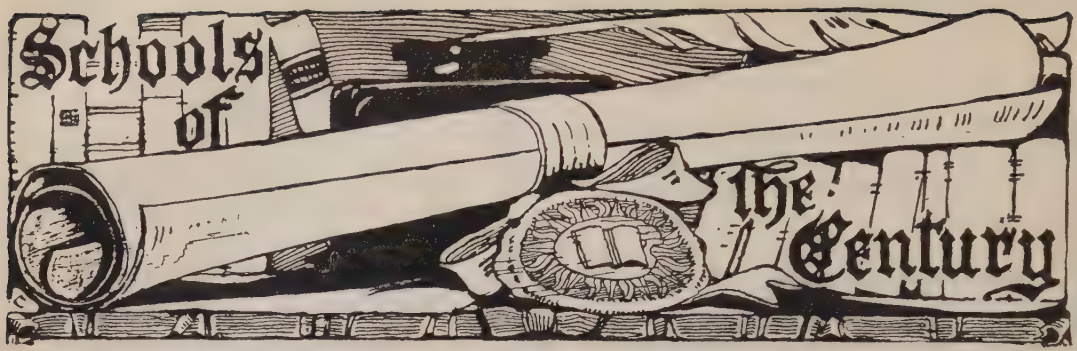

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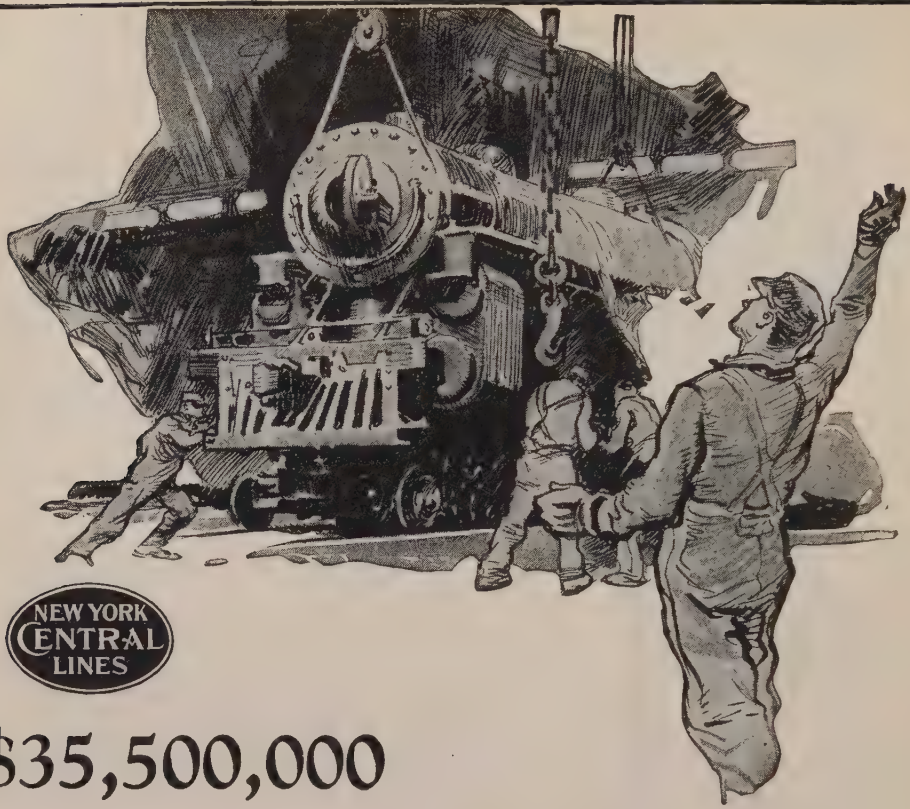

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THE
CENTURY MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER
1922

GEORGE ELIOT

A Drawing from Life, with Changes by Mr. John Cross in the Lines of Forehead and Nose to Conform with His Idea of Likeness

The CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 104 *September*, 1922 NO. 5

Unpublished Letters of George Eliot

With Comment by George S. Hellman

THE little group of letters here for the first time printed are, apart from the interest of their contents, noteworthy for two rather exceptional reasons. In the first place, they are addressed by the woman who was then the most distinguished female author of the eastern continent to a noted woman writer of the western continent. In the second place, they form a series of a sometimes intimate and deeply revelatory nature between two persons who never met, but who had points of close mental and temperamental contact.

When, in the early months of 1873, George Eliot first wrote to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in acknowledgment of the American woman's words of appreciation of "Middlemarch," she was fifty-four years old, and all her greater novels excepting "Daniel Deronda" had been published. Miss Phelps, not yet past the third decade of her life, had during the ten years since her first entrance upon serious literary work achieved a reputation extending into many lands, her novel, "The Gates Ajar," having gone beyond the hundred-thousand mark both in the United States and in Great Britain, and having found its way through translations into the hearts and minds of other peoples. Begun during the days of our Civil War and issued a few years after that conflict had terminated, but while its wounds were still grievous, this book had for generous aim the consolation of women whose husbands, sons, and lovers had perished in battle; and the insistence of Miss Phelps on the necessity of full human joy in the life after death was a challenge toward the consideration of problems that teachers of dogmatic religion usually preferred to ignore. It was thus a fine human document that intellectually and emotionally could make ready appeal to George Eliot, a woman to whom dogma meant little, and humanity much.

Of the two women, both of them introspective, the American was probably more sensitive and assuredly had a touch of morbidness not found in George Eliot, although she, too, like Miss Phelps, was a prey to ill health. But in their artistic conscientiousness and their high purpose of a practical nature in a world of men and women who needed all that might be offered them in the way of emotional solace

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and moral support in the upbuilding of character, these two were strongly alike. It is, then, with unquestionable sincerity that in the first of these letters George Eliot writes to Miss Phelps and of Miss Phelps as a "fellow-worker" whose words for her have "a peculiar sweetness."

The Priory,
21, North Bank,
Regents Park.
Mar. 18 .73

My dear Madam

You were quite right in believing that words of sympathy from a fellow-worker would have a peculiar sweetness to me, & though I narrow my letter-writing as far as my conscience will allow, I cannot rest without thanking you heartily for your generous expression of feeling.

As to the "great novel" which remains to be written, I must tell you that I never believe in future books of my own, & always after finishing any work I have a period of despairing I can ever produce anything else worth giving to the world. The responsibility of the writer becomes heavier & heavier—does it not?—as the writer grows older and the voices of the dead more numerous. It is difficult to believe, until the germ of some new work grows into imperious activity within one, that it is possible to make a really needed contribution to the poetry of the world—I mean possible for oneself to do it.

But I do not write to you for the sake of telling my personal doubts. I write to thank you, & to assure you that your helpful friendliness will be borne in memory by

Yours very sincerely,
M. E. LEWES.

In the next letter the formal "My dear Madam" becomes "My dear Miss Phelps." The lecture referred to in the second paragraph was one of a series delivered at Boston University on "Representative Modern Fiction," and there is no better evidence of how firmly George Eliot sought to follow her rule of not reading any criticism concerning her writings than in her frankness in stating that her husband, but not she, will be glad to read this lecture by Miss Phelps. But more important is the sentence wherein the great English novelist, now at the height of her career, maintains that her point of view toward life, her philosophy of life, had not changed since her first entrance into fiction with the "Scenes of Clerical Life." Certainly a woman not easily shifted, she shows herself here, quietly referring to the man whom she had never married as "my husband"; quietly asserting that her spirit in relation to the basic principles of all human endeavor and accomplishment had remained fixed since the days of her youth.

The Priory
21, North Bank
Regents Park
Dec. 16. .76

My dear Miss Phelps

I am very grateful to you for your generous words of sympathy and I am deeply touched by the image you suggest to me of yourself struggling under delicate health to fulfill worthily an office that may make a new precedent in social advances & which is at the very least an experiment that ought to be tried. America is the seed-ground & nursery of new ideas, where they can grow in a larger, freer air than ours.

Your lecture if you are good enough to send it will, I am sure, be read with interest by Mr. Lewes, but I hardly ever read anything that is written about myself—indeed, never unless my husband expressly wishes me to do so by way of exception. I adopted this rule many years ago as a necessary preservative against influences that would have ended by nullifying my power of writing. Mr. Lewes reads anything written about me that comes in his way & occasionally gives me reports of what he reads if it happens to show an unusual insight or an unusual ineptitude. In this way I get confirmed in my impression that the criticism of any new writing is shifting & untrustworthy. I hardly think that any critic can have so keen a sense of the short-comings in my works as that I groan under in the course of writing them, & I cannot imagine any edification coming to an author from a sort of reviewing which consists in attributing to him or her unexpressed opinions, & in imaginary circumstances which may be alleged as petty private motives for the treatments of subjects which ought to be of general human interest.

But I am confident, dear Miss Phelps, that whatever you have spoken or written is free from any such characteristics as those I refer to—nay, is full of a spirit animated & guided by a wide-reaching fellowship. I have been led into this rather superfluous sort of remark by the mention of a rule which seemed to require explanation. It is perhaps less irrelevant to say, apropos of a distinction you seem to make between my earlier & later works, that though I trust there is some growth in my appreciation of others & in my self-distrust, there has been no change in the point of view from which I regard our life since I wrote my first fiction—the "Scenes of Clerical Life." Any apparent change of spirit must be due to something of which I am unconscious. The principles which are at the root of my effort to paint Dinah Morris are equally at the root of my effort to paint Mordecai. Enough of me & my doings.

You and Mrs. Stowe might well beguile me by your loving invitations to cross the wide Atlantic, if it were not that Mr. Lewes's health is threatened in a peculiar way by any such perturbation of the heart's action as might come from a sea voyage. It is this that hinders me from carrying out my longing to go to the East, & that must forbid me equally from seeing your land of the Future. You speak of friends—Mr. and Mrs. Fields of Boston—to whom I should be glad to have my best remembrances offered when you see them.

Once more, dear Friend, believe in a gratitude which I will venture to call affectionate, from yours in sincerity,

M. E. LEWES.

In 1877, Miss Phelps published a novel, "The Story of Avis," one of the strongest of American works of fiction based on the theme of conjugal infidelity. George Eliot thanks her for a copy of this book, which she is reading as an exception to her rule to forego contemporary fiction: and we meet with the extraordinary statement that at a time when Dickens and Thackeray had already published much of their famous work, George Eliot knows nothing of contemporary English novels save of the insignificant

works of Thackeray's daughter and the now almost forgotten writings of Anthony Trollope. The final paragraph of this letter relates to the prohibition movement, in which Miss Phelps, as in woman suffrage and other social endeavors, was a protagonist.

George Eliot held to the belief that a literary craftsman could accomplish more for humanity by reserving his talents and energy for the expression of his art, and from organized efforts toward social betterment she held herself aloof; but her sympathy with active laborers in these fields was never in question.

The Priory,
21, North Bank,
Regents Park.
Nov. 13, .77.

My dear Miss Phelps

Sincere thanks for your kind letter and for the copy of "Avis" which has been duly sent to me. I have read several chapters, & shall continue to read the work with interest, but as I shall read it slowly, taking it up at odd moments, I cannot defer all signs of my sympathy till I reach the end. What you say of broken health as a hindrance & a severe demand for submission to doing the smaller things where you had hoped to do the greater, goes straight to my heart. This sort of renunciation or resignation enters more or less into the life of every ardent soul, for its vision & longing must always be larger than its achievement, but when the limit is fixed by bodily weakness or malaise the trial is incomparably hard. I know something of this.

I find the writing of these early chapters filled with indications of that keen sensibility & observation which are only to be attained through much inward experience, which always means a large proportion of pain as well as enjoyment. But do not expect 'criticism' from me. I hate 'sitting in the seat of judgment,' & I would rather try to impress the public generally with the sense that they may get the best result from a book without necessarily forming an 'opinion' about it, than I would rush into stating opinions of my own. The floods of nonsense printed in the form of critical opinions seem to be a chief curse of our time, a chief obstacle to true culture.

In general—perhaps I may have told you—it is my rule not to read contemporary fiction, & I have had to say so in many cases to countrywomen of yours. But you are an exceptional woman to my feeling, & I read your "Avis." Only let this be *entre nous.* I am usually studying some particular subject, & the reading I take outside that line is done aloud to Mr. Lewes. I daresay you will understand that for my own spiritual food I need all other sorts of reading more than I need fiction. I know nothing of our contemporary English novelists with the exception of Miss Thackeray's & (a few of) Anthony Trollope's works. My constant groan is, that I must leave so much of the greatest writing which the centuries have sifted for us, unread for want of time.

I can answer your kind inquiries about my health more cheerfully than usual. A summer spent on the breezy hills of Surrey & in untravelling quietude has sent me back to town with a sense of strength which I had not known for the last two or three years.

O that difficult question—how to

make men temperate. One moves despairingly in a circle; they can't leave off drinking till they have something else to cheer them, & they can't get a taste for that something else till they leave off drinking. At least, this is the form of fact in the case of our own day-labourers. But of course, we as well as you, have the drinking mania which is part of the idle-wealthy craving for excitement.

Always yours
Sincerely,
M. E. LEWES.

George Lewes died in November, 1878. For many weeks thereafter George Eliot saw virtually no one; she wrote to no one; she read no letters. Her entire time was given over to her grief and to work on the unfinished writings of the man who had been her spiritual and intellectual mate. Thus it is not until the month of April that she thanks Miss Phelps, whom she now addresses as "Dear Friend," for her words of sympathy. On this same day she has also sent a letter to Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The Priory,
North Bank,
Regents Park.
April 10, .79

Dear Friend

One word of thankfulness to you—a word that I am the more urged to write because of your tender feeling that I should be spared every possible burden. Your first letter has made a gentle echo in my mind ever since I read it—I mean its ending, where you say that 'Death is not the worst sorrow'. That is what I need to keep within me as a ground of complete submission. The *worst* of all is such a moral change as disease often brings in a beloved being. They are happy, in the comparative sense that belongs to the word 'happy' in this world of trouble, who see their best-loved die with a soul unblighted, leaving their image from blot or shadow. The time will come, if I live, when I shall feel only my great, great share of blessedness, & my sorrow itself as a gift beyond the common lot, because it is the offspring of a love beyond the common lot.

I gave what you sent me about Gwendolen to our Son, who likes to read things concerning me. I shall hear from him what he feels on the subject. Ever since the end of November I have been absorbed in preparing for the press such writing of my husband's as is left in a state to present to the public, & one of the volumes is to appear next month. And I am trying to found a useful student's life as a memorial of His life—a prolongation of his work. I have only lately begun to write any letters except those demanded by business. But now I have just been writing to Mrs. Stowe, & I could not lay aside my note-paper without easing my heart of its gratitude to another of kindred feeling who has long entered into the meaning of "America" for my thoughts.

Yours always sincerely,
M. E. LEWES.

The final letter to Miss Phelps differs from the previous ones both in the place of its composition and in its signature. In May, 1880, George Eliot had married J. W. Cross, her junior by many years and the son of an old friend, to whom Herbert Spencer had introduced her. The

wedding journey of the great novelist, now past the age of sixty, had been spent on the Continent. Then came the return to Witley; and, on December 22, 1880, her death.

This letter to Miss Phelps is one of the last of the letters of George Eliot, and in its closing lines it seems almost prophetically to include a phrase that might serve as an epitaph for its author: "A mind free enough to make a larger world for yourself by creating is a great blessing." Although, in George Eliot's life with Lewes, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's later marriage to Herbert D. Ward, both the English woman and the American experienced the usual joys and the usual anxieties that are the general human lot, they were foremost and essentially "free minds," creating through their self-expression a larger world not only for themselves, but for countless others.

The Heights, Witley,
Nr. Godalming.
Aug. 24 .80

My dear Miss Phelps

I thank you with much feeling for thinking of me kindly & sending me some of your work, which has a certain sacredness for me from its being done under bodily suffering. I am but lately returned from the continent & my attention has been occupied by immediate demands, but your volume of "Sealed Orders" lies on my little table to be taken up & read episodically either by me or to me. My absence from England has made me seem more than usually a defaulter to my correspondents. Mrs. Stowe wrote to me in the beginning of May telling me that her daughter was coming to England & would like to see me, but I only knew this when the occasion had long gone by—Mr. Charles Lewes, who looked at my letters for me, having simply written me word that Mrs. Stowe's was among them. If you are seeing that honoured woman will you kindly mention this little fact to her?

I have carefully laid by your letter in some place, intending to copy your address, & now I am unable to find it, so that I must send this brief note to the care of your publishers.

I wish you could have given me reason to hope that you had before you a time of recovery & confirmed health. It makes a large part of one's calm & comfort in this difficult world to think of the lots of those we know as free from any hard pangs either of sorrow or bodily pain. That you have a mind free enough to make a larger world for yourself by creating is a great blessing. Perhaps the writing too may be a pain, but the negation would be worse.

Believe me, dear Miss Phelps, with high regard,

Yours sincerely
M. A. CROSS.

The Snow-Man

By Franz Molnar. *Translated by* Benjamin Glazer

Drawings by Adolph Treidler

On the white, snow-covered street stood six black one-horse cabs. Like shiny-backed beetles, they ranged in a row along the curb. The horses hung their heads and froze in their own peculiar fashion, which is to say that they neither shivered nor stamped their feet as, for example, their six respective drivers did. These danced the cabman's *chardash* on the corner, slapping their hands vigorously under their arms while they hopped and swayed in droll, bear-like antics.

Little mounds of snow lay heaped at equal distances along Andrassy Street, awaiting the carts that would carry them off; and among them stood a snow-man, a most admirable snow-man, planted solidly in the pose which men of snow are accustomed to take. His feet were firmly rooted in his pedestal; his arms were pressed close to his body; he had a fat paunch and a short neck. Out of the two chestnuts which had been stuck into his head to serve for eyes he beamed upon the world with an air of good-fellowship. Between his teeth he held a pipe thrust up at a precarious angle, from which fact he appeared to be deriving a lot of good-humored satisfaction. He seemed to regard life in much the same spirit, for he grinned at it like a man who is a bit stupid, but who, despite that or, rather, because of it, is highly content with the course of things.

Csupu, the horse-tender, had modeled the snow-man. That was Csupu's specialty. Near the trough in Balaz Place, where he watered the horses, he had even built a chapel of snow which could be illuminated at night; and before the door of the chapel he had placed two snow watchmen, each with a rosary in his hands; and the children of the neighborhood used to gather around to gape at the miracle; indeed, even the grown-ups used to contemplate it with an admiring smile. The fees with which the cabman rewarded Csupu for his talents were incredibly meager, yet Csupu knew how to make a little money go further than most men. No one else ever managed to get drunk so cheaply and still so thoroughly as Csupu could.

Here at the cab-stand in Andrassy Street, where the execution of larger-scale works was impracticable, he had

contented himself with a simple snow-man, wrought with more than usual artistic finish. The result was a magnificent snow-man, one of the most beautiful snow-men that ever melted in Budapest.

Once a sculptor, coming out of his studio with a friend, got into one of the cabs and, while Csupu was unbuckling the blanket beneath the horse's belly, contemplated the snow-man with interest.

"There 's power in that thing," he muttered, and his thumb described a sweeping, downward semicircle in the air, a gesture which sculptors employ to indicate their highest appreciation.

Then the cab rolled away, and nothing more was said about the snow-man. But the weather grew colder, and the next time the sculptor came out for a cab, the snow-man still stood there, staring at him with its chestnut eyes.

"Hum!" mused the sculptor. "There 's character in that snow-man, and movement and solidity. It is quite the snow-manliest snow-man I ever—" He leaned out of the cab, "I say, driver, who modeled that snow-man?"

"The man who waters our horses," replied the driver, "Csupu. He made it."

A shabby fellow with a red nose lurched up to the cab.

"Are you Csupu?"

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir."

"Did you make that snow-man?"

"Yes, sir."

"What 's your name?"

"Johann Csupu."

The sculptor gave him a card.

"Come to my studio to-morrow morning."

The cab started off with a jerk, rolled down the snow-covered street, and vanished around the corner. Csupu, the card in his hand, stood gaping after it. Presently he came to himself, looked first at the card, then at the snow-man. Nothing was quite clear to Csupu. Only it seemed to him that the ground was trembling under his feet.

§ 2

I do not undertake to say that a great talent was discovered in Csupu. I only know that the sculptor who "discovered" him was himself a big fish no longer. When an artist devotes himself to such discoveries, it is an unerring sign that his own youth is vanishing. In the same way the beginning of artistic impotence impels even an author to taste the vicarious joys of the critic. An artist discovering new genius is like a father submerging himself in the welfare of his child because he can find little satisfaction in his own. It is proof that his own healthy egotism is disintegrating, and his discovery is nothing more than a species of abdication, a state of mind, alas! into which most men fall as their arteries begin to harden. All of which is perhaps irrelevant to the facts I have to relate of Csupu's remarkable progress. The sculptors praised Csupu, and the models ridiculed him. Eminent patrons of art and musty professors of esthetics came to the studio to watch him modeling in clay. Fashionable ladies engaged him in conversation.

"How is your work going?" they asked him.

Csupu—they called him Csepeli now—would make a wry face.

"This stuff is warm," he would reply.

And as he kneaded and molded the clay around the iron rod, he had the feeling that something was wrong. Now, snow—ah, that was another thing! Snow was as soft as down to the touch; it was crisp and brittle under your fingers; if you did n't work it with exquisite care, it split and broke into little lumps. But this clay was absurdly pliable. You could bend it and twist it whatever way you wished. Moreover, it was limp and slippery and much too heavy. Nevertheless, Csupu diligently plastered his clay around the iron rods and balanced it on the little wooden crosspieces which held the mass together. And because he was so industrious, they took pains with him, and he made progress.

Once a high government official looked at his work.

"Excellent," he commented. "Is it true you used to be a cab-driver?"

"Not at all," declared Csupu, proudly. "I was less than that, your Excellency; I was a horse-tender. All I did was water horses at a trough."

"Incredible!" observed the minister.

And Csupu was sent to Paris.

There, among all the other poverty-stricken art students, he was not conspicuous. Neither his age nor his beard was especially remarkable there. It is only here at home that all students are young. Csupu spent an uneventful year in Paris. He labored painfully at his clay modeling, drank a lot, and wrote letters home to his discoverer in a huge illiterate hand. Once he won a class competition. The subject was the "Genius of Peace Conquering the Spirit of War." In announcing the result to the class, the teacher said:

"The first prize is awarded to M. Csepeli. An admirable work, strong, and full of plastic feeling. Only a certain grace is lacking. It is fat, coarse; as if it were made of—what shall I say? Made of—"

And if some one had prompted him at that moment, "Made of snow," he would undoubtedly have continued: "Just so, just so. That is precisely what I wanted to say."

When Csupu came home from Paris he sent one of his works to an exhibition at the art club. It was a sturdy, powerful figure of a man, entitled "Resting Laborer." The broad, muscular body was naked to the waist; below were wide trousers draped so that the legs blended into each other. His feet were firmly rooted in his pedestal; his belly was plump; his neck was short. Between his teeth he held a pipe, and on his face there was the grin of a man who is a bit stupid, but who, despite that, or, rather, because of it, is highly content with the course of things.

The sculptor who had been Csupu's benefactor sent for him, scratched his head, and said:

"In Heaven's name, Csupu, this thing you 've modeled is nothing but a snow-man."

Csupu cast down his eyes and did not answer. The sculptor paced up and down the studio once or twice; then, with a gesture of despair, he picked up his hat and went out. Still Csupu did not raise his eyes. But presently he found his way to the art club. There he stood for a long time contemplating his "Resting Laborer." With a shrug of his shoulders he turned away from it at last, and went to the nearest public house and got drunk.

§ 3

Now followed anxious days for Csupu. His head was filled with new theories of plastic art. Painfully at last he had reached the conclusion he should have begun with, that marble, clay, and bronze did not melt like snow, and that one might use them without excessive caution. Nevertheless, he could not rid himself of that instinctive restraint in execution. Try as he might, he could not give his figures freedom and boldness of movement. The dogs he modeled drew in their tails as if they were in danger of melting. Poor Csupu slaved mightily to acquire the knack of grace, delicacy, lightness, but in vain. Then he persuaded himself that he was not meant to be a graceful artist at all, that he was strong and massive, like Meunier or Rodin. But the critics pronounced him heavy-handed and awkward, nothing more. And Csupu fell as swiftly as he had risen. His discoverer withdrew his favor, ceased to trouble about him at all. Desolately, Csupu toiled over his clay, kneading, shaping, molding. He modeled fragile figures that swayed on tiptoe, he carved tender profiles; but in vain.

From here the story moves rapidly to its end. Csupu made no progress; his competitors passed him, left him far behind. Friendless and alone, he soon grew tired of his work and manner of life. He took to frequenting public houses on the outskirts of the city, where he ran up big bills that he could never pay. Soon he was reduced to sleeping on park benches. His clothes were in rags. Though hardly as shabby in appearance as when he had been a horse-tender, he looked more pitiable now. He looked the derelict that he was. There are a thousand degrees of shabbiness, but each tells plainly whether one has gone up or gone down. And Csupu's rags were no longer worn with the fine indifference of former days; there was a souvenir of decaying and shamefaced elegance about them.

A park bench is not a comfortable resting-place. Csupu trudged wearily into the city one day, and arrived at the old cab-stand in Andrassy Street. Some of the cabmen he knew still worked there. He was thrilled to see them dancing opposite the little mounds of snow and slapping their hands under their arms to keep warm.

"Ah, Csupu!" they welcomed him. But there was another man to water the horses, and Csupu had to look elsewhere for work. From Monday until Saturday he searched. On Saturday he was taken on at a cab-stand in the Josefstadt. He watered the horses, washed the cabs, got drunk, and began to feel like himself again.

"Say," a cabby, an old acquaintance, asked him, "going to make us a snow-man to-day?"

Csupu smiled a bit sadly, and that afternoon the snow-man was finished. The cabmen regarded it with undisguised derision.

He was an absurd snow-man with slender legs, a flat stomach, and a high chest. His hands were held coquettishly on his hips, as if he were proudly showing off his slender figure. But in his eyes was a restless expression, as of one who looks at life, striving, searching for something without greatly hoping to find it. That was Csupu's first graceful figure. But it was made of snow. Toward evening it wilted, its head drooped, its torso slumped. In this distorted attitude the frost hardened it in the morning.

"You don't know how to make a snow-man any more," observed Csupu's old friend, the cabby. The others nodded agreement, and no one gave Csupu money for a drink.

The Adopted Mother

By Honoré Willsie

YEARS and years ago, when I was about eight years old, I came into the dining-room on a wet November morning and found that my mother was not at the breakfast-table. Mrs. Schaeffer, the neighborhood nurse, was there instead. She was a very brisk person, as I remember, and she answered the quick fall of my heart before my lips framed the question.

"I have a present for you, my dear. The doctor brought it in the night. Your mother is staying in bed to take care of it. Look!"

There was a chair drawn close to the base-burner. In the chair was a clothes-basket. Mrs. Schaeffer stooped over the basket and pulled down a bit of blanket. A baby! A tiny red-faced baby!

Underneath a bashful, tomboyish exterior I was an extremely emotional child. I had lived much in my eight years in the way of tensity of feeling. Yet after all these years I still recall that the profound emotion that shook me then dwarfed all the sensations that I had experienced before.

It was not at all the feeling that all little girls have on seeing a new baby. It was not the feeling that I myself had had and still do have when some fortunate woman allows me to hold one of those heavenly little bundles. This was different.

In the first place, I held in complete scorn the drool about the present and the doctor. I was eight years old and I had been in public school for a year. I knew where babies hailed from. I knew their cost. Nobody knew that I knew; that is, none but my playmates. My mother had told me to come to her when I was twelve and she would tell me the true story of the stork. I fully intended to come to her then. But, in the meantime, knowing that the baby was coming and full of erroneous information, I had suffered torments of apprehension.

I adored my mother. She was a brilliant and beautiful woman whose affection for her children reached heights of passionate devotion possible only to the highly mental type. My brother, my sister, and I were bound to her by ties so vital that any thought of her suffering was misery to us. I had been very sure that she would die. And now it was all over; she was doing well, and this was her baby. Our baby. Life, so strange and in many ways so frightening, once more had twisted me with fear and vicarious pain and then, as often before, had relented and left me with something beautiful. I felt this clearly. The baby was to me what the rainbow must have been to the lonely and bewildered voyagers stranded on Mount Ararat.

She was more than that. She was the mystery and beauty of life.

I knew much more about grown-up troubles than my elders dreamed I did. I worried over family matters that

they did not dream I knew. I was finding life full of incomprehensible responsibilities. I wanted to help so much and did n't know how to make them understand that I was quite capable of understanding. And in the midst of all the uneasiness and bewilderment this beautiful thing had happened. How marvelous! How unbelievably good! What happiness!

My big brother and my younger sister stood beside the basket with me.

"She shall be my baby!" announced my brother. "Let me hold her."

I looked at Mrs. Schaeffer in an agony of apprehension. She smiled and lifted the orris-scented bundle.

"A man can't have a baby," she said with finality. "This shall be sister's baby." She laid the bundle in my arms.

And she was my baby. Mother was an invalid for several years. There was no money for a nurse. She was my little child. She was with me every moment when I was not at school. I bathed her, fed her, tended her, and loved her for three years.

Three years! What a tiny lifetime! Too short to have meant much of itself, but what a long, long life in the profundity of its influence on me!

She died of diphtheria after an illness of a single day.

We had thought it only a heavy cold, and we children had not been isolated. I was standing beside her when the doctor shook his head at my mother and laid down the feeble little hand. It was January. I went out into the back yard and knelt in the snow by the woodpile.

"Listen, God," I said threateningly, "I 'm going to pray to you to save her. If you don't save her, I 'll never pray to you again. I 'll not even believe you are God."

I did pray, and He did not heed, and I returned from her funeral a complete little atheist and with a more or less serious attack of diphtheria.

Some fool—many fools, have said with a sigh and a smile that it 's a blessing children forget their griefs. Listen! A child over ten forgets nothing in the way of actual grief. The wound heals, of course, but the memory scar is permanent.

I have no regrets now for that tragedy of my childhood, though it took me many years to give up regretting. I do not think it a good or gracious thing for a human being to come through childhood without having looked upon some of the gaunt realities of life. Such glimpses tear away illusions while the mind is still plastic enough to reform to the actual, give a capacity for evaluating joy impossible to the untried child, give maturity a poise that life's worst blows can only temporarily disturb.

The only marked outward result of this childish experience was that for long years I kept away from little new babies despite an inveterate and incurable love for the little children of the neighborhood which was so marked that their mothers trusted them to me when they would not trust them to their own older daughters. Inwardly I remained an atheist, though they sent me to church with meticulous regularity. How could they know that I had the same contempt for their stories of the Eternal Goodness that I had had for the tales of the stork? Me! I had seen a new-born babe and I had tested their God, whose very foundations they said was love for His

children. There was no fooling me!

I grew into my teens, rather wary about the building of air-castles, but unshakable in one determination. I was going to have a family of five children after I had finished college and married a man. My mother was very firm about my having a profession. And she was canny. She said that having a profession was a woman's insurance against poverty for her children. She was quite right. I told her she was quite right. None the less, I proposed to have a profession that would in no way interfere with the having and training of five youngsters. It was a matter of serious annoyance to me that my mother felt that my only talent lay in the direction of fiction-writing. I wanted to write, but by the time I had reached college I realized that the writing profession was monstrously exacting and might interfere with maternal efficiency. Nevertheless, with all the extreme valor of ignorance, after I had finished school, I gathered my skirts together and leaped into the whirlpool of the writing game.

Funny old whirlpool. Lots of us paddling madly about in it. All of us half baked. Most of us mistaking taste for talent, the patter for the solid structure. But all that is another story. What counts here is that after a due amount of sweating blood I reached the point where my writing made me self-supporting, and that I married, and that I found my life extraordinarily full of interesting things.

Interesting—yes, that 's the word. Days, months, and years filled with hard work in which I was vitally interested. Vitally? No, that 's not the word. Interested with my brain, not with the inner me. I realized this when a little son was born to my sister. Moved to forgotten depths when once more a tiny orris-scented bundle was placed in my arms, I lived again that grief of my little girlhood. And with a sudden fierce resolve that that little life should not have been lived in vain, that that pain should not be permanently barren, I turned to paper and pencil and sought to make a record in fiction of those short three years of life.

But I could not do it. The sorrow was still too profound. It had become an inalienable part of my inner structure. I could not segregate it. I could not form it into something beautiful that I might share with the world. After all, it seemed in the very fullness of truth as if that little existence had returned to the nothingness from which it had set out.

I can recall the very moment at which this conviction came to me. I had returned from two years in the desert country and was in a hotel in New York. From my window I could look across a paved yard into the windows of a rooming-house—a rooming-house occupied by women of careless reputation. As I sat at my desk I saw two of these women enter into a violent discussion, which ended in their ejecting each other's clothing from the window, into the paved yard. I was amused for a moment, then a sense of their vulgarity, and of that sordid side of New York for which they stood, swept over me, and I longed to be in the loneliness of the desert again. One can endure the tragedies of life with more equanimity than its sordidness.

The loneliness of the desert—could anything so filled with beauty as the desert be lonely? Was not sordid

New York far lonelier? Was I not really finding loneliness within myself? What, after all, except a keen interest in things of the eye and mind had the years brought me?

I re-read the meaningless words that I had so painfully wrought, and pitched the manuscript into the waste-paper basket. Then I closed my eyes and marshaled the years before me. Things of the mind and eye. Adventure, action, work, but not the vital, the racial thing that makes for content. I was lonely for a fundamentally sound reason. I had wandered from my destiny. Nothing to show for those three short years woven of laughter and love, but atheism and the futility of my art to express what was real within me.

It must not be so. Since fate had denied me those dream children of my teens, I would discover another way. Somewhere I would find a child that would carry on the little life that so long since had slipped over the border.

It was my great idea. I kept it within myself for a long time. Then I broached it to the boss.

He was sane, scientific, and kind, but obdurate. One's own children were well enough. There was a mixture of fate and duty about one's own. But failing these, why go abroad looking for trouble? Of course the maternal instinct was a perfectly normal factor. The right kind of a woman always had it. But why mar the perfect calm of a childless life by dragging into it somebody else's youngster? Absurd, chimerical.

Chimerical. So it was. I admitted it. All the ordinary arguments were on the boss's side. My proposal conjured up a horrid picture of discomfort, of responsibility, and of risk. I saw this quite clearly. But, still, I reiterated, I wanted to adopt a child.

The boss admitted grimly that this was obviously true. But as yet, he also insisted, I had given no sound reason for making the sacrifice.

§ 2

I cast about in my mind. It was patent, even to me, that an ancient bereavement, however permanent and far-reaching in its effect, was not a sound reason for involving a man in this particular kind of discomfort and responsibility. And, anyhow, I had just proved to myself that I had no words for expressing the wordless. But there must be other reasons. I dived into the workaday part of my mind.

It was, I said, a question of one's philosophy, of the code on which was based one's plan of life. There had been a time when the church planned and inforced such a code. But most of us now, church-goers or not, were masters of our own line of conduct.

Among the tenets of my own code was the idea that you are obligated to put more into society than you took out of it, to leave life in some way a little richer than you found it. The theory of social evolution was based on this idea. Mental and spiritual progress of society could come only if enough of us recognized this obligation and fulfilled it. I had always believed, I said, that I had a peculiar gift in training children. If I could adopt a child I would be doing my best bit toward my obligation.

And on what, asked the boss, did I base my belief that I had talent for child training?

He had me there, of course. I did not realize then, as I do now, that my conviction was common to every

woman who loves children. But I was silenced for the time being, and we let the matter rest. Outwardly, at least. But I had no rest within. For as the months rushed swiftly and more swiftly into the years, I realized that what I had thought to be a longing was really an urge too deep to control.

Why do we do things? Are our acts entirely controlled by race memory, by voluntary desire, by forgotten incident, by the nuances of suggestion? Or is our lot predestined, and does something higher than all these influences direct our ends, rough-hew them how we will?

I do not know. Rough-hew them how we will, I did not at all want to be the editor of a woman's magazine. I was over-persuaded to take the job. Once undertaken, however, it proved to be entirely absorbing, and I liked it. I liked particularly the vast amount of work done for babies, which was traditional with this particular magazine. Among other services demanded by the readers was that I give information as to the where and how of child adoption.

Now, strange as it may seem, I never had looked concretely into this matter. The reason was perfectly sound to me. Of what use was it to torture myself by focusing on some particular child until the boss would consent to our taking one? But here were other people without my complicated inhibitions. They must be informed fully and accurately. I undertook to do so.

My idea had been that when I was ready to take a child I would search through an orphanage until I found one I wanted. That is the old method, and most people still think it is the only method. It did not take me long to discover that I had been deeply and inexcusably ignorant.

The first orphanage to which I made a pilgrimage for information referred me to a child-placing agency in New York City. One of the workers of this agency took me in charge, and a most drastic educational process was begun on me.

I cannot here set down the details of that intensive course, but I must give you at least an outline of what I learned that you may understand its effect on me.

I learned that the handling of the dependent child by certain groups of people had become as nearly scientific as anything as intrinsically inexact as the handling of the child could be. Not that all child-placing agencies are now scientific in the placing of children or that orphan asylums have become Binetian models of perfection. Far from it.

But the Wasserman test and intelligence tests have come into practical use, and the psychiatrist has fought his way from the children's courts into a permanent place as consultant for those who endeavor to study children intelligently. I discovered that in numerous instances there were child-placing organizations which took full advantage of these advances in science, that these organizations worked with a degree of understanding in finding homes for children that was almost unbelievable. I found that while numerous orphanages and agencies were conducted on the old lines of stupidity and sentimentality, still there were institutions to which one could turn with confidence that all that science could do for the right handling of a child's body, mind, and soul was being done.

The old way! The worker in the organization took pains to show me that the old way had not been pretty. I learned how black from their angle is the page of history that tells the story of the progress of the dependent child up from slavery. Quite so! Slavery. Charles Dickens told a part of it in his "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby," but only the kindlier part.

At the very time that philanthropists were stirring the sensibilities of England with tales of the brutalities of the American slave systems, they were ignoring the fact that English mill-owners were trafficking in child labor. These mill-owners were supplied regularly with pauper children by overseers of the poor. It was often customary for the parish authorities to get rid of imbeciles by supplying one idiot with every group of twenty sane children. All of these children were doomed to slavery from the moment they entered the factory door. Nominally, they were apprentices. Actually, they were slaves who got no wages; whom it was not necessary to feed or clothe decently because their places could be easily filled.

Their hours of labor were limited only by total collapse. There was no segregation of sexes. Disease, misery, vice, grew as in a hotbed. Many died and were buried secretly lest the uncanny number of little graves attract public notice. The philanthropists took no heed until the factories bred a malignant fever that spread over the people at large.

America has no greatly better boast to make of her earlier treatment of the pauper child. It has been a long, bloody climb for little, unguided feet from apprentice days to the present time, from the little factory slaves of England to our own sweat-shops and cotton-mills, from the workhouse of Oliver Twist to the baby-farms of Chicago, from old *Fagin* to the New England housewife who adopts a girl to make a household drudge of her or the farmer who takes a boy to become the perpetual hired man. A long and bloody climb!

But the new era has arrived. We have with us to-day the social worker who uses the intelligence and Wasserman tests directly on the child and indirectly but none the less thoroughly on the would-be parents. We have gradually dawning on the public the idea that the pauper child is also a human child, that bad habits are not heritable.

I blush to admit that most of these facts about the handling of the dependent child were new to me. Once launched, however, on the trail of this most poignant type of news, I was unwearied in my pursuit of it. I was shown the ignorant and the intelligent placing of children. I learned that nothing is so terrible as ignorant sentimentality may be, nothing so tender as the ruthlessly scientific system is. Day after day I saw unsung miracles wrought, unsung tragedy averted, ceaseless endeavor rising above seemingly hopeless failure.

I saw the lovely four-year-old whom everybody wanted to adopt withheld until a would-be mother could be found who would face unflinchingly the fact that the charming little girl's Wasserman test had been positive—a mother thoroughly equipped to handle the terrible problem of venereal taint. In the earlier days the taint would not have been detected until at fourteen or

fifteen the child broke down physically or mentally.

I saw the bad boy of eight whom nobody wanted put again and again under the intelligence tests by a psychiatrist who finally discovered his childish complex and began the struggle for his cure, which was wrought after many months of patient effort by the organization. He was then taken by people who before his treatment would not have given him a moment's consideration.

I saw the handsome little boy of five whom again everybody wished to adopt withheld because the intelligence test had found him defective. He must have no home save with people who would be willing to act as foster-parents to a subnormal child.

I saw frowsy, uncouth, foul-mouthed children of ignorant and disgusting parents tested and pronounced normal. I then watched these same workers systematically groom the small imps into pleasant-mannered youngsters purified of body and mind, and I saw them enthusiastically adopted by people who would on earlier contacts have drawn their garments aside.

The children that I saw! The little, poignant life histories that I read! The curious psychology of would-be parents that I observed! The infinite patience and persistence of the child-placing experts whom I watched!

I could not, of course, hope to understand more than the general methods used by the people who had given their lives to this highly specialized work, but what generalities I got had a far-reaching effect on my own purpose.

All that I learned I handed on to the boss.

Marriage is like any other difficult profession. One learns not to expect quick results. The boss never asked me to tell him the details of my search. What I did tell him was couched carefully in terms of work for my magazine. But my reports were full, and deliberately lost none of their poignancy in the telling. A man married to a female fiction writer has his own side of the story! Nevertheless, I gave the boss the tales as they happened. I could not hope to improve on the truth.

The real effect that I wanted to produce on him was that child adoption as handled by a scientific organization had reduced the gambling element to about fifty-fifty with the own-child hazard. You ordinarily know far less about the eugenic history of your husband's family than you do about the ancestry of the child you have adopted under proper conditions! I wanted the boss to get this, and I wanted him to feel that while he suspected that I was actuated by deeply sentimental reasons, I was actually going about the matter dispassionately, that I was learning with my mind and not with my heart. A man wants his wife to be clear-seeing about everything but himself! And that, too, is biologically right.

Perhaps a year after my first contacts with the child-placing organizations I began to invite to our apartment youngsters who appealed to me as attractive. I always asked them for a Saturday afternoon when the boss normally would be at home. But almost invariably, on such Saturdays, the boss would leave as the child appeared.

But not every time. One afternoon as I was coming into the apartment with a little gray-eyed boy, the boss,

hastening out, bumped into us. He gave the child a keen glance, muttered that he had business in Jersey, and rushed away. Half an hour later he returned and joined the little boy and me in the window-seat. The three of us played together all the afternoon, the boss never ceasing to regard the child with a keenly appraising eye.

After supper, when the little boy had been returned and the wreckage of the afternoon cleared away, the boss remarked that the child had a brain, a good brain. I nodded and said that his intelligence test had been high. But, commented the boss, he did n't look strong. No, he was not strong. He was just over an attack of bronchial pneumonia and needed special care. I was favored with an enigmatic glance, and the conversation languished.

One Sunday the boss said:

"What 's that patter-phrase you 've been using? Oh, I remember, case history. Is that child's case history satisfactory?"

"Exceptionally fine," I replied carelessly.

"But he looks delicate. Big enough perhaps, but bad color."

"As I told you, he 's been very sick."

The boss favored me with a stare, lighted a cigarette, and went on with his Sunday paper.

On Monday he said:

"Well, you pseudo-scientists get me! There is a fine little child evidently ill,—he might get T. B. for lack of a good home,—and you cold-bloodedly piffling around about intelligence tests and case-histories. I 'm going out and buy a child's bedroom set. You go get that child."

And thus the first battle was won.

But not the war. That was to continue.

Life is so. In one of Robert Louis Stevenson's poems there are some lines that to me are unforgetable.

"To go on forever and fail and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise
And contend for the shade of a word and the thing not seen with the eyes."

To take punishment standing and, if not gaily, at least silently. To be unafraid to face facts and never, never to bluff yourself. To speak truth or be still. To give more than you take—these are the basic ideas that I 'm trying to give my little son.

§ 3

I paused here and looked out of the window. Young April. Just beyond the window the waters of Long Island Sound, blue beyond comprehension, lap-lapping against gray rock heaps. The rose pink of budding oaks, the smell of moist earth and salt tide—God, how curiously that odor moves one!—the scream of gulls, the song of robins. How far, how very far from that little mid-Western town and the basket before the base-burner—the basket that held the three most important years of my life! I fought with God for her life and I failed.

I want my little son to fail in many things. Failure will temper his metal as nothing else can—if he learns to meet failure gallantly. I want him to succeed with his talent if he develops one, but far more than this I want him to succeed as a human being.

Well, he came to us, quite as uneasy, quite as eager and excited, as we were, but with a far greater burden than ours

resting on his tiny shoulders. For little as he was, he knew, with that pathetic too-early knowledge of the dependent child, that he must make good with us. Failure was terror unthinkable to him.

Heavens, how hard it all was! The high-strung, difficult child, the two grown-ups with their set, old-maidish ways, the little New York apartment. There is no underestimating the discomfort of the first six months. It was chaos. I almost went mad over my upset routine. I woke every morning with a sick sense of our overwhelming and unescapable responsibility. I discovered depths of irritability and bad temper within myself that I never before had sounded. The grasshopper became a burden, and desire failed. Yet never from that first morning, when, a small, naughty, clinging hand in mine, we came home together, have I regretted the undertaking.

It goes without saying that almost every one who knew us thought we were fools. Why, why, they insisted, take on a burden like that when you don't have to! Some comment, eh, on the having of own children? They pitied the boss. They considered me as a poor, well-meaning nut. Why, why, with a so-called art which, they said, some people at least liked, why jeopardize it by an act like this?

Good heavens! as if talent was so fragile a thing that a child riproaring about the house could destroy it! If my talent was of so frail an order, it was not art at all that I was cultivating, but sickly temperament, and the sooner I discovered it and changed my work, the better.

The happiest thing about life is that nothing lasts forever. How unendurable living would be if this were not so. Joys and griefs, laughter and tears, sunshine and shadow, change and counter-change, how wonderful, how intriguing it all is!

Imperceptibly, of course, we grew accustomed to one another's ways. The child gave in to our ideas and idiosyncrasies. We eased off here and tightened there, and finally, assured that nothing could take him from us, the child became normal. I, responsible as a mother must be for the details of training of a child's early years, changed too, changed more than anybody. Perhaps I, also, was merely becoming normal. At any rate, by the end of the first year, the apprehensive side of my feeling of responsibility had disappeared. My nerves had steadied. The home had again become well ordered and how much more a home I surely need not attempt to say. I had come to see that, after all, even in moments of deepest exasperation and exhaustion, the overwhelming sense of tenderness toward a child's helplessness never leaves one, that having seen what I have, the eyes of the brain never lose sight of that long, sad procession of little lonely feet moving up from slavery. And a dawning sense of having fulfilled one of one's obligations ushered in a sort of content that nothing else can bring.

Nor is that all. I have said that I have changed, and I have. It is not only that now I can forgive the unforgivable and refuse the pardon to pardonable, that my nerves are now polished steel, that my sense of humor has fed vastly and deliciously and waxed stronger. It is not only that I have become a member of a class that speaks the language of childhood, that can see life table-high with all its mysteries, incongruities, and joys,

that my whole angle toward child training has shifted, but that there has come to me, just at what point I cannot say, a profound conviction that the little child who died so long ago has never died, can never die as long as my home shelters with the old devotion other children of another decade.

But I must get on a bit with the "what happened next" part of this story. The simplest, surest way that I know of to halve the difficulty of bringing up a child is to bring up two children. Any mother will tell you this. Children entertain and discipline one another in a way no grown-up can.

I did not discontinue my interest in the general work of child-placing organizations after my own little son came home with me, and so one day, about two years after young Gray-Eyes arrived, I saw a tiny blue-eyed girl whom I instantly knew to be mine. Fortunate it was all round that she proved to be a little person of exceptional brilliancy and fineness, for the hand of fate was on me the moment I saw her, and I had to bring her home. She has explained to me since that the reason she did n't recognize me at once was because they had lost her so long in hospitals. I have accepted her apology.

The boss had by this time developed a certain quality of resignation that I have observed is common to most fathers. And, anyhow, answer me this: What man ever held out more than fifteen minutes against a tiny blue-eyed, yellow-haired female, with the beguiling manner inseparable from the perfect blond? Scientific? Businesslike? Hah! It was so easy for that baby girl that it was cruel.

Thus the circle was completed.

Don't let me put the closing of the circle in too casual a light, however. You must realize that in order to recognize my little daughter as instantly as I did, my child-placing expert must have grilled a fair amount of education into me. After you have studied the game some time, if you are a child-lover, you get a sort of feeling about children, a sort of antenna, that tells you things your tongue finds difficult to phrase. Just as,—pardon the analogy,—if you are a dog-fancier, you become expert in picking a good dog. When you guess that a child is thoroughbred, you are not mistaken as often as might be supposed.

As a matter of fact, I was not casual nor was I running any greater risk than the own mother who, poor soul, must take what is wished on her. There are certain fundamental questions which must enter into the forming of judgment about a dependent child. Here are a few of them.

Why is the child open to adoption? Was the physical stock of the family below par, so that there was no surviving relative of either parent to take the child? What were the family traits that brought about the dependence of the child? Were these traits the result of environment and external pressure or of inherent and heritable traits?

If the child is old enough to respond satisfactorily to the intelligence tests, have these tests continued over a long enough period to convince you that the child's mental type will fit fairly well into your family type? For example, a child not of the mental type, though normal, would be unhappy in a college professor's home, but might fit well in a laborer's family. The delicate, artistic type

would not be a success in farm life. The out-of-door, husky type would not do in a musician's family. Have you looked the child's weaknesses and bad points in the face and have you firmly made up your mind that, having undertaken the burden, you never will seek to cast it off? Are you conversant with the child's eugenic history? Are the health tests satisfactory?

These were the questions which loomed most important to me in the judging of any dependent child. How many own children would pass such a test with flying colors?

So, behold me, equipped with my fatuous egotism as regards my fitness to be a wise mother, equipped also with many admonitions from the child-placing organizations, and with certain hard-and-fast rules from a children's physician and a psychiatrist, starting out on the fine adventure.

My theories on child training! Alas and alack! not one of them, not a theory of all my original theories, has worked out! Even those that still are academically correct have failed when put to the test against that most immutable and uncontrollable fact of human development, child nature. Not a single one, mind you!

There is the matter of whipping. I don't believe in whipping children. Neither does the psychiatrist who advised me to lift the fear of corporal punishment from my older child, at once and finally. I did so, firmly convinced that a child could be ruled by love alone.

The months slipped by. It was, after all, very difficult to rule a child who did not fear his parents. It was proper to make the punishment fit the crime. Gradually I found myself inventing all sorts of ingenious and complicated rules and punishments, immensely interesting to me and, as to my dismay I gradually discovered, to my children also. Punishments, it seemed, were not always punishments, but stunts, endurance tests, sporting events. Still, I would not whip the children.

Every parent has one red rag. Mine is lying. Nothing angers me as does being told a lie by one of the children. Every parent has one pet illusion. Mine was that my little son would not lie. One day, a few months after my small daughter came home, I caught young Gray-Eyes in a whopper, a lie of premeditated cussedness. And he sprang it before some guests who were stopping with us over the week-end, a mother and her twelve-year-old son.

The mother was horrified. Her son, she said, never had lied to her, so she could give me no suggestions as to how to handle the case. I put the small criminal to bed on bread and water, and a little later held a conference with the twelve-year-old.

"What," I asked, "would you do to a boy that lied?"

"Well," he replied thoughtfully, "all kids do lie, of course. I used to lie and lie and get away with it, too. I got ashamed of it at last. Mother should have given me one or two good lickings, and I 'd have quit sooner. But she does n't believe in whipping. You bet us kids do. We lick the daylights out of one another."

I was thoughtful and confused. I became more watchful and I scotched many lies. The fear lies and the fairy-tales lies I commented on, but let go. The mean, tattling lies worried me, and I kept after them sternly with every kind of fitting punishment

I could devise or read about. This was for perhaps a year. Then came a lie so extraordinarily ornery that I dared not experiment further, and I offered the child his choice between a complete confession and a whipping. He refused to contemplate either, insisting that he never lied. I whipped him severely. When it was over, he was crying bitterly.

"Why, oh, why," I begged of him, "did you force me to do this?"

Suddenly he threw his arms about me.

"I began to lie after I found out you did n't believe in whipping children," he sobbed. "It was a lie. I 've told you lots of 'em. But I never thought you 'd lick a fellow. I 'll try to quit now."

And he has tried. He never told one of the mean lies again, and the fear lies are slowly, but surely, disappearing. Curiously enough, the whipping served, too, to increase the sense of companionship between us. I was no longer a mere mother. I was a strong-armed person, something like a fellow who recognizes the value of brute force in another fellow's training. I am now the recipient of many confidences about school fights, in particular why the battles are fought and what is the net effect on the loser.

We have had one other whipping for long-continued and increasing impudence. We are through with that, too.

Then there are rules. The boss and I both had a theory that it worked like this: You make a simple, sensible rule. You make the child thoroughly understand it. You command the child to obey it. Presto, the rule is enforced.

It makes me laugh now to think of it.

Take the matter of punctuality at meals. We are commuters now, and the small boy must leave for school when we leave for the train. Punctuality at breakfast is a prime necessity in our household. All this was explained over and over and in detail to the children. Rule: Rise with the rising-bell, wash, dress, leave your room in order, come to breakfast when the breakfast-bell rings.

At first the small girl was neatness and promptness itself. The small boy, seven years old when we became commuters, would not obey the rule. He read in bed. He read in the bath-room. He played marbles in his pajamas. He hung out the window talking to the milkman. His ears were back. He would not be in time. He said so. He arrived at breakfast frowzy, to find he could have no breakfast. He did not care in the least. He was too late for the automobile rushing the boss off. He calmly walked the two miles to school. Every morning for four months I went to his room and started him to his bath-room. Three mornings out of four he was late for breakfast. Finally, one winter's day, the auto chugging at the door, we rushed to his room. He was sitting against the bath-tub, in his pajamas, playing on his comb, "The Wind in the Willows" open in his lap. We jerked on his bath-slippers, wrapped him in his bath-robe, slammed him in the auto, and started off. He, of course, was taken only as far as the station with us, for he made a promise on the way over, and we sent him home to dress. We 've never had to repeat that punishment, either. He is virtually always prompt in appearing at meals now. But Blue-Eyes is a complete backslider.

She has become dilatory, slovenly, and adorably casual about it, too. Heigho! All to do over again with her!

Blue-Eyes has had her whipping, too. For lying. That was two years ago. At present she takes keen pride in the absolute honesty of her spoken word. How long this will last I do not know. Her faults are more difficult to handle than her brother's because she is more subtle, less high strung, more sensitive, with less sense of fair play. I must finish whatever I begin with her because she never forgets or fails to take advantage of any weakness or lack of determination on my part. They both apparently have one blanket rule of their own. Never in any circumstances to obey one of our rules until they have tried by every method conceivable to wear us down on its enforcement.

I know exactly what you are thinking as you read this. You are saying to yourself, "No own mother ever could be so harsh to her children." And just because I knew you would think that I put it in the story, which is not a story about child training at all, but about child adoption.

I am undoubtedly stricter with my children than any own mother I know, because I see my children more clearly than own mothers do. I doubt very much if I love them now any less than the others, but I certainly started unhandicapped by the blind love that makes them see dimly.

And what is love, anyhow? Was it love that made the mother of the twelve-year-old fail to see his lies, or was it a sort of self-indulgence peculiar to mothers? I have often thought that love is more maligned than any other human gift. Great love is not blind. Great love sees with a clarity of vision that cannot be hoodwinked. Not that it was love that caused me at first to see my children's failings and to punish them with entire thoroughness.

I saw these children physically as their physician saw them, mentally and spiritually as their psychiatrist saw them. I was as much without prejudice or preconceived idea as you are when you spend a week-end with your old college chum and pass judgment on her children. She, of course, adores them. To you they are badly trained, promising young imps you 'd like to get into your clutches for a few months and show her!

And herein lay my vast advantage over own mothers. I saw my children as they were. And because my responsibility was voluntarily taken, I dare not allow my growing love for them to becloud my vision. I dare not let my tenderness for their sweetness and charm and utter trust in me move me one jot from my determination to help them conquer the weaknesses that would mar their success as human beings.

For they must succeed. The whole structure of child-placing rests on the success of the children who are placed. You may fail with your own child. You may let this and that go, betting on his outgrowing it. You may wink at faults you would not tolerate in your college chum's child. After all, his failure is between you and him. But my children's failure! Good heavens! If they stumble and fall, they cause to stumble that long procession of little bloody feet moving up from the children's hell.

I must dream big for them. If they succeed, their success has ramifications for good your child's success cannot

achieve. My little daughter has responsibilities on her gay and brilliant little mind that your daughters can never take. It is a strange era for women, anyhow. War has so upset the economic equilibrium of the world that all women ought to be producers of economic values. This without regard to their financial status or the ability of their men to support them. Production is at so low an ebb that men working alone cannot increase the world's wealth soon enough to prevent long years of misery. The women, all women, for a few years of their lives, at least, ought to work. And so my little daughter must grow up understanding this and prepared to enter a productive profession.

No one has as yet found a substitute for the individual home as the nucleus of the nation. No one as yet has been able to refute the statement that on the sanctity of its women and the integrity of its homes rests the ultimate virility of the nation. Inefficient, slipshod housewife and mother she may be, still the home pivots on her as it will pivot on nothing else. So my little daughter must learn to be a home-maker and a mother.

It is a heavy double job. Even if he could, no man would be fool enough to undertake both. But my daughter must, and so must yours. But here your child's job ends. Mine must go still further.

This is her obligation to that little life of three years. She, too, must see with eyes not always tear-dimmed the procession that has toiled upward for so many generations, and she must yearn toward it with a love nobler even than that she will bear toward her own children, and out of that love must come service to the world's dependent children, service practical, concrete, idealistic.

She has a fine mind, but with it, thank heavens! goes a nature inherently debonair. It 's a curse for a woman to have a big brain and no charm. I want her always to be debonair, even when I can no longer shield her from life's adversities. I want her to be honorable in little things. Few women are. I want her to keep her lovely, quiet sense of humor. As long as she keeps that, it will take many, many tragedies to hurt her too much. For a sense of humor is, after all, a sense of proportion. And I want her to hang to her plan of life. Though she be mauled to the earth, she must rise "and contend for the shade of a word and the thing not seen with the eyes."

Codes are difficult matters to evolve. It takes a great deal of living to make a workable one, and it takes a deal of mental discipline to live up to one.

When I was casting about for the right sort of code to give my children, my mind naturally harked back to my own childhood for suggestion. I had been an atheist, was still, as far as I knew; yet with all and all I knew where I had got such ethics as I had clung to all my life, namely, from the despised Sunday-school lessons of my youth. None, I knew, had evolved such a workable code of ethics as Jesus. The Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and its Thirteenth Amendment had been possible, I believed, because the moral fiber of the men who created them was woven of this selfsame code. Given this code in early youth, no matter how much of the ritual or credal aspects of it was stripped away, a human being could never, unless wilfully, lose cer-

tain clean-cut, workable, ethical standards. So the children and I have gone to the Bible. We read its stories. We learn its poetry. We find what it has to say about our particular faults. It means much to us on Sundays. It means an immense amount to us at Easter and Christmas-time.

Of course I had to face God immediately. Was I or was I not to give Him to the children? Face to face with the query, I did not hesitate. Not for all the gold and perfume of Araby would I let them face the blackness of a childhood without God. And I gave Him to them exactly as Christ pictured Him to those soul-hungry people of Israel. He is a real and living presence to them, a vital influence in their daily lives. Said young Gray-Eyes the other day:

"I sure was bad in school to-day. It did n't seem as if I could be good until I thought of Sunday's text, 'There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able.' And then I knew I could kill it, and I did."

Not long ago my little daughter came into my room. There was a strained look in her six-year-old blue eyes.

"Mother," she said, "a terrible fing has happened. A child's mother died."

"Whose mother, dear?" I asked.

"I don't know. Over in the village, they said, to-day. But it was a child's mother." She crowded close to me with horror in her face. "Mother, what does a child do when her mother dies?"

"Well," I said, "it all depends. If she was sick and suffering, perhaps the child would be a little bit glad that God put her mother to sleep."

"But she died."

"No; God put her to sleep."

"But they put her in the ground, Mother."

It was no use. Her brother was listening now, both of them with the sort of attention that demands sincerity. I must speak what was in me or fail them. And I went back within myself and brought out something that I had not known was there.

There is no death, I told them. The body laid away in the soil returns to earth again and again and yet again in forms varied and beautiful. And the spirit, set free, wings in some way we cannot know to God, Who is its home. Perhaps on the farthest stars those free spirits find their happiness. What did it matter where so long as we felt they were with God?

It was a halting enough explanation, heaven knows, but they went away quite satisfied, while I went into astonished meditation. For I, the unbeliever, had given them the explanation in entire sincerity. Naïve as it was, it was as comforting as it was surprising to find myself capable of expressing even this much of faith.

Whence had it come? Ah, I knew well enough! It had come through two little children who had led me back to that old, old time when life to me too was only table-high, and I was nearer to the source of being than I am now. My mother had taught me, too, before I was seven that the soul would not die. I had wandered far. But two pairs of trusting tiny hands had set me back upon the "slope which leads through darkness up to God."

The Goose-Man

By Garet Garrett

Drawings by William Oberhardt

London, February 15, 1925. Three months have passed since the German bubble burst. The impersonal, prima facie facts are historic: the Germans were bluffing; they had no fabulous source of natural gold; they did not produce gold by alchemy. The rise of the mark was a colossal swindle in which innumerable fortunes were swept away; its fall again to almost nothing was even worse, for that happened suddenly in a catastrophic manner. But the world is still distraught with curiosity. Many other facts, motivating, personal, and romantic, which were neither evident in the sequel nor subsequently self-revealing, have been strangely withheld.

Who organized a money conspiracy that shook the sanity of international finance? By what mechanism did it function with miraculous invisibility? Was it the work of a super-brain? Who overthrew it? How? What was the story?

None of these questions has been answered except falsely or by conjecture. Such opacity of events is in itself very weird. Hence a great variety of rumors, which became at length so sinister as to provoke the truth.

Here is the missing story. It has been read in manuscript both by Sir Edward Hare and Mr. Guyles Canaday; that is to say, it has been reviewed at its own source. How that is will appear. One of them complained of the style, that it was literary; the other said it read too much like fiction: but they verified the facts. What follows is all true except that Canaday may be suspected of having disguised the name of the woman.—G. G.

Sir Edward Hare, the most astute private banker in Great Britain, peered bluntly through his eyebrows at an easy, free-looking person who had called by request.

"Mr. Canaday?" said the banker.

"Yes," said the visitor.

With that the banker led the way to a dim little cave reserved for mysterious interviews, closed the door carefully, and then sat facing Canaday, so close to him that their knees touched.

"Our military intelligence machine functioned steadily in Germany through the whole war. They tell me you are the man who did that."

"They are complimentary," said Canaday.

"And when I asked to be put in touch with you, they said it would be of no use. You had retired from all that kind of thing."

"Yes," said Canaday; "that is true."

Sir Edward nodded and went on:

"I pay handsomely. I mention it as a fact. That is n't the point. I mean to interest you privately in a very important public service. It is

still the war, only now it proceeds on another plane. The forces are imponderable." He tapped his forehead. "They are here."

Canaday was looking fixedly at the bridge of Sir Edward's nose, which gave Sir Edward the sensation of being stared through by two gray eyes that he could not see into at all.

"Two years ago," said Sir Edward, "the Germans signed the treaty of peace. Why they put their hands to that document I have never been able to understand. What I cannot understand I wonder at. That keeps me superstitious. Then I begin to have hallucinations. They keep me awake. That all pertains to my business."

Canaday continued to study the bony structure of Sir Edward's nose and to say nothing, and Sir Edward, growing a little warm, got out from under his eyebrows and cut more directly to the heart of the matter.

"See what has happened in two years. The whole world is talking what amounts to German propaganda. What is it saying? What are Germany's creditors themselves saying? This: 'Germany cannot pay one hundred and thirty-two billions of gold marks. But if she could, that would be even worse. For if we received German goods in such enormous quantities, our own industries would be ruined.' This leads to utter confusion. Nothing is settled. Reparation is in suspense. Two years after the signing of the treaty the victors who made it are saying that it must be revised; that the demands upon Germany must be scaled down for everybody's good. I don't mean to say that is n't the logic of the case. I 'm entirely interested in something else. Are events in themselves ironic? I don't believe it. Then, had Germany some foresight of this outcome? I don't believe that, either. Foresight is not a faculty of nations. My hallucination is this: if Germany's great day-dream had unexpectedly produced her a superman, a new Machiavelli, a creature of supreme intelligence, and if he had been playing her cards since the armistice, he would have played them precisely as they have been played. Do you begin to make sense of what I am saying?"

"Not yet," said Canaday.

"It 's preposterous," said Sir Edward, nodding. "That 's why it worries me. If such a man existed, I know how he would work. He would keep himself deep in the background. He would conceal his power even from his own people, and cause them to obey his intelligence unawares. Intelligence is a force in itself."

"What would his name be?" Canaday asked.

Sir Edward nodded his head approvingly.

"It might be something like Tannhauer," he said.

"Your hallucination has a good deal of substance," said Canaday.

"Our minds are beginning to touch," said Sir Edward, complacently. "There is more of it. Every little while we hear that German scientists have so far penetrated the secret of matter as to be able to produce gold by a synthetic process of chemistry. I have had the highest opinion there is on this subject. Alchemy has been theoretically demonstrated. Transmutation of elements is now a familiar laboratory feat. The artificial production of gold is by no means a scientific impossibility. If once this particular act of alchemy were per-

formed, it would be only one step more to make the process commercially available. It takes a German to do that. Then we should be deluged not with German goods, but with German gold, as plentiful as pig-iron. The consequences would be—well, one can hardly imagine what the consequences would be. Finance would have a spell of raving lunacy."

"Would n't you think that if it were true, they would be very secretive about it?" Canaday asked.

Sir Edward replied slowly:

"I 'm thinking what I should do in the place of an imaginary man named, let us say, Tannhauer. If it were true, I might put the world off scent by sending out rumors that could be investigated and proved false. All the rumors so far have been, perhaps, of that character. On the other hand, if it were untrue, yet believable, I might first implant the suggestion at large, and then act as if it were true. The credulity of the world is unlimited. I can imagine myself in his place operating upon it in a way to produce a profound delusion. The time is propitious."

It was quite dark in the cave when the interview ended. On the threshhold, emerging in the brilliant light of Sir Edward's office, they paused by mutual impulse to look each other over in a shy, almost furtive manner. Then they bowed and parted.

A week later one Guyles Canaday appeared at the Adlon Hotel, in Berlin, under his full right name, disguised not otherwise than by a malady of the imagination, an obsession, that is to say, amounting to mild insanity. The Germans regarded him first with amusement, then with wonder, and at length with that kind of awe that one who is consumed by a single passion inspires in others. In much the same way the natives of America centuries ago probably regarded the Old-World cross-bringers who could hardly wait to say, "God bless us!" or, "How do you do?" being all so full of one anxiety: where was the gold, the fabulous gold, the gold of their myth?

Here was a man in the twentieth century stalking the same rainbow. He had been stirred by reports of artificial gold-making in Germany. If such wizardry was true or in any degree probable, he wished to invest his whole capital in it. He seemed surprised that everybody was not already talking about it. His pockets were full of newspaper clippings, each one marked with the date and place of publication, and with a blue-pencil ring about the name of Herr Professor Somebody whose scientific importunities had obliged nature to yield up her most notable secret. Alas! once having yielded, she had apparently become a wanton. She had surrendered to no fewer than four German scientists, all at about the same time.

Canaday sent for them. He interviewed them severally and at great length. Laboratory demonstrations were arranged and carried out. He could not understand them. He knew nothing of science. Therefore he engaged other scientists for aid and counsel. The demonstrations had to be repeated in their presence, and each one became the subject of elaborate after-study in the form of technical reports. This took time; also it attracted a good deal of attention.

Visiting economists, especially from the United States, stopped to make

perfunctory investigations, gave their disbelieving opinions to the press, and passed on, leaving Canaday in jealous possession of the field. His industry was enormous. He brought his reports with him to the dining-room and consumed them with his food. At tea, which is meant to be an important public function at the Adlon, there he was again, totally immersed in his work, brooding over charts of chemical symbols, drawings of apparatus, technical papers.

Evenings he might be seen visiting seriously and late with doctors of science, to whom he was a Heaven-sent source of revenue.

The Adlon Hotel, you must understand, is an institution in Berlin life for which there is no exact analogy elsewhere. Berliners were excessively proud of it before the war because it was English-like. It became a focal point, a kind of gregarious apex, expensive enough to exclude the proletariat, and yet so democratic that only by the depth of mine host's genuflection could one tell when the great Junkers and high-born came and went. When the war came, all English and French words were banished. Everything else went on as before.

The Adlon by that time was a tribal habit that could not be broken. Besides, its uses were indispensable. It was a twilight rendezvous. Everybody went there when there was no other place to go. Marshals, diplomats, bankers, and members of the Reichstag, pursuing their intrigues, passed one another in its corridors without bowing. Distinguished outlanders, foreign journalists, visiting potentates, German-Americans, Irish conspirators, paroled enemies and spies, all living together under a single roof according to one rule, which was to mind one's own business, greatly simplified the work of the police, who had to watch everybody.

After the war the spectacle fell off; yet the Adlon was still a place where, if you sat long enough, you would see everybody of any figure at all in the pattern of current events.

And there sat Canaday for weeks on vertical end, amassing an education in modern chemistry. You may think that some of those doctors of science, perhaps, were not true in that character, that they were, in fact, his own secret agents. It was not so. He would have known how to put his hands on twenty spies who had served his military intelligence machine through the war, but this job was material of another texture. He worked alone.

Every gold-making process that he had found turned out almost at once to be an imposture. That did not prove anything in general. The true process, if it existed, might lie behind these frauds. So, without revealing his opinion of them, he continued his investigations most elaborately, waiting for anything that might happen, and meanwhile extending the power and range of his oblique observations. He formed two conclusions: first, if there was a true synthetic process, it was more deeply concealed than a military secret; second, if there existed a super-brain in relation to such process or in any relation whatever, the German nation was unaware of it.

He read everything, he saw a great deal, he listened in his sleep, yet never had he heard of anything like the Tannhauer of Sir Edward Hare's hallucination. Everybody in Germany

was speaking another name—Humfried! Humfried!

This Humfried was a prodigious person. He had grown suddenly gigantic from what he devoured. Whatever he touched he swallowed; whatever touched him got swallowed, and it was in each case like a natural event, uncontrollable. Nothing could sate his appetite. It grew with feeding. He swallowed up the coal-mines, then the iron-mines, then basic industries and most of the mercantile marine, then industries above industries in a perpendicular manner, until he was in his own person a master trust, containing the destinies of German business.

There were those who dared to criticize him; whereupon, as an impalpable morsel, he swallowed a great portion of the German press. His power and audacity were incredible. Those of the German people in whom the instinct of king worship survived, having been deprived of their kaiser, turned to this clumsy, bull-necked, ferocious man as a new type of monarch. A legend grew that he was the Moses that would deliver Germany from her oppressors. He brought no new ideas to bear upon industry or business. His passion was to combine and control existing things. One theory was that he meant to gain control of all exports and imports, and this outcome seemed neither fantastic nor improbable. He issued mandates to business. The Government feared him, for he threatened to swallow it. Whom he disliked he crushed. His tyrannical sway was irresistible because he was the one man in Germany who pursued a definite purpose, whatever that might be.

Canaday studied this marvel attentively. It was easy to do. Humfried went to and fro openly. Publicity attended his movements and acts. His utterances were widely printed. Everybody talked about him. Much could be learned by listening. It happened that he was frequently visible at the Adlon, for he kept rooms there, not to live in, not as a place of business, but as a convenient refuge to which he often retired at the end of an arduous day.

As Canaday studied Humfried his curiosity grew. In the first place it was hard to believe that a person of his physiognomy should have in himself that quality of subtle, reasoned imagination which appeared in his work. The round skull, the sloping forehead, the heavy nose, denoted a man of terrific will and headlong action, able to say yes or no on the spot without reflection. Well, here was a contradiction. In an unexpected situation, no matter how urgent it was, he invariably and obstinately reserved decision. This was a matter of public record in so many cases that Canaday was obliged to set it down as a characteristic of the man, though his whole aspect belied it. And then there was a notable incongruity about his utterances. They were of two kinds. Those of one kind were commonplace to the point of being fatuous. Those of the other kind were sometimes bold and clear, sometimes enigmatic, but always original and startling. Canaday noticed, too, that his commonplaces were spontaneous, whereas those utterances which were effective and electrified public opinion were of a prepared character.

There were two possible explanations. One would be that Humfried was a dual genius; that is to say, a

man of thought and a man of action in one. Such a thing is very rare. The other would be that he was merely a powerful instrument, and that behind him was a thinking mechanism.

The weakness of the latter hypothesis was the lack of any evidence to support it. Effect must have contact with cause. But there was no sign of contact between Humfried and anything outside of his own orbit, particularly none of any physical contact. Day after day, week after week, Canaday was able to account for the whole of Humfried's time. He never disappeared. There was no mystery about his movements. His accessibility at all hours of the twenty-four was a notorious fact.

And as for such agencies as telephone, telegraph, and post, contact of that character would be liable to espionage. Humfried had many enemies, especially in the Government, which he bullied, and the Government, with its police power, not only would have been able to break in upon his communications, but would have had

strong motive for doing so. Discovery would be inevitable. No such thing had happened. Humfried's increasingly arbitrary and momentous decisions were never challenged. He was accepted as an original power from whose acts there was no possibility of appeal to a higher source. The Government so accepted him. This proved that if he were a dynamic instrument acting under the direction of another mind, the truth was unsuspected in Germany.

Therefore what manner of contact could be imagined between Humfried and the improbable Machiavelli of Sir Edward Hare's fancy? And how could such a relationship be concealed?

This was the blind alley in which Canaday found himself at the end of three months. All that he had been able to do was to multiply Sir Edward's ifs.

Then a strange thing came to pass. It took the whole world by surprise, and filled Canaday with vague uneasiness. On a certain date, a quarterly instalment of the German reparation coming due, and everybody wondering what new excuse the Germans would

plead at the last moment, suddenly, without notice, they stepped up and paid the whole sum of half a billion marks in gold!

Nobody knew what to make of it. There were no explanations, no promises as to the future, no conversations about it whatever. They simply paid the gold, and the Allies, who had been ready to take extreme measures in the expected event of a default, were nonplussed.

One immediate effect was a rise in the value of the paper mark all over the world. It rose from less than half a cent to a full cent and a half.

After all, perhaps the Germans had made up their minds to pay and possessed a greater capacity for payment than had been represented. But even so, where did they get this gold? Rumors of an artificial gold-making process were revived, and discussed in a popular way, not quite seriously, yet with symptoms of credulity. However, the bankers said that that amount of gold might somehow have been lost sight of in the statistics.

The excitement was all outside of Germany. Canaday observed only dull indifference on the part of the German people, who had no enthusiasm for reparation payments in any manner. They expressed no curiosity about it. Humfried came and went as usual. His newspapers, which Canaday studied diligently, avoided the subject of reparations and continued to print interminable economic essays of an abstract character.

As the due date of the next quarterly instalment drew near the financial universe was alight with rumors and conjecture. Germany gave no sign of her intentions; then a second time, at the last minute, she came forward with half a billion marks in gold and paid without a word.

This was a sensation indeed. It passed the boundaries of probability. The price of the paper mark on the international money markets advanced to four cents. Foreign correspondents in Germany besieged their sources of information. The Government was cryptic. The bankers were bland and evasive. But Humfried, receiving the correspondents by appointment in a body, as he had never done before, emitted this snarling statement:

"Our former enemies demand to be paid in gold. In the treaty they stipulated for gold payments. Now Germany is paying in gold. It will do them no good. Gold of itself will not place one brick upon another in the devastated areas of France. Only labor will do that. But they do not want our labor; it competes with their own. They want gold, gold, gold. Before long they may know what it is like to have molten gold poured down their gullets."

This statement, instantly cabled out in every language, produced a profound impression. The possibility that the Germans were making gold synthetically now began to be discussed seriously in a scientific spirit, always with one conclusion. The feat might be physically possible on a small laboratory scale, but it was unbelievable that the Germans suddenly and secretly could have perfected a process for producing the metal in large quantities. This was meant to be reassuring. The effect was otherwise. The financial world, founded upon gold, was left clinging to a scientific but.

Imagine what would happen if gold,

the basic term of all values, were of a sudden to become as plentiful as iron!

Scientists, journalists, economists, bankers, and trained investigators from everywhere came in haste to Germany to see for themselves. They found nothing. They found not even the impostors whom Canaday had investigated, for they had been mysteriously suppressed by the Government. By this time Canaday, to justify his presence in Germany, had been obliged to equip a laboratory and engage chemists to carry on original research. There were moments when he doubted if he was fooling anybody but himself. He had a sense of being himself observed—merely the sense of it. Trained as he was in the ways of secret police craft, he could never detect the evidence of that which his instinct warned him was true. He was disgusted, chagrined, and utterly baffled, wondering all the time what Sir Edward was thinking of him.

Time passed. Another reparation instalment came due. In London, Paris, New York, in all the money-centers, the value of the paper mark fluctuated violently as speculators bought and sold them by way of making their bets for and against a repetition of the impossible.

You must bear in mind that for several years before this Germany had been printing paper marks in enormous quantities, and selling them all over the world for what they would bring. That was why the mark, worth twenty-four cents in gold before the war, had fallen to the nominal value of less than half a cent. Billions of these paper marks were now in circulation in all the great financial centers and were bought and sold for speculation. They were sold by speculators who thought them worthless and expected them to be repudiated like counterfeit money, which in fact they were; and they were bought by people who will buy anything on a gambling chance if it is cheap enough. At the low point the German mark was so cheap that one could have bought two thousand for ten dollars. And literally millions of people everywhere, people who had never speculated in impalpable things before, had been buying marks with the simple thought that some day they might be worth something. If not, then little was lost. The extent of this speculation was amazing.

Well, the day came, and a third time Germany silently paid in gold. Canaday, reading the news of the world as it was printed in Germany, and then the English, Continental, and American papers as they arrived, knew what it would be like to sit calmly at the source of an earthquake, observing its effect and feeling none of the tremors.

International finance surrendered to panic. The German mark rose wildly to twelve cents, and at the same time, for the same reason, on the stock-exchanges of London, Paris, New York, even Tokio, dividend-paying shares began to rise tremendously, and interest-paying bonds began to fall. Why this would be bound to happen in the event of an unlimited addition to the world's supply of gold every economist knows. It need not be technically explained again. Besides, as everybody remembers, it did happen. If you do not know what gold is worth, whether it may not become as cheap as copper or lead, then there is no telling what anything

else is worth, because everything else is priced in gold. Hence the confusion. Finance felt its foundations quake.

Political consequences began to appear. Any one could see that if Germany manufactured gold to make her reparation payments with, it was exactly as if a debtor printed counterfeit money with which to pay his debts. If Germany was making the gold, as now was widely believed, then the Allies, her creditors, were swindled. What could they do about it? The treaty called for gold, and the gold that came out of Germany in this extraordinary manner was by every chemical test pure stuff.

Now above all the stock-exchange uproar could be heard a demand that the financial clauses of the peace treaty be revised. Payments should be exacted not in gold, but in goods and labor. This, of course, would require the consent of Germany, and that was awkward, for naturally Germany would demand concessions, and thus have the Allies on the hip. If the Allies refused to scale down the total sum of reparations, then Germany would have only to say: "Very well. We shall go on paying in gold."

The German press, led by Humfried's papers, had already begun to gloat over this prospect. The German people were now excited. They did not understand what was happening, nor did the newspapers, and Canaday doubted if even the Government knew the true inwardness of the situation; but whatever it was, it made the world howl, and that was enough for the German mind.

Canaday was cold with humiliation and rage. Here all this time he had been staring at something he could not see. He had now gone so far as to risk building a very special and expensive intelligence machine, and it was useless. A series of events so strange and unnatural as to convulse the money universe had been taking place invisibly, right under his nose, and he knew no more about them than a man in Brazil. He remembered how Sir Edward had tapped his forehead, saying, "The forces are here."

There might be no Tannhauer. There might be no artificial gold process. But there was still the mystery. Where did the gold come from?

The Government always got it from the Imperial State Bank. Where the Imperial State Bank got it was nobody's business. That was what Humfried had just said in a public statement of one sentence.

By any hypothesis one was obliged to assume the existence of a prepotent conspiracy, having shape, habitat, brains, and mechanism. How could such a thing exist and act invisibly?

"I must be looking at it," Canaday kept saying to himself, "right at it; only I can't see it. There are two ways to conceal a thing. One way is to hide it ingeniously; the other way is to leave it so exposed that either one does not see it at all, or, seeing it, disbelieves the senses."

Tea was passing in the Adlon. For some time Canaday had been staring, his thoughts in space. Gradually he became aware that space was staring back at him through two blue eyes. They were very far away when he noticed them first. As his vision adjusted itself to near seeing, they rushed at him through a haze of smoke and stopped abruptly where they belonged, in the face of Hélène. She sat alone as usual, at a table in

the corner, smoking a cigarette in a fragile holder eighteen inches long.

Since when he had been gazing through her in that unseeing way, or how long she had been looking at him, he did not know. He was not embarrassed. He knew her; that is to say, although he had no personal acquaintance with her, he knew a good deal about her.

During the war she was in the German secret service. Twice when passing through the Adlon in disguise as a spy he had observed her, sitting there as she sat now, indolent, voluptuous, significant, smoking slowly and continuously, as if performing a vestal fire rite, attracting and repelling men by some fascinating power of her eyes. He made a random note of her from afar, and afterward instructed his agents to watch her and report.

It was as he suspected. She was an adroit and daring worker in that field of human weakness where Delilah shears her Samson. All manner of men were caught in her net and departed without their secrets. She looked at them, and they came to her; or she looked at them, and they went away.

Arriving at the Adlon on Sir Edward Hare's business three years after the close of the war, Canaday was surprised to see her sitting there still, a symbol of man's reckless and forgotten purpose, discharged without honor, yet proud and disdainful in some eternal right of her own. He felt a twinge, having used the divine material in the same way himself, and then passed her out of his mind. Afterward, in his marginal vision, he saw her frequently, but he had not really thought of her again as a human being until this moment—the moment in which he found himself staring at her in that absurd, accidental manner, she staring at him.

Her expression was one of langorous interest, neither inviting nor forbidding, yet personal. He continued to stare at her, just to see what would happen. Suddenly her expression changed in a startling manner. She did not move her eyes. She was still looking directly at him. Yet he was sure she no longer saw him. Her thoughts and senses had gone elsewhere. In this strangely altered aspect of the woman there was a feeling so intense of mingled dread, hatred, and despair that Canaday instinctively looked about for some external cause.

The only thing he saw that had not been present before was the Goose-Man. That was a person he had seen several times and remembered for certain singularities of manner. It was Canaday's habit to fix a person in his memory by some grotesque or fanciful association of resemblance. He did this with hundreds of people in passing, whether or not they meant anything to him at the time. This person on first sight he had called the "Goose-Man" because of the odd way he walked, putting each leg down cautiously as if it might be a little too short, and swinging his head from side to side in rhythm with his step. That was all. Canaday had no special interest in him. And now the only reason to suppose that the appearance of this weird animal was what had affected Hélène so violently was the fact that, so far as Canaday could see, nothing else had changed in the whole tea scene. He looked at her again. She sat as one transfixed.

The Goose-Man waddled to a seat by the fireplace beyond the tea circle

and sat down with his hat on. He just sat there. Presently and with apparently a great effort the woman rose. First she took several irresolute steps toward Canaday; then she turned left at an acute angle, then right, then left again, and so, by a long zigzag course, approached the Goose-Man, who all the time sat quite still. The nearer she came to him the more agitated she was, and in taking the last few steps it seemed to Canaday that she fluttered, as a bird does walking headlong into the serpent's mouth. Then she dropped into the seat at his side, and Canaday could see that he was talking to her.

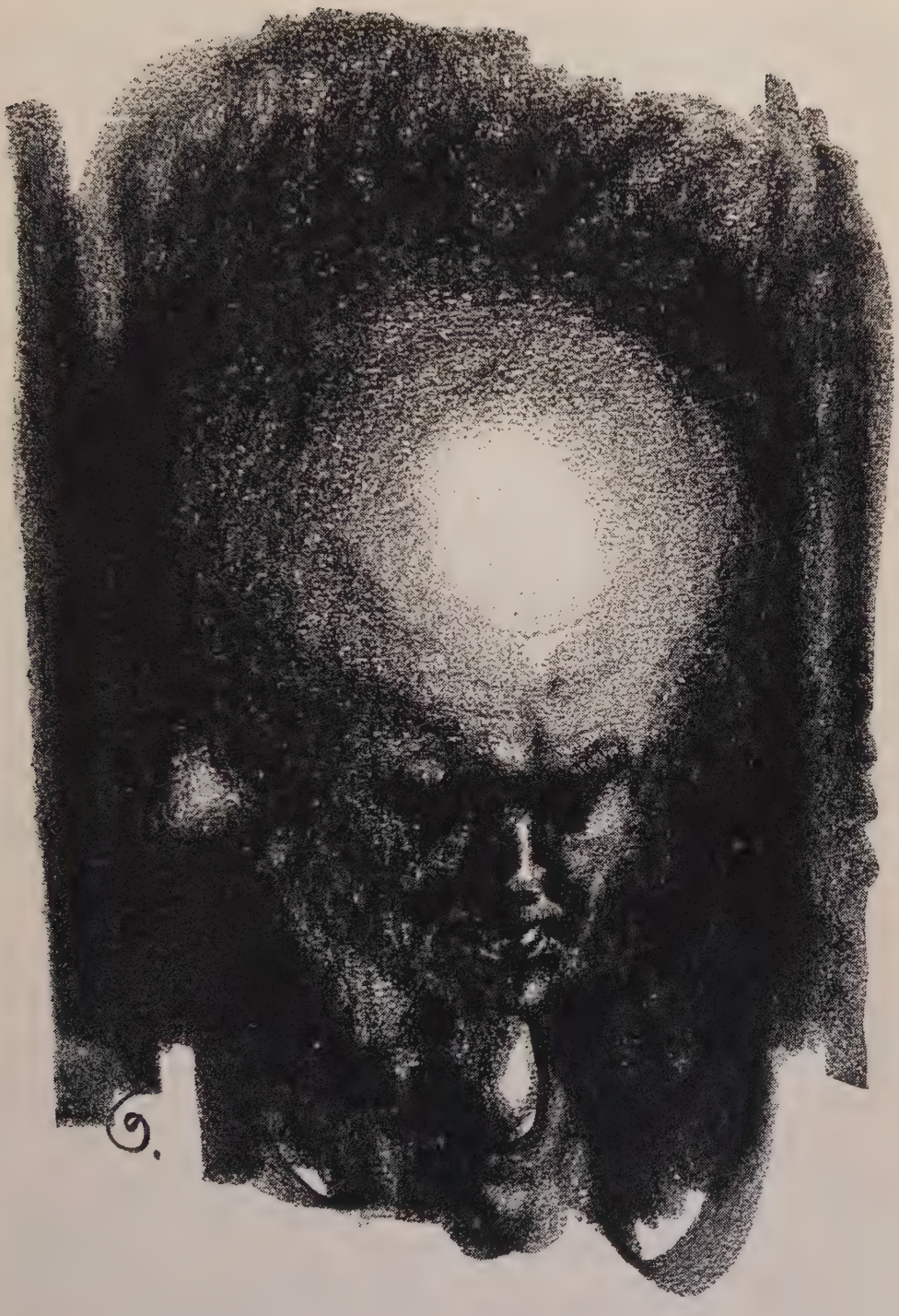
Any such glimpse of the interior human drama interested Canaday. He moved half-way across the room to a position in which he could examine the Goose-Man. He was immediately and very disagreeably struck by a peculiarity of the face. The lower lip and the chin were grossly sensual, but the upper lip was thin and tight, and all the upper part of the face so far as it showed under the hat was cold and unemotional.

There was something strange about the head, something in its proportions that Canaday could not account for. He was seized with an odd desire to view it with the hat off. This curiosity became at length extravagant, and overwhelmed discretion. He sauntered past the seat on which the two sat, made a turn behind it, caught his foot in the rug, threw out his arms, and contrived in natural awkwardness to unhat the Goose-Man.

A scene resulted. The Goose-Man came instantly to his feet, with his stick upraised as if to commit violent assault. There was Canaday, bowing, holding out his hat to him, trying to apologize. The Goose-Man's rage was unreasonable. He did not speak. Apparently, it was by the utmost effort of self-restraint that he refrained from bringing the stick down on Canaday's head. Instead, he struck the hat out of Canaday's hand, picked it up himself, pulled it back on his head, and waddled off.

With his hat on he was an insignificant figure, not to be looked at a second time unless for his ludicrous manner of locomotion; but with his hat off! Well, Canaday had seen what he believed to be the most extraordinary head in the world. He could n't think of it as a head at all. It was an edifice. Its height from the eyebrows up was three times the length of the face from the eyebrows down. It was entirely bald and very white. The skull was boat-shaped, with a flare above the ears. At first sight there was a sense of shocking deformity. That was an illusion. There was no deformity; the head was magnificently modeled. The secondary sensation was one of awe or consternation produced by the unexpected mass and significance of one human cranium.

Just as the Goose-Man reached the main corridor and turned toward the street door Humfried came in. They seemed not to see each other and passed without the slightest voluntary sign. Nor could Canaday, who was watching, say there was any involuntary sign or gesture. Perhaps it was only that they were a little too oblivious. Whatever it was that betrayed them subtly, he received the vivid psychic impression that they did know each other and were both surprised; and in that instant his memory, performing one of its auto-



The Goose-Man

matic feats of association, furnished him with an important fact; namely, that he had never seen the Goose-Man in the Adlon except in Humfried's wake. This, he was sure, had happened six or eight times.

The scene between Canaday and the Goose-Man had caused a general stir. The majordomo was at hand. Canaday turned to him.

"Who is that gentleman?"

The majordomo, who knew every one, shook his head.

"Could you find out, please?"

The majordomo shrugged his shoulders.

"It is of no consequence," he said. "Why bother? The gentleman was very uncivil about a trifling accident."

Meanwhile Canaday had not lost sight of Hélène. She did not stir when the Goose-Man rose in his bare-headed wrath, and now she sat there, perfectly composed, as if waiting for the air of the thing to die away. When it had, she rose, went back to the tea-table to pick up a scarf, and walked toward the elevators. She had an apartment in the house.

Any successful secret-service operative has one faculty above others which comprehends facts as by a sense of smell. He cannot account for it himself. Seldom has he any curiosity about it. If you ask him why, in a given case, putting this and that together, he acted upon an assumption which was a priori irrational or preposterous, or both, he will say that he does n't know why or that it was a "hunch" he had. And it is certain that when he is acting in that way he does n't think.

In Canaday this faculty was highly developed. It moved him to follow Hélène, with no idea of what would come of it, with no studied plan of action, but merely on the impulse to run a warm scent. He had associated Humfried and the Goose-Man by a flash of intuition. The Goose-Man above the eyebrows was of all human beings he had ever beheld the most amazingly endowed with brain space. What had he been looking for all this time? A super-brain. Suppose that was it? And here in a state of wrought emotion was a woman who might prove to be its only weakness.

He overtook her gradually. On the threshold of her apartment she hesitated, then went in, and left the door ajar, without once looking around. He followed her in and closed the door; rather, both doors, for in the Adlon they are hung double, an air space the thickness of the wall between them. That is to make the rooms soundproof.

Mark you, they had never spoken a word to each other. She seated herself on a couch, behind a small table, produced the long, black holder, lighted a cigarette, and looked at him.

"Turn the key, please."

Canaday did. Then he moved up a chair and sat facing her.

"One does not run because one is afraid," he said. "One is afraid because one runs."

She considered him distantly through the smoke and waited.

"The snake has no power to charm the bird," he said. "The bird is paralyzed by its own fear."

She gave no sign whatever.

"It is silly," he said. "You of all women! There is more reason for him to be afraid of you. It is within your power to destroy him."

It was Canaday's turn to wait. He could n't guess what she was

thinking. He was not sure he had touched her at all. They sat looking at each other for a long time. When she spoke she gave him a great start.

"Twice I have tried to kill him," she said.

The words were dead as they came forth. There was no natural feeling in them. They were void and abysmal. It was the voice of a woman who had turned cold to the core of her being.

"And he laughed at you, perhaps," said Canaday.

"No," she said. The word was uttered in a dull, indifferent way. The next instant she shuddered. Then, as if putting away some horrible recollection, she asked, "Why did you knock his hat off?"

"To complete the identification," said Canaday. "By what name do people know him here?"

"He has no name here," she said.

"Well, then, where he lives."

"He is nameless where he lives," she said.

"Nobody calls him Tannhauer?" asked Canaday, apparently surprised.

"No."

"Since when has nobody called him that?"

"Not since I have known him," she said. They were sparring, and he, knowing the parsimonious way of a woman with the ultimate fact, gave her time. "That was his name," she said thoughtfully.

At this point two courses were open to Canaday. One was to fish the stream of vengeance, the other was to launch his ends upon it.

If he explored her by interrogation, she would discover how little he knew. That would weaken his authority. His advantage lay in giving her the impression that he surrounded the situation. Besides, much of what she already knew was probably not to his purpose at all. He required original information.

The alternative course was to get control of her deadly impulse toward the Goose-Man, hereafter Tannhauer, and shape it to his needs. In her present state of feeling she could no doubt be moved to act against him in a fiendish manner, but a woman's feelings toward a man are subject to violent and unaccountable alterations. Therefore to engage her in an enterprise that should have Tannhauer's downfall in view entailed not only the original risk of putting the game into her hands, but the greater risk of betrayal later in a moment of feminine remorse. Canaday weighed these considerations swiftly and made his choice.

"The violent way is dangerous," he said, speaking critically, almost judicially. "Not that that matters; but, after all, what comes of it? One moment of solitary exultation. And then you have something on your hands you can't do anything with. The dead know how to take revenge."

He saw her eyes begin to tighten.

"No," he reflected slowly. "For the ordinary woman, yes, perhaps; but for you—well, I should think that a very inferior form of satisfaction. Was he aware of it either time?"

He thought she was never going to answer.

"I don't know," she said.

"What I meant was altogether different," said Canaday, as if thinking out loud. "His life is the least part of him. His real being is in his work. You might take his life, and still he would live—live in his work,

as—well, somewhat as Goethe still lives in *Faust*. But destroy his work, and you kill him twice. That is what lies in your power to do."

"How?" she asked.

"Do you know anything about his work?"

"What I know I cannot understand," she said.

"You would n't, of course," said Canaday. "And because you do not understand it, you could never destroy it alone."

He stopped talking and looked away. After a long silence she asked:

"Are you waiting for me to speak?"

"Yes," he said.

"You want to destroy him, too," she said, "but you cannot do it alone. You need me. There is something I can do. But before going any further, you wish me to say I am willing to do it, whatever it is. Is that what you are waiting for?"

"More than that," said Canaday.

"You wish to be sure of me," she said. "You can't think of any way to prove me."

"That 's it," he said.

On the table between them was a crystal spirit-lamp. In the musing, self-absorbed air of one preparing a ritual she brought it to a position directly in front of her, removed the cap, trimmed the wick, and lighted it. For several minutes she watched it, as if waiting for the flame to reach its maximum intensity. Her bare arms lay on the table, encircling the lamp. Not a word was spoken.

Then in a very deliberate manner she lifted her left arm and held it on the flame,—hard on it,—so that the little blue pillar of fire wickedly flattened its head against her skin and throbbed with orgiastic delight.

She had not once looked at Canaday since beginning this extraordinary act. Nor did she look at him now. She sat perfectly rigid, with not a tremor in her arm, until one would have thought she was a spectator like Canaday, fascinated in the same way. It required a smell of burning flesh to break the spell of his amazement.

"Stop it!" he cried out.

She met his eyes steadily and said, in exactly her former voice:

"I will hold it there until you are sure."

He dashed the lamp away.

She caught a handkerchief around the burn, disdaining his aid, and said:

"If you are sure, go on."

Canaday was deeply agitated; also, he was convinced. He could trust her. She was a providential instrument waiting on his purpose. But what a terrible instrument!

Above the surface of a lovely, languid pool to see a hideous shape upheave and disappear; to remember why it was bidden to appear for that instant, in order that one human being might be made reassured as to another's lethal motive against a third; to sense the thin unreality of life's suavities from one torn glimpse beneath the shadows—how strange!

He was sick and horrified. The smell of live rendered flesh hung about them still. It must have been a very bad burn. He wondered at what men can do to women almost without knowing it. What had Tannhauer done to her? That was none of his business.

"It is as if a page were missing in the middle of a book," he said. He was surprised at the sound of his own voice, that it was natural and concealed his emotions. "And this miss-

ing page," he continued, "is the one that makes sense of everything before and after."

"I don't understand," she said.

"You need n't," he replied, "in order to do what I want you to do. You may be able to supply that page without knowing what it is about. Naturally, it would not make sense to one who had not read up to it, and it 's a long story. But this is what I need. Listen carefully. I need a continuous record of Tannhauer's acts for two whole consecutive days,—a complete, minute record through forty-eight hours,—of what he eats and drinks, how he sleeps, what he reads or writes, whom he sees, what he says, where he goes, every detail of his conduct, no matter how apparently inconsequential."

Regarding her attentively, he saw that she felt let down, as if she had been expecting that he would ask her to do some overt thing.

"I cannot explain to you—not now—why this information is vital," he said. "You must take my word for the fact that it is so. Can you get it?"

"You will be disappointed," she said.

"You mean in the nature of the information?"

"He lives like a monk," she said, "sees nobody, does nothing, reads all the time."

"I want to know what he reads," said Canaday. "Not only what papers and books, but the parts and passages."

"Is that all?" she asked.

"It is what I want now," said Canaday.

"Yes," she said. Her manner was absent, and she spoke obliquely. "Yes, I can get what you ask for; I can. But I can't imagine what use it will be. Do you guarantee its importance?"

Canaday hesitated. From her manner he understood that, although the task itself was not difficult, yet she loathed it. Rationally, he could promise nothing. The information might turn out to be so much rubbish. If she knew how little reason he had to think otherwise, she probably would not act at all. Yet all the time he had a controlling intuition of the sequel. So he is not to be charged with insincerity for having answered:

"What I want is there. You will not know it when you see it. The important thing is to miss nothing."

"For the last time," she said, rising. The utterance had two meanings. The one Canaday understood was that she undertook the task. The other meaning was for herself alone, no more fit to be explored by man than the searing look which came to her eyes, comprehended him impersonally, and instantly passed away.

"What do you know about me?" he asked.

"I know who you are," she said. "I wish I could be as sure of you as you may be of me. In three days I shall have all you ask for."

Late in the afternoon of the third day she appeared at tea, in a new gown, voluptuous, exquisite, a vision of perfect animal tranquillity. Canaday shuddered. She looked at him once with no recognition. But as she rose at the usual time to go, she gave him a personal glance. In a little while he followed her. The doors were ajar. He entered without knocking and turned the key as before. She sat on the couch again;

on the table before her was a foolscap manuscript of twenty pages, very neatly and closely written. She pointed to it with a releasing gesture. When he had skimmed it rapidly to the end, she asked:

"Is it what you want?"

"I can't tell until I have studied it," he said. "That may take all night. I 'll let you know."

Nothing else was said. He left her abruptly.

It did take all night. She had done her work well. She had done it heroically, in fact, with gall and vinegar in the wounds of her soul. Nothing was blurred or left out. Only a woman lost in despair, totally forgotten to herself, one with a devastating, unsparing passion, could have put in such things as were there. Canaday was stricken. His rage rose against the Goose-Man.

"I 'm a fool," he thought. "This is all impersonal to me."

Yet the feeling remained. It seemed incredible that she should have passed the document to him without a word of caution or any sign of compunction. Well, he would copy out of it what he wanted, and return it to her intact. He would try at the same time to apologize for having let her do it. She had taken his instructions too literally. No, he could not tell her that. It would be better to say nothing. How could he tell her that none of the matter so personal to her was of the slightest importance to him?

"Poof!" he exclaimed aloud. "I 'll examine my private emotions later. First of all, this is business."

With that he attacked the record before him from a professional point of view. It was disappointing. He read it over and over, skipping Hélène's unnecessary revelations.

For a man even remotely suspected of being the financial Machiavelli of the world, this Herr Tannhauer's activities were absurdly innocuous. He lived most uncomfortably in a bare apartment, attended by two servants. One of these was a deaf elderly woman who cooked and served and did all the menial work. The other was a cretin man who did all the errands and spent the rest of his time, day and night, guarding the door, which never opened on any account in his absence. This seemed a gratuitous task, since there was nothing on the premises to guard, unless it was the great blue tile stove, never quite warm, in the middle of the large room. The other furnishings of the room were a few plain chairs, a rug, and one long table, worth in a lot, maybe, two hundred marks. There were no books, no files, no documents; only enormous quantities of old newspapers built in piles from the floor.

Here the man spent his time, reading and writing. He read nothing but newspapers,—German, English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Russian newspapers,—and of them only the financial reports. What he wrote was of the same character; that is, paragraphs of financial comment and short economic essays. It was extremely laborious work. Hours he would spend on one piece, revising and rewriting; and when he was through, it might be only two or three hundred words. Then the cretin man servant would take it off in an unaddressed envelop. It occupied all his time, this reading and writing. Fresh newspapers were continually arriving. Every new batch acted upon him as a

powerful stimulus. Save for a certain air of mystery in his environment, he presented the aspect of an editorial hack of the most wretched and misapprehended group of his kind; namely, those who specialize in financial and economic writing.

Canaday put the manuscript at a distance and sat looking at it with his mind relaxed. What was extraordinary about this man's conduct?

Well, first, his incessant industry. That was enough to make him unique in the world as an editorial drudge. Secondly,—and this, as Canaday thought of it, became more and more amazing,—was the fact that the man's industry was unremitting in the circumstances under which this report had been obtained. In a conflict between two great passions, that which was for reading and writing prevailed in a most pronounced manner. This was in any aspect an incongruous fact. It meant either that his editorial work was an obsession or that it pertained to something that was of extraordinary and urgent importance. What could that be? What? Canaday had the sense of almost touching it.

Now occurred a startling discovery. It was the first of a series.

Hélène had put in her record the first and last phrases of two pieces of Tannhauer's writing, both of which had been despatched in unaddressed envelops. Therefore, if they appeared anywhere in print, they could be identified. Almost mechanically Canaday turned to the evening newspapers, which lay unread, and in all of them was one of the pieces Tannhauer had written, with the extremely significant collateral fact that it appeared as a public statement direct from Humfried. Here was news—Tannhauer writing Humfried's statements.

And in the principal Berlin newspaper owned by Humfried Canaday found the other article which Hélène knew Tannhauer had written. It was of no comparable interest, indeed rather commonplace and artificial. What struck Canaday almost at once was a marked difference in style between the two pieces of writing. The statement issued by Humfried as his own had all those qualities of brevity, power, and unexpectedness which Canaday had hitherto wondered at in Humfried's prepared utterances. The other piece, a commentary on international finance, was awkward, wordy, and ineffectual. Running back for several days through the same paper Canaday found three more articles so like that one in manner as unmistakably to be of the same origin. He arranged them side by side and did with them as he had done with Hélène's manuscript.

What were the strangest facts about them?

First, it was strange that a man should write in two styles. Secondly, it was strange that these articles, which were dull and inferior, or at least the one example of which he knew, should have needed such laborious care in writing.

"There is something I don't see," he said, and continued to stare at them.

Next he examined them minutely, and in doing so became aware of a repetition of certain words and phrases; and these repetitions were what ruined the style and obscured the meaning. Still, for a long time he did not understand. A thought com-

prehended in one word seemed trying to break through. At last it came. The word was "cipher!"

Of course. This was not a matter of style; it was purposeful. On that assumption Canaday attacked the problem in this wise:

Provided there was a cipher running through this stuff, and provided, further, the subject of it was the invisible money conspiracy, of what elementary words would its language naturally consist? Would they not be such words as *gold*, *marks*, *buy*, *sell*, and words to express time and quantities, in perhaps that order of frequency? He set these words down, and against them he tried the most frequent repetitions in Tannhauer's writing, as with any cipher one might begin by testing the most frequent symbols against the most frequent letter of the alphabet or the most frequent natural word of the language into which it was meant to be translated.

He was soon convinced that a cipher existed. The key to it looked at first quite simple, but this apparent simplicity proved to be a secondary and almost impenetrable defense. By daylight he had only four of the basic terms. Assistance was needful. Whom should he call in but Hélène?

They got newspaper files for a year back, and while she searched them for Tannhauer's writings, he worked at the cipher. She was quick-minded, intelligent, and educated; he marveled at her possibilities. As the meaning of it began to dawn upon her, she became intensely interested and originally helpful.

From a certain point, which was reached in the middle of the second night, the puzzle unraveled fast. There were two ciphers. One was for communication with Humfried. Of the two it was the least used, in print at any rate, though probably it was employed in letters, which, if they had fallen astray, would have betrayed nothing whatever. There was enough of it in the printed matter, however, to show that Tannhauer issued orders to Humfried in a peremptory manner.

The other cipher directly governed the money conspiracy. It not only ran through Tannhauer's writings; it appeared also in daily despatches from Rome, Madrid, and Moscow, received and printed as routine financial news in the same paper. This meant that collaborators existed at each of those capitals. They received instructions from Tannhauer and reported to him by means of this cipher. So far as anybody knows, there was no other means of communication. Why should there have been any other, since by this method alone enormous international transactions in marks, gold, and securities were feasible without any exchange of perilous letters, telegrams, or messengers? Every day Tannhauer's instructions were invisibly printed in the Berlin newspaper; they were at the same time telegraphed to Rome, Madrid, and Moscow and printed there in certain papers under the guise of ordinary financial comment. Every day, also, Tannhauer's Italian, Spanish, and Russian allies issued prepared statements in their own newspapers, and these statements, containing the cipher, were by reciprocal arrangement telegraphed as news to Berlin.

All this part is told for the first time. It answers the question, By what mechanism did such a conspiracy

function invisibly? Well, there it is, ingenious and simple.

What may be called the structural facts of the conspiracy, as Canaday's key unlocked them from the mass of printed evidence, are already well known.

For two years Tannhauer, acting through his creature Humfried, had been accumulating in Germany unreported gold. Statistics about gold are never absolute. Only the gold in bank and treasury vaults is accounted for statistically. Much is unaccounted for, because for thousands of years individual men, institutions, and states have hoarded gold both in the form of bullion or money and as wrought objects. This any one might guess from the fact that since remote times gold has been the most coveted substance in man's life. A combination of brains and energy, such as that of Tannhauer and Humfried, with great resources in trade and credit, by systematic effort might very easily amass an immense quantity of gold outside of any statistics. That is what was done. A powerful private banker in Italy, another in Spain, and two officials of the Russian Government were enlisted in the scheme.

The method was, first, to buy up great quantities of worthless paper marks on all the international money markets, then to begin making German reparation payments in gold, which would cause paper marks to rise either on the belief that Germany was richer than anybody knew or that she had discovered the secret of alchemy; and, finally, before the gold gave out, to sell the paper marks for profit.

The amount of gold collected for this purpose was about six hundred and fifty millions of dollars. That was enough to make five reparation payments. A good deal of it came from the Russian Government in exchange for goods produced by the Tannhauer-Humfried industries.

"Enough," said Canaday, abruptly rising from the table at which he and Hélène had been working almost continuously for three days and nights. "I can finish it on the way."

He swept all the litter of their work into the grate, touched a match to it, picked up the telephone, and called for a taxicab.

"You are going?" she asked.

"I can just catch the express for Holland," he said, not thinking of her at all. She seemed dazed.

"Now what will happen?" she asked.

"The wreck of Herr Tannhauer," he said, still not seeing how suddenly distraught she was.

"What does that mean?"

"His ruin," said Canaday, somewhat impatiently, looking again at his watch.

"His financial ruin? Is that what was to be the outcome?"

"Is n't that what you understood?" he asked, beginning to feel uneasy, even guilty; for he could see as he looked at her that she had not understood it at all. What had she expected? He could not ask her then.

A cruel, disfiguring expression came into her face. He had seen it once before. It was impersonal, yet it embraced him as a thing of the species.

Turning toward the door, she laughed in a horrible way. She laughed not at him, but at herself, a mocking, sinister laugh.

He caught her roughly by the arm.

"I can't stop to explain it now," he said, "but I am not leaving you in the lurch. Listen. It is five o'clock Friday. I 'll see you here next Friday at five o'clock. Positively. Then we can go all over it. I 'll have something important to tell you."

He put out his hand. She took it limply and did not look at him again. So they parted.

Canaday left Germany via Hamburg instead of going the Holland route. This was not because he distrusted Hélène. It was his habit always to face one way and go another. He reached London at one o'clock in the morning, and went at once to Sir Edward Hare's house. The banker sat in his pajamas on the edge of the bed, listening. Saying, "Go on! go on!" he reached for the telephone, and summoned a council of four other bankers without interrupting the story.

The council convened before daybreak, for time was precious, and the whole financial world was in a state of uncontrollable hysteria. The next instalment of German reparation, which would be the fourth since the thing began, was due to be paid in thirty-six hours. Everybody expected it to be paid in gold, and the wretched paper mark had risen to twenty cents.

The English bankers were now masters of the situation. Not only did they possess the truth of what had taken place; they were in a position to anticipate events. All they had to do was to watch the newspapers in which the cipher writings appeared. They knew, for example, that Tannhauer's intention was to make at least two more payments in gold, the one just coming due and the fifth three months later.

They waited thirty-six hours until the fourth payment had been made. On this event the paper mark rose to twenty-three cents. That was the top.

A group of English bankers over their joint signatures then published a statement of the controlling facts. That broke the back of the Tannhauer conspiracy and shattered the delirious notion that gold, artificially produced in Germany, might become so plentiful and cheap that it would cease to be money and would displace lead in high-class plumbing. There was a wild panic in paper marks, thousands of speculators everywhere throwing them over for what they would bring.

In the first odd moment he had with Sir Edward, Canaday asked:

"How did you know that such a man's name, if he existed, would be Tannhauer?"

Sir Edward replied:

"I first met him as a student at Heidelberg. Later he studied banking all over the world. He was here in this bank for two years. His interest was not in finance as such, but in its possibilities as a source of unlimited anonymous power. This I discovered gradually. When he needed money he turned to speculation. His calculations were infallible. But wealth was not his object. Almost without effort he might have become the richest man in the world through speculation. Instead, when he had what he required he stopped, and resumed his pursuit of knowledge. Power was his object—power for its own sake. And his theory was that in modern circumstances power, to reach its *nth* degree, must be exercised in an anonymous manner. Six months before the war he came to me with an amazing

"The landing at the top of the first stair-flight was dark"

plan. I can't explain it to you more than to say that it anticipated not only the outcome, but every critical event of the war by deduction from facts as he knew them. I refused to have anything to do with it. Then he disappeared. Yet I knew he was living in Germany. I have had excellent sources of information there all the time. They became quite futile. I could n't make sense of what was going on. Everybody said it was Humfried. I did n't believe it, for I knew Humfried. Well, I kept thinking of Tannhauer. It might be he. That was all I said."

Canaday's part was finished, except that he had Hélène on his conscience. Sir Edward was easily interested in her welfare, and when Canaday set his face toward Berlin again to keep his appointment with her, he was authorized to fulfil her utmost wish, reasonable or unreasonable. She might have a Mediterranean villa, a castle in Spain, anything her heart wanted.

He had plenty of time; in fact, a whole day to spare. But chance had yet its part to play. A series of petty mishaps retarded him, and, lastly, he got into a railroad wreck, so that it was ten o'clock in the evening when he arrived at the Adlon. The clerk behind the desk handed him a note in Hélène's hand, but unsigned. It was this:

"Six o'clock Friday. If you get this, it may be already too late. But come to No. 16, B——strasse, one flight up, and do not knock."

That was the address of Tannhauer's apartment.

Canaday went immediately. The house was the ordinary type of somber Berlin apartment-building. There was a dim light in the entrance-hall. The landing at the top of the first stair-flight was dark. He could make out one door. This he tried, and it opened.

The interior was cold and unlighted. He stepped inside and listened. There was no sound, yet an indefinable sense of presence. He turned a pocket flash-light into the darkness. It revealed Tannhauer's large room as Hélène had described it—the great blue tile stove, the plain chairs and long table, the piles of newspapers against the walls.

Beyond the stove he saw the edge of a seated figure. He moved a little to bring it into full view. It was the figure of Hélène, sitting bolt upright, with her eyes open. He approached, holding the light on her, expecting instantly that she would move or speak. She sat perfectly rigid, staring at him with a fixed expression.

When he was almost close enough to touch her the truth he had been trying to repel broke through his senses. He stopped in horror.

A string, passed around her forehead and tied to a rung in the high back of the chair, was what held her head up. Her hands were crossed in her lap, and she was dead.

Hardly aware of what he was doing, he went about opening every door until he had seen the whole apartment. It was deserted. Returning to Hélène, he saw on her lap, under folded hands, the white edge of an envelop. He slipped it out and jumped with surprise. It was addressed to him, Mr. Guyles Canaday, but the writing was not Hélène's. He tore it open and read:

"Permit me.
The Goose-Man."

On the Sense of Direction

By W. H. Hudson, *Author of* "Green Mansions," *etc.*

Recalling the long months I have spent on divers occasions, in heat and cold, by day and night, on foot and on horseback, on that vast vacant territory bordering on the lands inhabited by men and cattle, or outside them, I am reminded of the value in such regions of a sense and instinct common to man and beast, the sense of direction, which in civilized and populous districts is of no more importance than our decayed sense of smell.

And here I come back to my interview with my lady stag,[1] reposing with her back to me and adjusting her ears so as to listen to the incomprehensible sound I emitted while attending to the other understandable ones that come to her from the wood.

If by an exercise of magic I could have projected the power of abstract thought into her cervine brains, our colloquy would have been more interesting, and she would have told me how much I had lost by developing a bigger brain and assuming an erect position on my hind legs. Thus my muscular sense and sense of equilibrium, with perfect coördination of all the nerves and faculties in me, were inferior to hers. Finally, assuming that she was the same hind I spoke about in the first of these papers, she would have reminded me of her action on that occasion; how, when insulted by the offer of an acorn by a creature in a scarlet mantle, she had savagely resented and resolved at the same time to accept the gift and punish the giver; and how she snatched the spray from the outstretched hand, then, on the instant of doing so, took a flying leap over the child's head and, at the moment of her forefeet touching the ground, lashed out behind with so good an aim that she grazed the face, and, given an inch more, would have slashed it open with her sharp knife-like hind hoofs.

A great quarrel, with many keen thrusts on both sides, also with some laughter, and all the time the feeling in me, bitter as death, that she had the best of the argument, that it would have been better that animal life had continued till the time of the dying of all life on the earth with no such development as that of the large-brained being who walks erect and, smiling, looks on heaven.

But I had no magic: all I could do was to tease and mystify her by whistling, and she could do no more than give me a small share of her listening attention. Finally, unable to make any sense out of the sounds I emitted, she got up as I have told, shook herself to get rid of dust and dead leaves on the coat, then walked straight away without a glance at the person sitting behind her. If she had been a great lady in a drawing-room, who had taken offense at some injudicious or impertinent remark I had

[1] See Mr. Hudson's "A Hind in Richmond Park" in the July issue.

dropped in conversation with her, and had got up and walked away without a word or look, ruling my existence out, she could not have done it better. She walked straight away to some other place in the park where she wished to be. To that spot she would go in a bee-line, not thinking about the right direction or, indeed, about anything, but with mind agreeably occupied with the sights and sounds and scents that came to her.

Then came my turn to go, as it was now late in the day, and after some moment's hesitation as to which gate would suit me best for an exit on that afternoon, Richmond, Kingston, or Sheen, I, too, got up and walked off, occupied with my own thoughts and also, like the hind, amusing myself with the sights and sounds and scents, leaving the whole business of getting to my destination to my legs and the compass in my brain.

Here, too, as in the sense of equilibrium, she had an immense advantage over me, incalculably great if night and thick darkness had surprised us still together at that spot. Not in Richmond Park only, but on Exmoor, or in any vast deer-forest in the North, she would go by night or day unhesitatingly in a direct line to her destination. But no sooner am I in a place I don't know and lose sight of the sun, or have been making many turns in a wood, than I lose the sense of direction. Thus, if I go to Piccadilly Circus by tube and, leaving my train, wander about in the galleries in search of the right station for some other part of London, I cease to know the points of the compass. But for the lettering on the walls and the arrow-heads and pointing fingers, I am as effectually lost as if I had fallen into a very deep hole and had, at the end of it, crawled out at the antipodes.

Judging from myself (a very bad case, I dare say), the sense of direction is a dwindling one in our civilized state and in many of us appears to be wholly gone. Yet to man living in a state of nature it is of vital importance, as it is to all animals endowed with locomotive organs—wings, fins, legs, and, in the ophidians, ribs and scales. The snake does not move, as the ancients thought, by means of its fiery spirit. And we know that snakes, with virtually no horizon at all and so short-sighted that they can have no landmarks, do yet possess the sense of direction in a remarkable degree. Thus there are authentic cases on record of tame snakes traveling long distances back to the home from which they had been removed, incidents similar to those we are accustomed to hear every day with regard to our domestic animals and pets. Apart from such cases we see from observation of their habits that the snake could not do very well without such a sense. Take the snakes that inhabit great grass countries like the prairies, or, better still, the absolutely flat pampas, where, moving on their bellies, they are down in the grass and seldom have their heads above it. In that temperate climate they do not estivate, but spend the eight or nine warm months distributed over the land. The snake may go a long distance in search of the female. Going to her, he has the wind and the message it conveys to him for guide; but there is no extraneous force, no "nimble emanations" to lead him back to his accustomed haunts, the home where he passes his long summers and his whole life. At the ap-

proach of winter, in May, he returns to his hibernaculum, which he shares with many others of his kind, coming in from all directions and various distances. The wintering site is as a rule in a mound on the plain formed by rodents, armadillos, and other excavating mammals, and in one of the old cavities they mass themselves together to drowse away the two or three cold months. It is plain that without a sense of direction the serpent could not find his way back to the same spot each year.

§ 2

As to insects, a little observation of wasps, bees, ants, and others, both social and solitary, that cannot carry on the business of life without constantly returning to one point, is enough to show that they could not exist without such a sense. It is perhaps most easily seen in the ants. Take your seat on the turf on a chalk down and look at the ground and you will see a minute black ant hurrying about on his business. You don't know how long he has been abroad, but the chances are you will get tired of watching him before he returns to his home. For a home he has a minute hole somewhere under the grass leading into his subterranean galleries, where he spends part of his time; and as his sense-organs are specialized in two directions, he will then move about as freely in the dark and know just what to do and how to do it, as when out in the brilliant sunlight. Night and day and aboveground and underground are all one to him. If, when watching him, you try the experiment of putting a finger close to him, he is overwhelmed with astonishment; at first struck motionless and then, recovering his faculties, he rushes wildly away. The near approach of your finger to him was like a tremendous tornado charged with every violent animal smell in the world bursting suddenly upon a horse, let us say. But soon he recovers from his panic and goes on with his everlasting quest, and you are obliged to go after him on your hands and knees to keep him in sight. He is probably now leagues away from his home, still hurriedly pushing his way through the endless forest. For to him the grasses are like trees and their stems like trunks, and they stand up and lean and lie about in all positions. He goes round this one, crawls under the next, and climbs over a third, and cannot see a distance of half an inch before him. Tired of watching him, you get up and go away, and he goes on and on, and will continue to go on until he finds what he is looking for, and then will set out on his return, working his way through that interminable forest, that boundless contiguity of shading grasses, straight to his home.

And as with serpents and insects and fishes and batrachians, so it is with birds and mammals, all of which when out and away from home on their various quests are, as the poet has said of the migrating bird,

"Lone wandering, but not lost."

There is no hamlet in the kingdom, or, I imagine, anywhere in the world, where you will not be told strange, yet familiar, stories of a domestic or pet animal returning from long distances to its old home over ground unknown to it, where it could never have memorized the landmarks. Such instances are so common that any one who thought it worth his while could collect a volume full of them in a few

weeks. Even here, in this house in Penzance, where I am writing these papers, two such cases have been related to me of cats; one that was sent away to a distant village in a closed basket and promptly returned to its home here; the other of a cat received here from St. Just, seven miles away over a rough moor, which disappeared on the evening of its arrival and reappeared the very next day at St. Just. Also I have just received from a correspondent in America an extraordinary case of a dog sent by rail and water across the country to a Southern State, which soon vanished from his new home, to reappear several months later at his old home, eight hundred miles distant. This is an authentic case, and the astonishing thing is that in that immense journey the desire for home, the nostalgia, the impelling force, was not overcome by the difficulties; by hunger and fatigue and the hostility and persecutions met with from man and dogs encountered on the way. The overpowering desire for home had carried him through all this misery, and he arrived at last, looking like a very old worn-out dog.

As we higher animals are also subject to nostalgia, we can sympathize with the cat and dog in their sufferings in a strange place, the sense of disharmony. Especially so if we consider that smell, which is nothing to us, is to them more than sight, more even than vision and hearing together. They live in smells. In the familiar smells of their home, their surroundings, in and out of doors, they are in their element, at peace. Instinctively the animal regards every strange smell with suspicion: it is a warning of danger, perhaps, and for all his domestication and tameness he cannot be free of this inheritance. We can imagine, then, what it must be to remove an animal of this kind, a cat, let us say, from his familiar home into a world of unknown smells!

In my early home on the Argentine pampas we thought less about cats and dogs in this connection than of horses; for it was in a region where, as the Gauchos say, the horse is the legs that carry you. It was a common thing to hear a Gaucho say when his horses, or some of them, had been stolen, that he counted on the recovery of such a one, seeing that however far they took him from his home and district, however long they kept him hobbled or collared to another horse, he would, on the first opportunity that offered, make his escape and find his way back.

Here I will insert the history of a horse I was intimate with for a space of over ten years. He was an iron gray, the color called *moro* by the natives, and as he was the only one of that color in our troop, we named him Moro. He came to us from some Gaucho friends who lived at their estancia about forty miles south of our home; and as we were warned that Moro was a home-loving horse, it was necessary to keep him collared to one of the horses of the establishment for a month before letting him go free. I retain a very vivid recollection of this animal, so that he stands out from the hundreds of horses I have ridden among the half a dozen or so that have most impressed me with their personality. He had a spirit and dash above all the horses I have known and ridden: to be touched with whip or spur would drive him wild. One had to keep a tight rein on him, as with a man on his back his one desire was to

let himself go at his topmost speed. But he had a silken mouth and the most perfect control over his motions. He was the only horse I ever possessed that when at full speed could be brought to a sudden stand, and then, with a touch on his neck, be made to spin round as on a pivot. His instant response when you set him to do these things seemed to show that he loved doing them. His chief fault was that he was intolerant of strangers, and if carelessly approached by one he did not know, he would lash out with his heels; so that our visitors always had to be warned not to go near the dangerous animal.

One day on coming home on Moro I rode into the patio, or yard, and, leaving him standing there, went into the house. Just then a child of some people on a visit to us, a little boy of seven from town and perfectly ignorant of country things, ran out, and seeing Moro standing there with his long tail almost touching the ground, went to it and, twisting his little hands into the hair, began swinging himself to and fro. The moment I caught sight of him I thought it was all over with the child, for Moro was in a passion, tossing his head and stamping on the ground; in another moment the child's brains would be dashed out! I yelled at him, and loosing his hold, he came to me unhurt. Every one said it was a miracle; it was Providence that saved the child's life. It was, I think, the animal's intelligence, his knowledge that it was an innocent child and not a grown-up that was taking this liberty with him which restrained his impulse to strike.

The one thing about Moro which comes properly into the subject I am writing about was his home instinct. Although he became reconciled to his new surroundings and attached to the horses he lived and grazed with, whenever we had a long spell of cold, windy, and rainy weather in winter, always a time of intense discomfort to horses living on the flat, open, unsheltered plain, where not a tree was growing, Moro would disappear. Then, as a rule, after a week or two there would be a message from our distant Gaucho friends to inform us that Moro had turned up at their place and that he would be sent as soon as any one of the estancia had occasion to travel our way. On his return it was not necessary to collar him to another horse. He was always pleased to be back with his familiar friends and companions, and would settle down and live quite contentedly until, when another bad spell in the weather occurred, he would disappear again.

§ 3

The explanation of Moro's action is, I fancy, simple enough. He was reconciled to his second home and attached to the animals he consorted with and had no desire to return to his former home in ordinary circumstances, but in the intense discomfort induced by a seemingly endless spell of bad weather, when he was being lashed with cold rain perpetually day and night, he was reminded of his home. He had an image of the wide green plains bathed in everlasting genial sunshine; the image, the vision, produced the illusion that even thus would he see it again if he returned to it, and in the end he fled back a distance of forty miles to escape from his misery.

We know that animals are capable of visualizing past scenes in this way.

I have given instances of this faculty and the delusions it gives rise to in writing of the horse and guanaco in my "Naturalist in La Plata."

It remains to speak of the sense of direction in man. He is dependent on the same senses and faculties as any other rapacious mammal in his quest for food. No doubt the higher we go in the organic scale the less dependent the animal is on instinct pure and simple; in other words, the more does intelligence enter into the instinctive act. Thus we will find an instinct common to mammals and birds less intelligent and more perfect in the latter. In birds, we may say, the sense of direction is more nearly infallible than in mammals. Thus you will see a basket full of homing pigeons released at the Marble Arch, the birds all flying off in various directions to their homes in different parts of the country, from twenty or thirty to two or more hundred miles distant; and the chances are that not one out of twenty-five or thirty will fail to turn up at its destination. As the pigeon has existed in a domestic state for thousands of generations, it may be assumed that its homing faculty is not as perfect as in the wild bird. The bird has this faculty in greater perfection than the mammal because it needs this, owing to its wings, which give him an immensely wider range and swifter motion. The mammal, moving on the ground, has more need of intelligence in every act of its life, in every step it takes, and, no doubt, memorizes more. Yet I should say that the mammal, including man, in a state of nature, is no more able to do without that sense than the small ant, "lone wandering, but not lost," on the grassy down.

I should say, then, that as mentality enters more into the actions of man, even in his most primitive state, than in other mammals, the sense of direction is less perfect in him than in them. Also that in highly civilized man, especially in urban districts, the sense is so weak as almost to be regarded as obsolescent. Like the sense of smell it is not needed, and in that condition its decay is inevitable. Nevertheless, when the need comes, it revives, and when one is among savages or semi-civilized men much given to roaming, one meets with instances of the sense as acute and efficient as in the lower animals.

I heard a good deal said on this subject early in life. As a boy it interested me because, when I took to long solitary rambles, on foot or horseback, I made the discovery that I had a rather poor sense of direction, and when I got lost, which happened from time to time in a fog or at night and even in broad daylight when I was out of sight of all known landmarks, it had an extremely distressing effect on me and appeared to be a danger. Later, when I had grown up, I had some discussions on the subject with a young Gaucho friend. One day in company he told us of a day spent in a search after lost horses at a long distance from the ranch where he had his temporary home. He had a companion with him, and when they were from nine to ten leagues from home, night came very suddenly on them, with a black cloud covering the whole sky and rain in torrents. His companion cried out that there was nothing to do but dismount and spend the night sitting on their saddles and trying to keep themselves dry by wrapping their skin horse-rugs and ponchos

round them. My friend laughed at such a proposal, and said that they would go back and would be at home in about four hours or so and would then be able to dry their clothes and get something to eat. The other was incredulous; it was all a flat plain with no road and not a star to show them the way. Nevertheless, they set out, and arrived before midnight at the hovel which was their destination, and only when they dismounted and pushed the door open could he convince his companion that no road or light of star was needed to find your way back; nothing, in fact, was wanting but one's own sense.

It was just that sense, I told him, that I was without, and I knew that many others were in the same condition, otherwise we should not hear of people getting lost. That he possessed this sense in such perfection seemed almost incredible.

He replied that to him it seemed incredible that any sane person complete in his senses should be without it. He had to believe there were such men, just as there were others blind or deaf or idiots from birth. It made him laugh. For how could any one, no matter how far he might go in a strange district or how many turns he might take, fail to know just where he was and the exact direction of the place he wished to return to? You could take him blindfolded fifty leagues off into any place unknown to him, and lead him now in this or that direction, then take off the bandage in a dark night and set him free, and he would not be lost. Naturally he would know the right direction to take. How could he help knowing it?

I was surprised at hearing all this as up till then I had looked on this young Gaucho friend who did not know a letter of the alphabet as a good-natured half-fool. He was a big fellow, so dark, with such thick lips and such broad nostrils, that one supposed he had negro blood in him, and, negro-like, he was much given to laughter. But he had coarse, lank black hair, which was not negro-like. As he had been so much on horseback he waddled on the ground, and was like a big clumsy animal walking with difficulty on its hind legs. Then, there were his garments; one, waistcoat or blouse, as a rule, new and of some crude, glaring color, yellow or scarlet or blue, and all the others old and frayed and the color of clay. Usually he was without boots, being a poor devil, with his big iron spurs buckled on his bare feet. But now I conceived a great respect for him and envied him the possession of something I lacked.

This is perhaps an extreme case; nevertheless, men of that kind, who were never lost and never at a loss, were not uncommon on our Argentine frontiers. A man of that kind, who had a bold and adventurous spirit as well, was called a *rastreador*, and was employed to go out into the desert to spy on the Indians.

It is probable that even in our ultra-civilized state there are individual persons among us who possess the sense in a high degree, although they may not know it themselves, just as there are those who have a sense of smell as acute as that of any pure savage. This would not be strange: more wonderful is the fact that on some rare occasion the faculty should revive and burn in its pristine power in a person in whom it had appeared to be non-existent. Here is a case in point.

Years ago, when following a discussion on a sense of direction in man in one of the weekly journals, I read of an instance of this reversion of the brain to a past state, a recovery of a lost sense. It occurred to a man, a dweller in a town, who went with a friend for an autumn holiday in a forest district in North America. They camped on the borders of a forest at a distance from any settlement, and the narrator, taking his gun, went off alone into the woods to look for something to shoot. He spent long hours in the forest, and at last, when he was deep in it, surrounded on all sides by trees and remembered that he had taken many turns, it suddenly came to him with a shock that he was lost, miles distant, probably, from his starting-point, and had not the faintest idea in which direction it was. He was terribly distressed, for the day was drawing to a close, and he feared that to whichsoever side he directed his steps it would perhaps only take him farther away. He fired several shots in the hope that some hunter or some one looking for him would hear them and come to his rescue. But no one came, and no answering shot or shout broke the silence. Then, when his distress was greatest, when he was in despair, all at once a light came to him, a sudden sense of relief, a feeling and a conviction that he knew exactly which direction to take. So convinced was he that he set out not only confidently, but gladly. His instinct proved true.

§ 4

This narrative interested me deeply simply because it so closely resembled an experience I once had, the one and only time when I have known the full meaning of such a sense, its certitude, and its value to the lower animals and to man living in a state of nature, as he has existed for, let us say, a million years. My case was this. I was in a forest and in the middle of a thick wood covering an area of several miles, with dense thickets and bogs and streams on its borders. I had been in it for several hours, watching some woodland birds I was interested in. Absorbed in my occupation, night surprised me, and a sudden darkness, caused by a cloud, overspreading the sky, I realized that I was lost, since I did not know in which part of the wood I was or which direction to take, and could not see on which side the sun had gone down. I feared, too, that if I tried to get out, I should most probably get among the bogs and streams and dense thickets. And it was getting cold, as I was in the thinnest summer clothes and had been perspiring profusely. Suddenly, while standing there peering into the thick blackness all round me and feeling keenly distressed, relief came, and it was as if I had been captive and was unexpectedly set free. I did not know where I was and where the feared bogs were, but I knew in which direction to go. There was no hesitation, no shadow of a doubt. Off I went, rejoicing, where my supernatural faculty, as it then almost seemed to be, commanded, and after walking for half an hour came upon a blacker blackness, where the undergrowth was so dense that it was extremely difficult to force my way through it. Again and again I came to places like that, yet dared not attempt to get round these thickets, fearing that if I varied the least bit from the bee-line I was making, I might lose the sense of

direction that guided me. I must, I felt, keep the line. Eventually I got free of the wood, and coming into an open space, I dimly discerned a dwarf tree with a stout, malformed trunk, which I recognized as one of my landmarks on the borders of the wood, and there saw that I was actually making a bee-line for my destination. *Now* I knew where I was, and remembered that another smaller wood lay before me, then a mile or so of open grass-land to the lonely farm-house I was making for.

The feeling I had experienced on that one occasion, from the moment it came to me in the depths of that dark wood that I knew my way, was one of intense elation. It affected me like the recovery of something exceedingly precious so long lost that I had been without hope of ever finding it again; and it was like the recovery of sight to a blind man; or like that "vision of paradise" which a temporary recovery of the sense of smell had seemed to Wordsworth as he sat in a garden full of flowers; or like the recovery of memory in one who had lost that faculty. And this elation lasted until I recognized the landmark, the deformed tree, and began to memorize the wood that yet remained to be got through, and the open ground beyond it. Memory and thinking took the place of something that had been like an inspiration, an intuition, and had a sobering effect. I had now to rely on my memory and reasoning faculties.

It was a strange experience, perhaps the strangest I have ever had, when I remember the many occasions on which I have lost myself and have had long anxious hours of wandering in some unfamiliar place with no faintest intimation of any such helpful sense in me. For if this sense is so feeble in or so lost to us, how came it to revive and function so perfectly on this one occasion? The psychologist cannot help me, seeing that he takes no account of such a faculty; nor the physiologist, since there is no organ known to his science. But there is, there must be, an organ, albeit unrecognizable, a specialized nerve in the brain, I suppose, which keeps a record of all our turns and windings about, and ever, like the magnetic needle, swings faithfully round to point infallibly in the direction to which we desire in the end to return. This, at all events, is how it must be in the lower animal and in savage men. Admitting so much, how came it to revive and function so perfectly in an individual person who had appeared to be without it? I can only suppose that it is not actually obsolete in us, that it still exists and continues to function feebly—so feebly, indeed, that we rarely or never become aware of it. If this be so, I take it that on this one occasion the nerve was excited by my mental state, the agitation I felt, the sense of being lost in that dark wood, that in that state it recovered the record of all the changes of direction I had taken in my roamings about, and eventually produced that conscious feeling of confidence.

Three Poems

Variations on the same theme

By Albert Frederick Wilson

Drawings by Thomas Fogarty

I—Concentrics

Who breaks the clod
In the furrow,
Breaks he himself or God?

Who evermore
Shall bring sweet water
From the water-hole,
And what quenches he?

Of the wild apple-tree
Who shall make a flame,
And what kindles he?

Clod!
Water!
Fire!

Swinging by,
With only the breath
Of their unseen wings.

But I—

I stand in the furrow.
I linger by the water-hole.
I rest where the wild thorn burns.

II—Black Loam

With the mute patience
Of growing things,
The alder thicket
Gathered the deep loam
And held it there
In the hollow by the wood.

But in the fall
My neighbor cleared the patch,
And in the spring
He seeded it to corn.

I used to watch him
In the early sun,
Planting from his apron bag,
Stopping now and then
To lean and take the earth
Between his crooked hands
And get the smell of it.

"It 's getting scarce," he 'd say.
"It 's getting scarce,"
And shake his head.

And later,
When the year
Had brought the corn
Much higher than his head,
And August burned his barren hills,
Sometimes I 'd find him there at dusk.
"It 's getting scarce," he 'd say,
"It 's getting scarce,"
And shake his head.

III—Vespers

Of three
Who sat in the dooryard sun,
One said, "I 'd like a hill,
When this is done,
A place where I can look around,
Provided I 'm not sleeping sound."

And one:
"Hill or vale, what 's that to me?
I 'd like a place beneath a tree,
And when the spring is here about,
I 'd climb up with the sap and shout."

But the third said:
"I 'll take the dip
In the old wood lot,
Where I can lie in peace and rot
Until, some day, as those things go,
Some one will pinch my dust, just so,
And say, 'Why, man, this stuff will grow!'"

The Bogy-Man of the Bosporus

By Bessie Beatty

PROPAGANDA sometimes proves a boomerang. The first American tourists to invade the country of the Turk *en masse* since the days before the war arrived in Constantinople early this spring on a great ocean-liner making the Mediterranean cruise. They brought with them a set of very definite preconceived ideas. During their brief stay these ideas underwent a vigorous upsetting. When they left, it was with a sense of having been tricked, fooled, cheated, not by the Turks, but by those who had talked and written against them. They had come prepared to meet the bogy-man of the Bosporus, and the bogy-man had not even said, "Boo!"

When the Americans—there were several hundred—reached Constantinople, they were eager for exploration, yet fearful. There were tales aboard. This was the land of the Turk. The Turk was an amber-skinned man who wore a red fez, and carried a long, curved knife dripping with blood. Down in the seething mass along the shores were men with amber skins and red fezes. To be sure, they carried on their backs and in their hands great baskets heaped with luscious-looking oranges, trays full of green vegetables, and sugary white mounds of *locume*. Nowhere in evidence was the long, curved knife of the comic papers at home. The trippers decided that they looked peaceful enough, these shuffling Turks bent beneath their baskets. Then they recalled massacred Armenians, fleeing refugees, villages in ruins, and shuddered.

A ship's officer warned them it was dangerous to go ashore, and announced that neither the steamship company nor the captain would be responsible. Being reassured by resident Americans, they landed. They bought out the venders in Galata, and allowed themselves to be charged double prices in the old blue-vaulted corridors of the great bazaar at Stamboul. They ate the sweetmeats, and danced madly in the cabarets. A favored few drank the sultan's coffee, smoked his cigarettes, and stood in curious, solemn lines outside the palace of Yildiz to watch him go to prayers on the day of the selamlik. Meantime they asked questions. Their answers came largely from the resident Americans, naval officers, members of the embassy staff, relief workers, and representatives of Standard Oil and other American business interests, and they proved a distinct surprise. They went away, these American globe-trotters, quite thoroughly convinced that there are two sides to the Turkish question.

Before the season was over, other ships arrived. The number of tourists mounted from the hundreds into

the thousands. More questions were asked and answered. All of them, when they sailed away from Constantinople, had undergone the experience of their predecessors. The propaganda had overshot the mark.

Nations, like men, are largely the sum of their reactions to their friends and enemies among their neighbors. The continuation of propaganda which presents the Turk always with his curving knife, and takes no count of factors, economic, social, political, and religious, responsible for his impulses and acts, will never help toward a real understanding of the Near-Eastern problem.

If the capital of the Turk were off on some obscure by-path of the world, it is possible that the picture of the bleeding knife might in time give place to a lovely pastoral filled with dark-skinned shepherds herding Angora goats. It is partly because Constantinople has the ill fortune to sit in the middle of the highroad of commerce between Europe and Asia that she has such an evil reputation.

No one need minimize the suffering of the Armenians and other minority peoples of the Near East, but it should be possible to look behind the atrocity story and discover the elements that make Turkey what she is to-day and find out what she may become to-morrow.

The atrocity story has blinded sharper eyes than ours all down the ages, yet we never seem to become sophisticated about it. Religious antagonisms have long been used for the political and economic advantage of one or another power. Frequently they have been deliberately created and carefully nursed for the benefit of an ambitious ruler.

Turkey of to-day is not the arrogant, gilded, strutting despot of Abdul-Hamid's time, nor yet the cocky, conquering warrior of Enver and Talaat's day. It is a young man in a shabby, old garment, fantastic and childlike in his dreaming, perhaps, but magnificent in his singleness of purpose, and a power with which to reckon despite his poverty.

The Turkey diplomats talked about when they made the Treaty of Sèvres, and the Turkey of Mustapha Kemal, which went to Paris to unmake that treaty, were two entirely different entities. What has happened to bring about this change? What does it mean not only in the settlement of the Near-Eastern tangle, but in the economic readjustment of the world?

This new Turkey, fighting for its national life with the Greeks in Asia Minor, is as yet scarcely more than a name on a facile tongue, a light in an ardent eye, a hope in an impassioned heart. But it is all the Turkey there is worth mentioning to-day. And it is perhaps the most astonishing phenomenon of this aftermath of war, for though it is not to England's liking, it was more than half made in Downing Street.

Those who look on Turkey from a distance with the eye of the casual observer have little idea of the vitality and extent of the nationalist movement. It has what military power there is, what hope, what discipline. It has the support of all but the tiniest portion of the populace of what is left of that once mighty Turkish Empire. Though there are two governments side by side in Turkey, no one pretends that the Constantinople government functions.

I met New Turkey personified for

the first time in Moscow last January, when I dined at the Turkish embassy with Ali Fouad, ambassador from the Government of Angora to the Soviet Republic. The ambassador was a rather short, stocky, matter-of-fact-looking Turk, but when he talked Turkey, his dull brown eyes flamed. He talked as I have heard no one talk since those early days of the Russian Revolution, when the halls of Petrograd were swarming with men who had caught fire in a cause. When he talked, and he seized the opportunity of every conversational lull, it was always of New Turkey.

Later, in Turkey, I was to meet many young Turks with that same fire in their eyes, that same ardor on their tongues, and some older ones. I was to find them in no less a place than the palace of Dolmabagché, where an unhappy crown prince quite frankly acknowledged that the government within the Sublime Port is but a straw man without power save as it comes from the nationalist seat at Angora, and that the hope of his country lies there.

My path of entry into Constantinople was not that which brought the American tourists to the Golden Horn. It was one which has been little traveled in these years of war, blockade, and revolution. I came across the Black Sea from Odessa, seaport of that country, which, if the plans of certain once famous statesmen had been realized, would to-day be ruling the sultan's capital.

Constantinople, seen against the background of hungry Russia, was not the same city the tourists saw. Except for a couple of grain ships unloading corn for the Volga famine regions, a shabby Greek trader from Constantinople whose cargo was largely smuggled diamonds and Russian wives, and an American destroyer, there were no boats to ripple the still, blue waters in the once lively Russian port.

The naval launch that carried me up the Bosporus, past the jagged walls and stone towers of the ancient Greek and Turkish forts, past blue-topped minarets of marble whiteness, cut through the shadow of many an alien craft. Judging by the shipping, Turkey has been almost as crippled in the matter of commerce as her proud neighbor, but there was no dearth of fighting seamen upon her waters. A British cruiser and some destroyers, two French battle-ships, big, ponderous, heavy-laden, a Greek man-of-war, more and more of them—the names told the stories of the far seas from which they had come. Little fishing-boats, sails swelling in the fresh afternoon breeze, snuggled close together, as if they needed friendly touch in this great company of foreign giants.

Along the shores stood a palace here, a villa there. Beyond lay an ancient cemetery, with headstones like tipsy asparagus stalks growing under the wind-worn cypress-trees, black-green against the afternoon sky.

Shabby, unpainted, dilapidated, but still beautiful, this Constantinople of 1922, with marks of sixteen years of war and countless fires cut like deep wrinkles in an old crone's face.

The Turk has a natural tendency to build, then leave his house to the elements to do what they will with it. When they have done their worst, he builds again. During those years of fighting there has been neither time nor money for building or even for furbishing.

Constantinople, swarming with aliens, looked that first afternoon like a great house with a careless and none too reputable tenant. The city was *en promenade*. Soldiers and officers in the variegated uniforms of the army of occupation: English in khaki; Italian *carabinièri* in flowing capes and jaunty tri-corners; natty, little Frenchmen in blue-gray, walked the streets with women from all the odd ends of the earth. Blackened eyes, carmined lips, rose-tinted cheeks, and Paris fashions, a little belated, but Paris none the less, made European Constantinople, hectically pursuing pleasure, seen in that first glimpse against the background of Russia grimly struggling to sustain life, a tawdry abode of coquettes. I was to learn that the streets of Pera are only a piece of the picture, that under this light life there are seething hatreds, grim struggles, bitter determinations, and a gigantic desire.

The attitude of the resident American of Constantinople was not the least interesting of the things I found there. He goes to Turkey after having been thoroughly propagandized to hate the Turk as an enemy to all that spells civilization.

When he has lived with him a short time he frequently swings to the opposite extreme. When he has lived there a little longer he acquires a footing in that middle ground of judgment which gives him a point of view probably not far removed from truth. He learns from personal experience that every Turk is not an assassin, or every Armenian or Greek either a saint or a corpse. He does not minimize the terrible price of suffering the Armenian has paid, nor does he excuse the Turk; but he learns to search and find causes which modify his judgments. He discovers, too, that Turkey of yesterday is not Turkey of to-day, and that still another Turkey is in the building.

In Constantinople I found both Turks and Americans asking with some indignation why it is that America publishes only one side of the Greco-Turkish situation? When I asked what they would have us publish, they replied with questions.

"Why was the report of the commission of investigation of the Greek occupation of Smyrna suppressed? Why has no one ever blamed the Greeks for the atrocities committed against the Turks in that occupation?"

"Why does every one talk of Armenian refugees and never mention the seventy thousand Turkish refugees in Constantinople, driven out of their homes in Asia Minor by the Greeks?"

"Why does no one ever tell about the efforts the Turkish Nationalists made to prevent the Armenian evacuation of Cilicia?" Eventually one begins to join them in wondering.

§ 2

Smyrna is, of course, the sorest of the Turkish tender spots. The Turk maintains that atrocities there were committed by the Greeks under the eyes of Allied battle-ships, and that the Allies, aware of this, did not lift a voice in protest or a hand in protection.

It is true that the report of a committee of investigation of which the American high commissioner, Admiral Mark Bristol, and other equally qualified representatives of the Allied governments were members has never been made public. The commission found the facts sufficiently appalling to recommend the immediate with-

drawal of the Greek army, but the affair stopped there.

It is fairly understandable why the English Government, actively backing the Greeks, was eager to keep the facts of this occupation from their public. The motive of our own Government in also pigeon-holing this report is not quite so clear. Our Government had less at stake. It might have considered that it could afford to trust the American people a little more fully with the facts. Atrocities are unpleasant reading at all times, but, after all, if one is to judge, one must have all and not half of the truth.

When the Turks took over Cilicia after the completion of the agreement between M. Franklin-Bouillon and Mustapha Kemal, the French contracted to evacuate what remained of Cilicia. Then Hamid Bey, undersecretary in the Ministry of Interior, was sent by the Angora Government to serve as political officer. The Nationalist government, hopeful of keeping the Armenians in their homes and on their farms, issued a general amnesty for all Christians and an order exempting them from military service. It is possible that if Hamid Bey had been permitted to reach a sufficient number of Armenian leaders sooner, he might have stopped the evacuation. When he did get there he talked to the heads of the churches and pleaded with them to urge their people to remain. M. Bouillon also gave assurances of his faith in the good intention of the Turks, but feeling over the long-continued Turko-Armenian feud was too high, and by that time nothing could stop panic and flight. The Turks maintained that they wanted the Armenians to stay on their lands; said they were necessary to the economic welfare of Cilicia, and would be given full privileges and adequate protection.

Whether there were fingers, neither French nor Armenian, in the pie, no one can say, but in these tangled intrigues of Near-Eastern-politics things are seldom so simple as they seem on the surface.

The Turks say they have listed all the property of the departed refugees and are holding it against the time of their return. They are still making every effort to induce the owners to come back, and it is probable that many will ultimately have to return if their problem is ever to be adequately solved.

The Turk, when he is allowed to speak, is as eloquent on the subject of his grievance against the Armenian and the Greek as the Armenian and Greek are eloquent about their wrongs. He maintains that all during these years of war the Armenian has stayed at home and reaped the harvest, while he went out to fight and die; that the Armenian was a spy and an informer, an active enemy even when he carried no gun. The uniforming of six thousand Armenians by the French in Cilicia caused rancor and bitterness.

The Turk in Constantinople naturally resents the presence of Greek men-of-war on the Bosporus. Americans to whom I spoke of it shared his feeling.

"It is n't fair play," one of them said. "It is a violation of international law. Greeks are breaking the neutrality which should be guaranteed by Allied occupation; Greek officers and men have the freedom of the capital of a country with which they are at open

warfare, and make it a base of military operations."

§ 3

I spent a very interesting afternoon in Constantinople with a young Greek officer who drew me an ambitious map to show me his idea of the rebuilding of the Grecian Empire. When I laughingly suggested that he was hoping a little too much, he replied:

"Your country started with only thirteen States. And look at England!"

Turkey is a barometer of many things. A student of international politics can tell fairly well how affairs are going with Great Britain by watching her attitude toward Turkey. If she extends a reluctant olive branch to the Turkish Nationalists, it is probable that things are a little unsettled in Egypt, India, or some other corner of the Moslem world. When she proposes a new investigation of the Turkish atrocities and backs a Greek offensive, it is fairly safe to assume that things in the Moslem world are going not too badly from the British point of view, and England can afford to risk the ire of the inhabitants of certain of her possessions or spheres of influence. Sometimes her policy is determined by Turkish concessions to France and Italy.

British policy since September, 1914, when Turkey was precipitated into the World War on the side of Germany by an order to British-Indian troops to invade Turkish territory, down to the present day, seems to have been a series of blunders. A little constructive statesmanship immediately after the armistice might have saved a lot of trouble. Turkey was so helpless then that she had to accept any terms dictated. That day is past. While the Allies have been quarreling over the white meat and the dark, a handful of Nationalist Turks has succeeded in molding the Turkish people into a unit which more than makes up in determination what it lacks in economic power.

The task of England at the moment is a most difficult and unenviable one. It was simple enough to put the Greeks into Smyrna, but getting them out is another question. It is not altogether certain that the Greek army, even under orders from the Greek cabinet, would evacuate. The Greek troops are well fed and well equipped and ammunitioned. Between the campaigns of 1921–22 they had ample time to dig themselves in and make themselves comfortable. They have been led to believe that they are on their way to Constantinople and they are interested in the destination.

The troops of Mustapha Kemal, far less well fed, clothed, and equipped, have, on the other hand, the moral force of men who are convinced that defeat means the annihilation of them as a people. As a result of the Franco-Turkish agreement, their numbers have been reinforced by nearly one hundred thousand additional soldiers from Cilicia.

The English statesman who undertakes to make Turkish policy to-day probably ties his own noose. British influence in Constantinople has never been at such low ebb. The English realize they have blundered, and since the beginning of the year a change of policy has been evidenced in a multitude of small ways. Until January of this year no British officer was permitted to go to the house of a

Turk. The Turks were very noticeably excluded on a variety of official and semi-official occasions. Later the army became deliberately friendly.

An English official who has lived so long in Constantinople that he is almost a Levantine said, speaking of the attitude of the Turks toward the English:

"It is true they hate us now, but they will love us again. Their real interests lie with us, and they know it."

One young and ardent Turk to whom I talked, editor of a leading newspaper, attributed the growth of the Nationalist movement almost entirely to the British.

"They saved us," he said. "After the armistice Turkey was in great apathy. We had no leader of prestige, military or civilian, who could move the people. If England had been humane and fair, Turkey would have been lost as a nation. Since the Crimean War we have regarded the English as gods. Then they wanted a strong Turkey against Russia, so they sided with us. We idolized them. The word English with us was the symbol for an ideal man.

"All that is changed now," he said bitterly. "England's mistake gave us unity and incentive for action. They behaved to us as they might have behaved to negroes in some remote part of Africa. The occupation of Smyrna was part of the plan to destroy Turkey, but the general public could not be convinced of this until the occupation was an accomplished fact."

He was one of the Turkish writers and leaders deported to Malta and claims that without the Malta deportations Turkey could never have established a government in Angora.

"Angora wanted officials, but the officials had their families to think of and were afraid to leave Constantinople. After Malta they were afraid to stay. When England dissolved parliament she made a fatal mistake for England, but she did a great thing for Turkish Nationalism. When the deputies went to Angora, parliament was outside the reach of British guns. The government of the national assembly in Anatolia became the real government of Turkey. When we speak of our Government to-day, we mean Angora. The entire press is an Angora press. Mustapha Kemal could become dictator of Turkey tomorrow if he chose, but he has deliberately deprived himself of power."

Another Nationalist leader said:

"We shall have peace as soon as England permits it." A year ago he would probably have said, "As soon as the Allies permit it." The recent overtures of France and Italy have caused a differentiation on the part of the Turks. The attitude toward both of these powers has become far more friendly.

The sultan, Mohammed VI, is in disfavor with many of the young Nationalists because they believe he is a tool of England. They claim that he will eventually abdicate in favor of the crown prince when the Nationalists come into full power in Constantinople. There are others who say that Mohammed VI may make any number of concessions to the Nationalists, but that he will never relinquish his place as head of the Turkish nation and the Moslem world. Still others maintain that the sultan is at heart with the Nationalists.

After the armistice the Greeks anchored the old *Illinois* and *Missis-*

sippi, purchased from us some years ago, now cruisers in the Greek Navy, outside the sultan's palace. It was too much for him. He moved to the summer palace at Yildiz, where he says he will remain until the Bosporus is once more free.

§ 4

Even in the palaces there are bitterness and poverty. There as everywhere they are dreaming of the day when the Bosporus will be clear. Crown Prince Abdul Medjid sits in his study at Dolmabagché, dreaming of the hour when Turkey will come into some semblance of her former glory.

"No one has ever lost as we have lost," the crown prince said to me. "Nothing is left of us but a little bit of Asia Minor. Surely we have a right to that. We have the right to live."

We were sitting in the study where he received me, a comfortable, book-lined room in a wing of the vast white palace. His aide, an ardent young Nationalist who gave me coffee in a huge and rather shabby-looking drawing-room filled with gold furniture upholstered in worn brocade, had taken me to his Highness and left us alone.

The crown prince, in his deep armchair, beside a huge flat-topped desk, is a rather striking figure. His face is long, and his features are deeply cut and powerful. His gray eyes look out from under shaggy, gray brows, and a bristling fan-shaped mustache veils, but does not hide, a finely molded mouth. Until he stands he gives the impression of being a big man. At all times he seems a rather pathetic one, anything but the conventional picture of the master of a harem living in the lap of idle luxury.

Life in the palace is dull, and there is something almost pathetic about the heir apparent's efforts to amuse and cultivate himself and his household, his passion to be "civilized" in the Western sense. He talked to me in French and English, and his sentences were charged with bitterness. He said:

"The English nation is good for us. The English people are our friends. Our enemies are Curzon and Lloyd George. They are blind men. They will not see the truth. They know only vengeance. Lloyd George is a big man, a historic man. For the war he was very good, but for peace he is inadequate. A man of war is not a man of peace. Lloyd George is worn out, tired; his genius is drained. England must have another man, a bold man. We have a great desire to be good friends with England if she will only permit, but what are we to do? Our capital is occupied. Our power is in Angora. For the moment it is our embassy. It is all we have."

Questioning the crown prince as to what lengths the Turks would go to save that little bit of Asia Minor, I ventured on rather dangerous ground. I asked him whether it was conceivable that in any circumstances Turkey would yield Constantinople.

He grew rigid with a dignity that was quite imposing. No ancestor of that earlier day when pomp and ceremony were in full bloom beneath the star and crescent could have been more regal.

"That is not a question for Turkey," he said. "That is a question for the Mussulmans of all the world. Constantinople is the capital of Turkey, but she is much more. Any attempt permanently to occupy Constantinople would bring about a holy war,

calling the Mussulmans of every land to the defense of the sacred capital."

He spoke of the war and attributed Turkey's participation on the side of Germany to the mistaken diplomacy of England and France. "We were pushed into war," he said, "and now what have we?"

We drifted from talk of governments to talk of life in a Turkish palace. I asked him how he spent his time. He led me through a corridor into a mammoth desert of a room where two small potted palms in crape-paper skirts clamored vigorously for attention, as if they feared to be lost entirely in that vastness.

"There," said the crown prince, pointing to three great canvases on the walls; "that is the way I spend some of my time."

The first picture, as he explained it to me, was called "Harmony in the Harem." The room was a Turkish conception of a European drawing-room, stiff and formal; the occupants in stiff Paris models and conventional evening black were playing musical instruments. It is a portrait from life, a reproduction of the usual night scene in the palace of the crown prince. Here, vigorously, painstakingly in the interests of European culture, the crown prince, the royal princess, and the ladies-in-waiting, who make up the family orchestra, rehearse together until midnight and after.

"I painted it to present the women of my country in another light," his Highness explained. "They think of us abroad always with turbans and pantaloons."

I recalled the beautiful old Serai Palace overlooking the Golden Horn, to which the sultan's aide had taken me only the day before, and regretted that Western ideas often go hand in hand with the destruction of Oriental beauty. The low Turkish divans, soft, brocaded pillows, and inlaid tables in this abode of the ancient sultan were so vastly more worth saving than the stiff, flower-painted furniture and hideous modern German smoking-stands in the reception-room below stairs.

Off the big room containing the paintings there was a balcony, and I caught a glimpse of a short, stout woman in a bright rose-colored wool Jersey dress, with brilliant yellow hair and dark-penciled brows, sitting at a tiny table with a young English woman. When she saw me she fled. The prince explained that it was his wife, the princess, having her English lesson. The prince went to fetch her, and she came reluctantly back with him, shy and very much embarrassed because she was not dressed for receiving. We continued our talk of Turkish women. In Dolmabagché Palace, where the crown prince prides himself on being in all ways a disciple of Western culture, the princess is his only official wife. The other women of the family are spoken of as ladies-in-waiting. His one grown son is married to the sultan's daughter, and there is also a lovely, starry-eyed, oval-faced little princess of ten or eleven.

We discussed, among other things, the changing status of women and the harem. The word "harem," for all its rich connotation, is simply the name for the women's quarters in the Turkish home. Poverty in the palaces and out of them is more responsible than Western ideals for the changed condition there. Education and the world movement for broadening the

freedom of women have, of course, had their influence. The French novel also put a window of a kind in the Turkish harem, and many Turkish men are vigorously protesting the notions of freedom which they have put into the heads of the women. But necessity, rising out of the long, protracted wars, is the real mother of freedom for Turkish women. The Turkish coffers, both public and private, are too depleted to permit the expensive establishments of the old days. Men are no longer able to maintain women in idleness, and war, with its demands on man power, has made woman labor an actual necessity.

If the "big princess," as they call the wife of the crown prince within the palace circle, finds life limiting, there are other members of the Turkish royalty who in the days since the Allies came to Constantinople have enlarged the cage to a most astonishing size. One very charming princess, who three years ago was not even permitted to appear when her husband entertained foreign guests, now plays American rag-time for them, and, on a rare occasion, adventures delightedly into the mazes of the one-step.

Before I left the palace the artist prince led me to another one of his gigantic canvases, showing the Constantinople of a long-gone day. The veiled ladies wore filmy costumes of tinted chiffons instead of that somber offspring of a nun's habit and a rain cloak that is the garment of the few remaining old-fashioned women of Constantinople. Brown-checked European sack-suits, like the one his Highness was wearing, had not come into fashion then.

"Thus it was long ago," he said, "under my grandfather and my father." Then came the plaint of any husband anywhere whose wife is over-familiar with the oft-repeated story of his hobby. "She does not take enough interest in the pictures." The princess only smiled a wide, shy smile.

§ 5

From the palace I went to the palace stables and saw the picture of another Constantinople problem of to-day. It is occupied no longer by prancing steeds and brilliant trappings, but by Russian refugees, crowded there by the hundreds, one small fraction of the hundred and fifty-odd thousand homeless people from Asia Minor, Russia, the Caucasus, and Mesopotamia. Though the refugee problem is small to-day compared with that of a year ago, it is still taxing Turkish housing and Turkish hospitality far beyond their limit.

The Turkish refugees, who are greatly in the majority, have fled from Thrace and Smyrna and parts of Anatolia, now occupied by the Greeks. The Greeks and Armenians—about forty-five thousand of them—deserted their homes at the approach of the Turkish Nationalist in Asia Minor and the Caucasus. Vast sums of money from the Near-East and American Red Cross have been poured in to relieve the situation, and this flow of money cannot cease until some definite solution of the problem of these people has been found. Most of those familiar with the Near-East questions believe that the logical solution is some readjustment that will return them to their original homes.

In Constantinople, where commerce is stagnant, human labor is a drug in

the market. The refugees live in Christian churches and Mohammedan mosques, under tents and in barracks, camp in fields and on the streets.

With the evacuation of Wrangel's army and the transferring of numbers of Russians to Bulgaria and others of the Balkan States, the condition of the remaining Russians is slightly better. A few have been fitted into the routine of Turkish life and occupations, and some will probably remain there. They have developed talent for running restaurants and cabaret shows. The Moscovite, which is the best and most popular restaurant in Constantinople, is making its owners rich again, and in the gala-days of boat arrivals this spring reaped a plentiful harvest of American dollars.

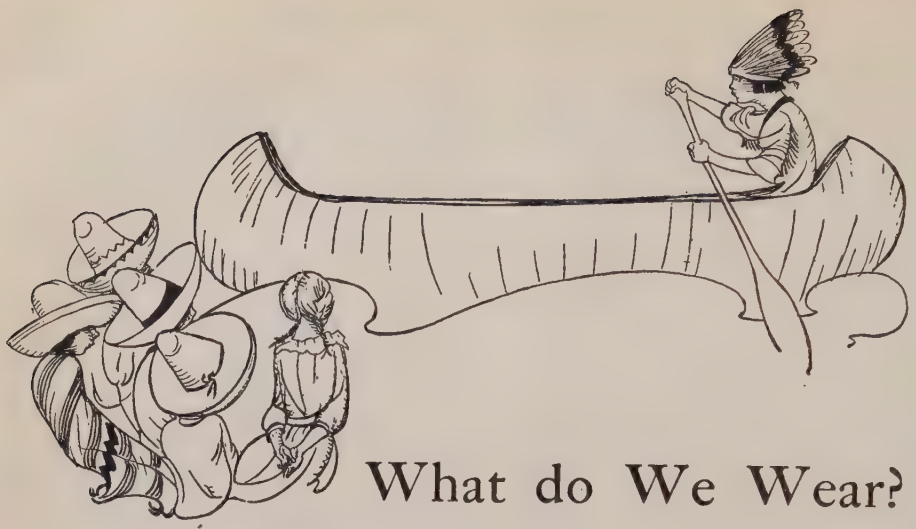
It is a festive place, the Moscovite, where women freshly come from the paradise of shoppers, in Paris creations, fox-trot with officers of the Allied armies to the latest importation of American jazz. There they meet the Russian *zakuska* for the first time, thrill at the acrobatic feats of the high-booted, skirt-coated Cossack officer with an eighteen-inch waist and immeasurable dash, and make whispering inquiries of the local residents as to which of the waitresses are "real live princesses."

Russians who cannot run restaurants give language lessons or keep commission shops, where what is left of the treasures they were able to smuggle out of Russia are being sold to the wealthy strangers. Here and there on the street one sees an old officer selling paper flowers made by wounded soldiers back in refugee camps. But the real refugee problem of the future has to do with the Turks and the Armenians.

Though they think America has been unfair in never giving her people a hearing of their case, the Turk at the moment seems far more kindly disposed to America than to any other of the foreign powers. The Angora Government, which, as every foreigner in Turkey realizes fully, is all the government there is, would like her commercial exploitation to come from America. The Turkish Nationalists, fully aware of the primitiveness of their country, have an almost superstitious reverence for our boasted efficiency. But that is only part of it. It is because they believe that America is interested in protection of investment and return of capital, but does n't worry much about politics, that they favor her. They realize that she is not entirely altruistic or disinterested, but think she will not worry as to who does the governing if her investors are given a square deal.

The American high commissioner is extremely popular. He is an indefatigable worker, able, energetic, outspoken, and fearless, very much beloved by his associates and the natives. The Turks, used to more devious methods of approach, seem to be impressed by his directness. I quoted an English friend of mine who said open diplomacy is as impossible and utterly ridiculous as open love-making.

"Yes," said the admiral, "it is an excellent parallel if one is making love to some one else's wife. If one is making love to one's own wife, one need not be ashamed of it. Between nations it is the same. If one nation is trying to get something to which it has no right, then I can understand the need to be secret about it. Otherwise there is none."



What do We Wear?

By Elinore Cowan Stone

Drawings by Maginel Wright Enright

As one pupil the third grade of the Santa Anita Mexican school gasped, wide-eyed, at the unbelievable declaration of Ramon Sedillo.

"Ticher, no," Ramon had said; "I do not weesh for be in any shows. Shows iss no good."

Ticher braced herself. She could read the omens in Ramon's demure smile, the dimple at one corner of his firm little mouth, the opaque light in his usually merry eyes. Ramon was about to have one of his "times."

"But, Ramon," she said, "I am counting on you. I want you to be one of the Indians. You would make such a nice Indian."

If a tinge of gratification glowed beneath the clean brown of Ramon's round little face, it was nullified by the stolidity of his black eyes.

"Ticher, no," he replied very distinctly; "I do not weesh be Indian."

"But we are going to have a beautiful canoe, Ramon. Don't you think it would be nice to paddle a canoe across the stage while the others sing about you?"

Ramon's even white teeth set into a tight little smile. Only the demure dimple revealed the fact that Ramon was having a time entirely to the taste of his contrary little heart.

"Ticher, no," he reiterated; "I do not thing canoes are nize."

Ticher's speculative look did not reveal the fact that she was torn between two promptings: an impulse to catch him up and kiss him into submission, and a temptation to turn him across her knee and efficiently spank his diminutive new khaki overalls.

Ramon always wore clean new khaki overalls. Ramon, in fact, was something of a dandy, with his rakish sombrero cocked over one bright, black eye, his gay, knotted handkerchief, and his swagger scrupulously patterned upon that of Sam Tarkish, the dashing Texan deputy sheriff.

"Say, Ticher, leave me paddle the canoe. I know how fine," burst in red-headed Lawrence McGuire, Miss Lipscomb's one American pupil.

"But, Lawrence," she protested, "I have another nice part for you. I need you to be the American scout who is caught by the Indians and escapes."

"Wat?" wailed the destined *Leatherstocking*. "Ain't I goin' to get to be an Indian? Aw, heck! Miss Lipscomb—"

Ramon fixed her with a challenging eye.

"I weesh be Americano, Ticher," he announced firmly.

Ticher breathed a prayer for patience to the god of all harassed impresarios. The third grade turned upon Ramon incredulous eyes.

"I thing Ramon iss crazee," volunteered Hortensia Valdes, frankly. "The Americano will not get to wear such nize *trajes* like us, will he, Ticher?"

There was an audible murmur of interest. Clearly, so far as the third grade was concerned, Hortensia had touched the vital issue.

Angela Robles voiced the common concern when, in a voice hushed and breathless, she asked:

"But, Ticher, what do we wear?"

Reverently they listened as Ticher spoke of feathers, fringe, and beads, of gorgeous head-pieces and bows and arrows, of knives and tomahawks.

"And you will all try very hard to have nice costumes, won't you?" Ticher besought them, guilty in the knowledge that they would be gorgeous to a man, even though their resplendence involved the sacrifice of the baby's cradle or the family cook-stove. Mamas Robles, Guiterrez, Salvador, and others would see to that.

"Oh, yess, ma'am," the third grade chorused solemnly. In the consecration of the moment they turned hostile, contemptuous eyes upon the luckless Gilberto Villa, whose only offense was to interrupt the conference with the daily formula, "Ticher, the bell rinks."

What stupid pig could have a soul so dead as to obtrude thoughts of mere bells and recesses when the talk was of feathers and beads, of shows and costumes?

Ramon's swagger was perhaps a trifle exaggerated as he sauntered to the playground. Ramon was beginning to entertain doubts of the wisdom of his attitude during the last half-hour. Further exposition is, of course, impertinently unnecessary. Without a doubt the reader has easily penetrated Ramon's none too subtle disguise, and has seen that the one thing that Ramon most ardently desired in his contrary little heart was to paddle that canoe across the stage while the others sang about him. Had anything more been needed to captivate his romantic and truly Mexican imagination, it was Ticher's glowing description of the gallant regalia in which the third grade was to dazzle its public.

Ramon was uneasily aware of the fact that he had been quite unnecessarily firm in his refusals. Well, *mañana* all would arrange itself. Very evidently the show could not go on without Ramon Sedillo. Ticher wanted him for an Indian. *Bueno!* In good time he would graciously allow her to persuade him—not too easily, of course; meantime—

Ramon cocked a bright, interested

eye toward an eager group about the steps. From them, doubtless, he might hear more about that most alluring topic of beads, feathers, and knives. With hat negligently tilted and hands in the pockets of his size-eight overalls, Ramon sauntered jauntily toward the group. As he edged nearer, careful to avoid semblance of too much interest, Hortensia Valdes was holding the group enthralled with an eloquent word picture of glories to come. He found himself irritated by the fact that it was with visions of her own future splendors that Hortensia was monopolizing public attention—Hortensia, a person of neither beauty nor talent. What strange lack of discrimination! Was it not he, Ramon, about whom all interest had recently centered, upon whose participation the success of the undertaking had seemed to depend?

"Ah, I shall be beautiful," rushed on the misguided Hortensia, in a very ecstasy of description. "A gown of silk, yes, red; shoes of gold, and beads—many, many beads! I shall look like—"

With a single jeering name Ramon

contemptuously capped the glowing description.

It was unfortunately true that Hortensia's body was gaunt and ungainly, her features rudely blocked out, and that she had not yet grown to the stature promised by the size of her hands and feet. But even Ramon's outraged sense of beauty did not justify him in tagging the unfortunate girl with a name familiar to every household that welcomes the weekly comic supplement.

That Hortensia took vigorous exception to his characterization goes without saying, and that Ramon made immediate reprisals in which several well directed rocks figured as weapons. Indeed, Ticher was compelled to interrupt the combat by the simple expedient of lifting Ramon and shaking him soundly by the sturdy straps of his little overalls.

Ticher's eyes were cold, and Ticher's voice was stern as she confronted the culprits.

"Ramon Sedillo!" she cried. "You? Throwing rocks at little girls?"

"But, Ticher," defended Ramon, "my face! You can see. Hortensia she spoil it weeth hees fingers."

Of the spoiling there was indubitable evidence.

"Hortensia—" began Ticher, but she was not permitted to finish. In a wail of outraged vanity it came out.

"Ticher, Ticher! He tells me Maggies!"

"He called you what?"

"Maggies," screamed the heartbroken Hortensia.

"Aw, Ticher, you know," volunteered Pedro Gonzalos. "In funny papers is Maggie. The veree, veree uglee señora weeth the feet of great size."

"Is it not true, Ticher?" demanded Ramon, hardily. "Those hands, those feet—"

A muffled wail of protest saved Ticher from the necessity of equivocation. When Hortensia was at last quieted, Ticher knew what she must do.

Ramon did not see the unwilling amusement in her eyes when she spoke; he saw only flinty justice.

"Ramon, you must tell Hortensia that you are sorry."

Ramon stiffened himself; his eyes became strangely Indian-like in their narrowed slits.

"But if I am not sorry?"

"But you should be. You were very rude, were you not?"

Ramon's shrug was inimitable.

"*Quien sabe?*" he vouchsafed.

"Do not be impertinent, Ramon. You must tell Hortensia that you are sorry."

"I tell the truth," answered Ramon, with finality.

"Very well. Then I will tell you the truth. You are a very bad, unkind, ungentlemanly little boy. You will tell Hortensia that you are sorry or you cannot be an Indian in our show."

Ramon could not believe his ears. This from Ticher, who only an hour before had told him with blandishing smiles that she counted on him, that he would make such a nice Indian; who had awaited his august decision with anxiety in her kind, blue eyes; Ticher, who many times a day singled him out from the rest of the room with a whimsical, caressing smile that made him want to forget his masculinity and his eight years and snuggle up against her soft cheek and bright hair like any mere *niño!* Stricken to the soul, Ramon could only stand and stare,

while the blood surged from his smooth, round cheeks, and his jaunty self-confidence wilted.

Then, suddenly, while Ticher waited with parted lips and anxious eyes, he recollected himself.

"*Bueno!*" he announced, with a debonair shrug, and marched in dignity to his seat.

All afternoon he waited furtively for the time when Ticher's eye would seek his as of old. But she seemed to have forgotten that he was in the room. Not once did she say, "Ramon may read," or, "Ramon may go to the board"; and when he half-heartedly tweaked Maria Salvador's braid, Ticher just said, without looking at him, "If you are made uncomfortable, Maria, you may move."

On the way out Ramon paused casually at Ticher's desk.

"I thing I did not come to school any more," he announced lightly, and waited.

There was a moment's pause while Ticher bent over, evidently to look for something on the floor. Then she said very evenly:

"Oh, very well, Ramon. But I think you will."

And he did, a sullen, but somewhat chastened, Ramon, who sat pale, quiet, and utterly incredulous of the things that were happening. For it appeared that Ticher actually did mean what she said, that she was actually going to try to give that show without him. Ramon had almost convinced himself early in the day that it could not be so. She had smiled at him and had given him work to do as usual. When she called upon him to read, he felt that victory was his, for Ramon was justifiably proud of his reading. *Bueno!* He would quite captivate her now by his poise and finish. He grasped his book firmly in his left hand, stood very straight, and held his shining black head very high as he intoned with appalling fluency:

"'Where aire you goink, leetla peeg?'

"'I go to the market to buy me a weeg.'

"'A weeg, leetla peeg? A peeg weeth a weeg?

"'Wy, who aiver heard off a peeg weeth a weeg?'"

Ramon paused for applause. Surely now she must say:

"Ramon, you must help us. We cannot give the show without a boy who reads so well."

But Ticher only said:

"All right. Pedro next," without even looking at him, Ramon.

Rehearsals were to be held in the plaza of the Mexican quarter of town, near the school. Here was a platform for a band and dancing. When time came for rehearsal, Ramon swaggered ostentatiously past the platform, where the third grade was noisily assembled.

To show his supreme indifference to the whole affair, he stopped and carelessly tossed up his hat several times, whooping as he deftly caught it on his head, without even looking in the direction of the platform. As he was going away, however, he just glanced back. No one had noticed him. This was a little depressing.

The next day he remembered to cement his chewing-gum to the under side of his desk without waiting to be told to take it out of his mouth. He had succeeded in convincing himself that Ticher's failure to insist on his appearance at the rehearsal the day before had been an oversight. To-day she would say:

"Ramon, where were you yesterday? You know we can't get along without you."

He had thought of several jaunty rejoinders, and had almost decided upon *"Quien sabe?"* as being sufficiently non-committal and leaving the way open for further overtures.

He lingered a bit in anticipation of the encounter, but as he passed Ticher's desk, she only murmured:

"Good night, Ramon."

Bueno! Had he not told her he did not like shows? At least no one could accuse him of seeming overanxious.

Ramon did not go home at once, however. Curiosity gripped him to the plaza until the group on the platform was absorbed in its work. Then he crept gradually nearer until his pale, intent little face with its somber eyes could be seen peering through the railing. If Ticher noticed him, she gave no sign, but went right on shoving people into their places, beating time, and calling out instructions in her clear, soft voice.

It was to be a truly wonderful show. Ticher had made it up herself to fit the talents of her cast, and had allowed herself much dramatic liberty. There were Indian songs, written by Ticher, with apologies to Longfellow,

to fit popular school tunes. It is highly improbable that the dialect would have been recognized by any known tribe, but the third grade and its public were not hypercritical of etymology. The third grade thought the songs immensely impressive, and roared them with great gusto. There was pantomime, full of moments of high dramatic intensity. There was a dance featuring a band of hunters stalking their prey and triumphantly returning. Ramon, mentally contemptuous of the bungling of Pedro, Felipe, and the rest, mentally recorded the movements: a crouching entrance; a sudden halt to peer with hand shading brow to right, to left, and to right again; a swift gliding advance; a dramatic start and recoil. Ramon's indignation waxed hot as Pedro thought it smart, instead of placing his fingers chastely to his brow as if shading his eyes, slyly to thumb his nose in rhythm to the music; and when Felipe stumbled over his own clumsy feet and sat upon the floor, weakly giggling, Ramon snorted with impatience. How much better he, Ramon, could have done it! It was all very holiday-like and alluring up there on the platform. For the first time Ramon seriously contemplated the humbling of his pride that Ticher had proposed as the condition of his participation. Then a glimpse of Hortensia, gaunt and ugly, preening herself with self-satisfaction as she sang, stiffened his backbone. With hands in his pockets, sombrero at a daring angle, and red scarf defiantly flaunting the breeze, he strode away from temptation, a gallant, pathetic little figure, with glittering eyes and quivering chin.

Some day Ticher would realize how utterly impossible it would be to make a success of that show without Ramon Sedillo. Then she would say: "Ramon, I guess you need n't say you 're sorry, after all. You know the songs better than any of the others."

It is true that Ramon, from his post on the outskirts, did learn the songs more rapidly than most of the company.

One day Ticher let them sing in school, and Ramon, quivering with excitement, sang his lustiest. He saw Ticher watching him with an unhappy look in her kind eyes. That night she stopped him with a hand on his arm as he was leaving the room. Ramon's face was suffused with happy expectation; his breath came short. He knew what she was going to say. But what she said was not what he expected.

"You have been doing your work very well lately, Ramon. You 've been a good boy." Then she stopped as if she were waiting for something, and after a perceptible pause added, "Well, good-by, Ramon."

Ramon's eyes burned and his throat ached with disappointment; but he shrieked louder than all the rest as he ran down the walk to the gate. To show how inexpressibly care-free and happy he felt he stamped through a puddle and splattered mud all over an indignantly squawking line of girls waiting to be dismissed.

But the day came when he realized that he had not known before what unhappiness was. That was the day on which the canoe came. Made in the company shops, for Santa Anita was a mining-company town of the patriarchal variety, it was ingeniously contrived of canvas and light lumber, flecked with brown and yellow paints

to resemble birch bark. One knelt on the bottom and plied the air industriously with a trim paddle while the craft was drawn across the stage on its tiny wheels by means of ropes and pulleys. The third grade spoke of it reverently with bated breath, and jealously rallied to guard it even against the contaminating glances of the rest of the school.

As for Ramon, he yearned over it; and when Ticher actually chose to pilot this gallant craft Gilberto Villa, clumsy, stupid, and utterly lacking in dramatic instinct, the iron entered his soul. He watched with growing desperation Gilberto's uncouth manœuvers with the trim little paddle, his hopeless lack of rhythm, of dramatic aplomb. He even caught himself unconsciously swaying his body in time to the music, and wielding an imaginary paddle with a deft turn of the wrist and swing of the shoulders, just as Ticher was telling Gilberto to do it. Reddening, fearful lest he had been seen, he thrust his hands into his pockets and strolled around for a closer inspection of the trim bark now reposing at one end of the stage. Gilberto jealously met and repulsed him, with a grimy hand fending him off as an outsider.

"Go and sit down, Ramon," called Ticher. "If we let you stay and watch, you must be quiet and not disturb us."

Ramon stormed back to his place on the bench, where he sat sulking, and glowering darkly at the performance.

Perhaps the thing would have gone no further but for Hortensia's insufferable self-satisfaction. Hortensia had been cast in the rôle of tribal story-teller, a part in which beauty was no asset. When the time came for her to do her bit, a chant accompanied by florid gestures, Hortensia exhibited all the idiosyncrasies of a temperamental prima donna. The wigwam was not placed to allow for an effective entrance; the other girls, representing a group of listeners, were in her way. A dozen times the act was begun, a dozen times interrupted for some readjustments to Hortensia's taste.

"Ticher," Hortensia would wail despairingly, "Maria doss not look at me. How can I sing if they do not listen?" or: "Ticher, Jesus also sings. I am to sing alone, eh?"

When all was arranged to her satisfaction, Ramon watched her performance with a growing distaste and resentment. It is true that her movements were angular, her voice far from mellow, but that hardly excused Ramon for rolling with mirth on the floor, and uttering disrespectful catcalls mingled with jeers of, "Ah, *que bonita! Que bonita!*"

There followed a moment of appalled silence, during which the culprit slouched on his bench, simulating bravado, but white and shaken with horror at his offense. Then Ticher called to the company policeman lounging near.

"Mr. Sawyer, will you please see that no children come here except those I want for the entertainment?"

"Sure thing, Miss Lipscomb," responded the young officer, with alacrity. "How about this kid on the bench? Do you want him?"

"No," said Ticher, very distinctly; "I do not want him."

"Beat it, kid," said the officer, briefly. And Ramon beat it.

He knew that he would never go back to school; but he did, for he

remembered next morning that Pedro had not been there the day before. Suppose Pedro should be very ill. There might be no one to take his place in the dance—no one who knew the movements as Ramon did. To be very sure that he did remember them, he crawled out of bed that night in the dark and counted out the measures in a hoarse whisper as he puffed through the steps, until he collided with a chair and was gruffly ordered to bed by a tired and justly irate father. That night in his dreams he saw himself, clad in every elegance of bead and feather that imagination could conceive, laying a newly slaughtered buck at Ticher's feet.

When Ticher opened the door to the school-room next morning, she was confronted by the sight of a very small boy, with intent white face and somber eyes, solemnly prancing through the steps of the hunting-dance, chanting breathlessly in the meantime:

"Right, lef', an' one, two, tlee.
Right, lef', an' one, two, tlee.
Down, aim, an' shoot, two tlee.
One, two, tlee, stand up."

Ticher very quietly closed the door and stood leaning against the wall, undecided whether to laugh or cry.

Pedro was back that day, stupider and more uncouth than ever, as Ramon observed from his vantage-point across the street.

Otherwise the performance showed results of the honest and loving toil of the troupe, scenic artists, and producer. True, a vivid red head showed garishly among the black of the warriors, for Lawrence McGuire had kept to his point with true Celtic tenacity, while the only Anglo-Saxon rôle, that of the American scout, was played by chocolate-colored Miguel Alesandro, whom Ticher rightly suspected of African antecedents. True, the movements of the tribal chieftain were somewhat impeded by the folds of a huge red bath-robe, of which he was evidently extremely proud. True, the scenic effects were rather symbolic than realistic, and the elegant birch-bark canoe, pride of the third grade, squeaked and shrilled on unsteady wheels as it fought its way against the mighty current of the two feet of canvas rapids that screened the wheels from the audience. But why cavil at trifles? Even Mary Garden had her set-backs.

Ramon disguised any interest he may have felt in the rehearsal by joining a game of craps with several erstwhile despised second-graders, but Ticher was acutely aware of a haunting, sullen little face with reproachful, dark eyes.

She was still more acutely aware of them next morning. Scarcely had the bell rung when Maria Salvador bustled importantly to the desk, with switching skirts and swinging curls, a complacent bearer of ill tidings.

"Ticher," she shrilled, that all the world might hear, "a letter from the mother of Gilberto. Gilberto he is veree seek."

"Dere Mis," Ticher read, "you mus pleze excuss that Gilberto doz not cum this day. I think he doz not cum eny more."

There was a directness and repression about this that was ominous.

"Do you know what is the matter with Gilberto, Maria?" she asked the expectant child.

"Yess, Ticher. The estomach of Gilberto it iss veree seek. Last night

the sister of Gilberto she marry heem-self. I thing maybe Gilberto he eat too mooch."

"Then he will not be here for the show to-morrow?"

"Quien sabe?" replied Maria, delighted with the effect she was producing.

"Maybe he iss alretty with the good God and the sweet Mary," put in Jesus, piously.

Ticher was aware of an impious doubt.

"He iss awful' bad, Ticher," chimed in Pedro. "Gilberto like mooch the cake, and she make heem seek all over hees mama's silk—"

"Well, children," Ticher cut short Pedro's expedition into realism, "we 'll have to get along without him."

Ramon hardly dared believe in this good fortune. Now he had only to wait. Ticher knew that he could learn in an hour what it took weeks to teach a Gilberto or a Pedro. How happy she would be to know that he was prepared for the emergency! At any rate, she must realize that this was no time to be unpleasantly insistent about apologies. And what he had said about Hortensia was no more than the truth, as Ticher must know as well as he.

But when he lingered confidently after the rest had gone, Ticher only looked at him a moment and then turned her face again to the window, though there was nothing to see outside but Pedro's old burro. Ramon found his way to the door through a blinding haze of tears.

The rehearsal went badly that afternoon. For some reason that she could not have explained, Ticher did not assign any one to Gilberto's part. Hortensia, more temperamental than ever, wept uncontrollably, and would not explain herself until Ticher sent the others away. Then she wailed miserably, her gaunt, rough-hewn face hidden in her ugly, gnarled old-woman's hands:

"It iss that I am so ugly, Ticher. My nize dress it make no *diferencia*. Ramon is right when he tells me 'Maggie.' I am like her."

Comforting the poor ungainly creature, Ticher was sadly aware that that afternoon there had been no forlorn little spectator across the way.

She worked late in her school-room that night, getting things ready for the morrow. And always among piles of costumes, willow boughs, and canvas, she saw an earnest, white-faced little figure doggedly stepping off the measures of the hunting-dance to its own breathless chanting of

"Right, lef', an' one, two, tlee.
Right, lef', an' one, two, tlee.
Down, aim, an' shoot, two, tlee.
One, two, tlee, stand up."

It was ten o'clock when she crossed the plaza on her way home. As she passed the corner of the platform, she was startled to hear a shuddering sigh almost at her shoulder. Frozen in her tracks, she listened. There was a slight rustle, and then, from the corner where the sacred canoe lay anchored, came heavy breathing, as of some one in a sleep of utter exhaustion. Why, instead of shrieking or fleeing terror-stricken, she indomitably mounted the steps and turned toward the canoe, she could not have explained. But in a moment she knew as she gathered in her arms a sleeping, tear-stained little figure in khaki overalls and a rakish red scarf rather the worse for salt water.

"Ramon!" she cried. "Ramon, what in heaven's name are you doing here?"

Ramon opened tear-heavy eyes.

"But, Ticher, she iss like Maggies," he murmured doggedly. "It iss the truth."

Ticher thought very fast.

"Ramon," she said at last, "do you know that you are making me very unhappy?"

Ramon stiffened and blinked rapidly. This was a line of attack for which he was not prepared.

"And you are making poor Hortensia unhappy. She has a very beautiful dress, but she cries and cries because she knows that, in spite of it, she is ugly. She says that Ramon is right, that she does look like Maggie. I think she is going to spoil my show, because she is so unhappy she cannot sing."

Ticher waited a moment. The little form in her arms was still very tense.

"And I want you in the show," she added irrelevantly.

Ramon sat up very straight. In the moonlight his round little face was very stern.

"Ticher," he demanded, "iss it not true that she looks like Maggies?"

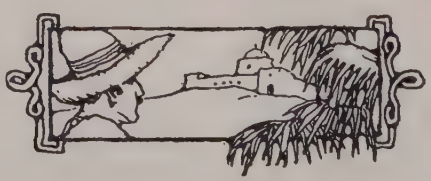
Ticher hesitated only a moment.

"Ramon," she said, "if I tell you what I think, you must not tell any one else. I believe—yes, I really think that poor Hortensia does look a little like Maggie."

"*Bueno!*" said Ramon, deliberately and with dignity, as becomes a man making a concession to one of the weaker sex. "To-morrow I weel tell Hortensia that in her red dress she iss *muy bonita*. It iss not true, as you know, but I weel do it—for you, Ticher."

Then with a sobbing breath he leaned luxuriously against Ticher's warm, comfortable shoulder.

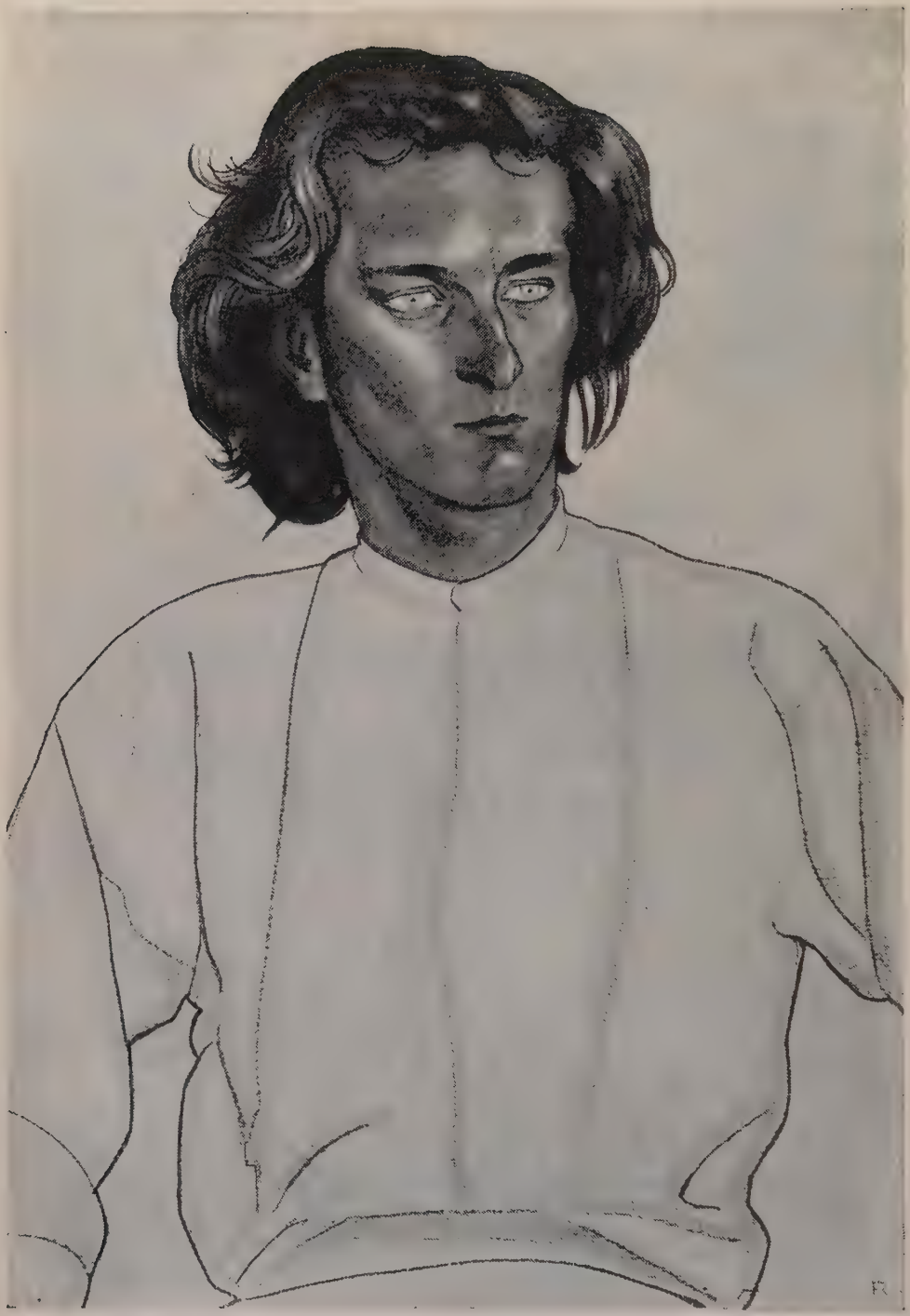
"To paddle in that canoe to-morrow night, Ticher," he demanded rapturously, "what do I wear?"



Drawings of the Oberammergau Players

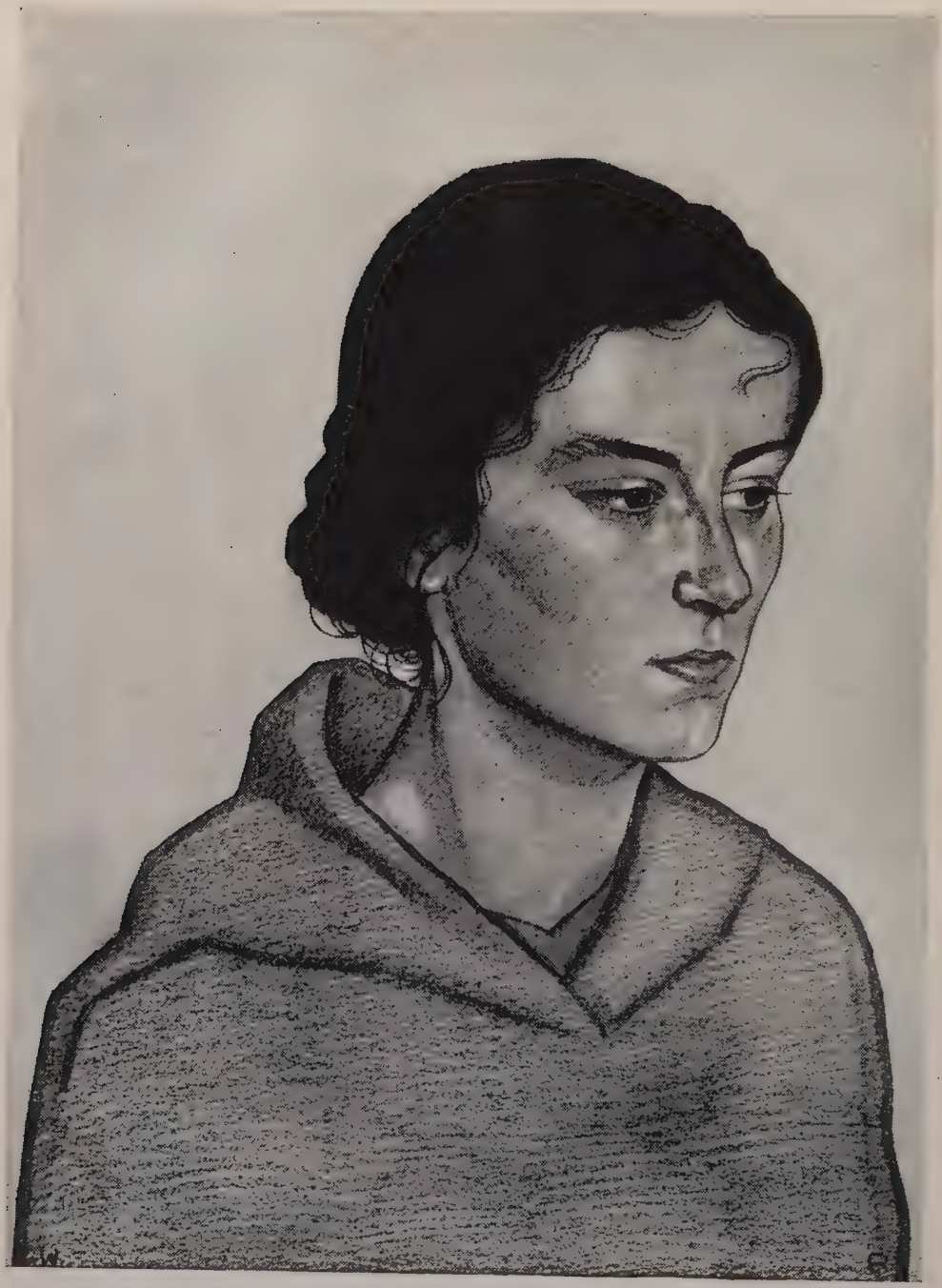
by

Winold Reiss



Melchor Breitsamter, *John*

Anton Lang, *Christ*

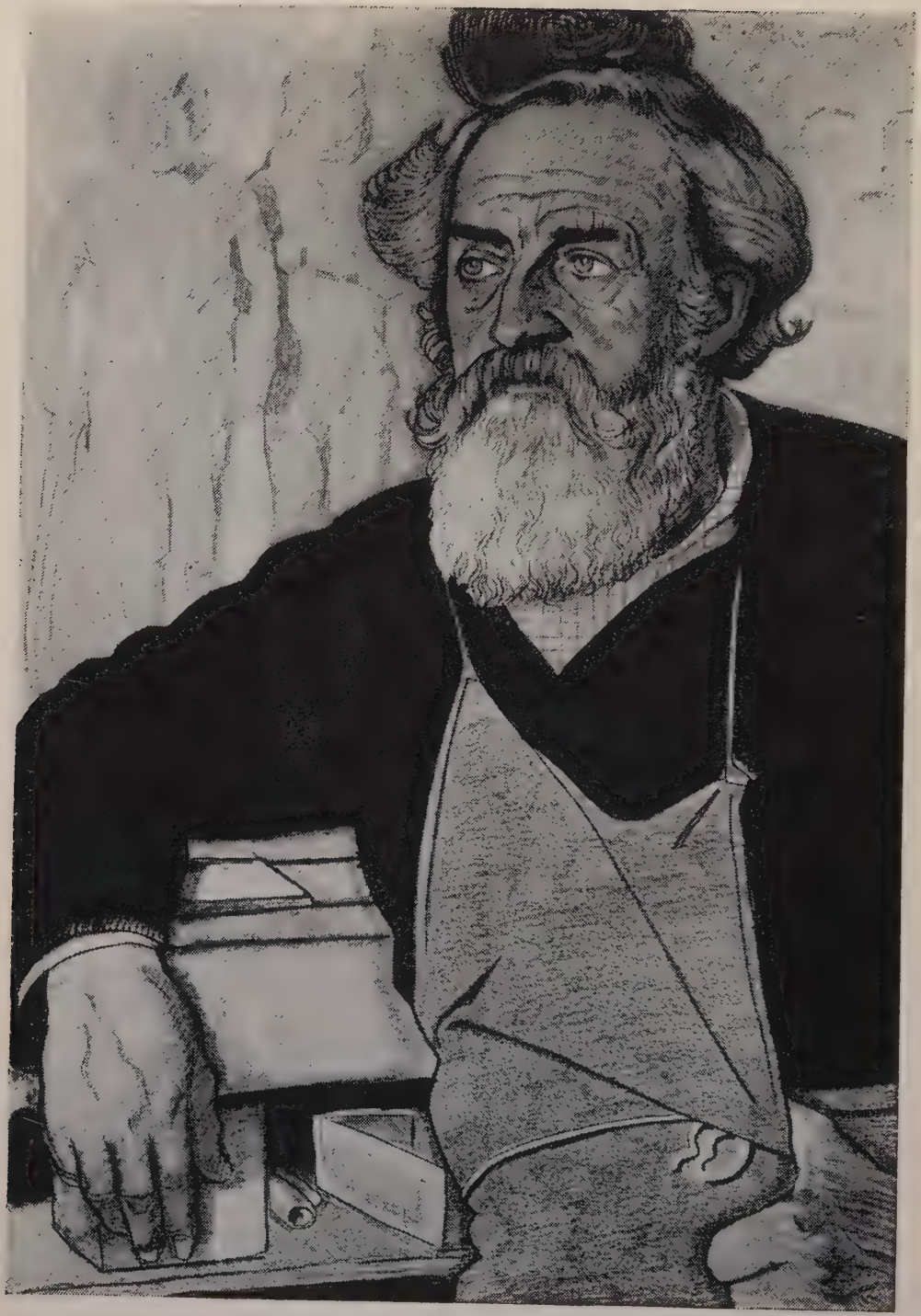


Marta Veit, *Virgin Mary*

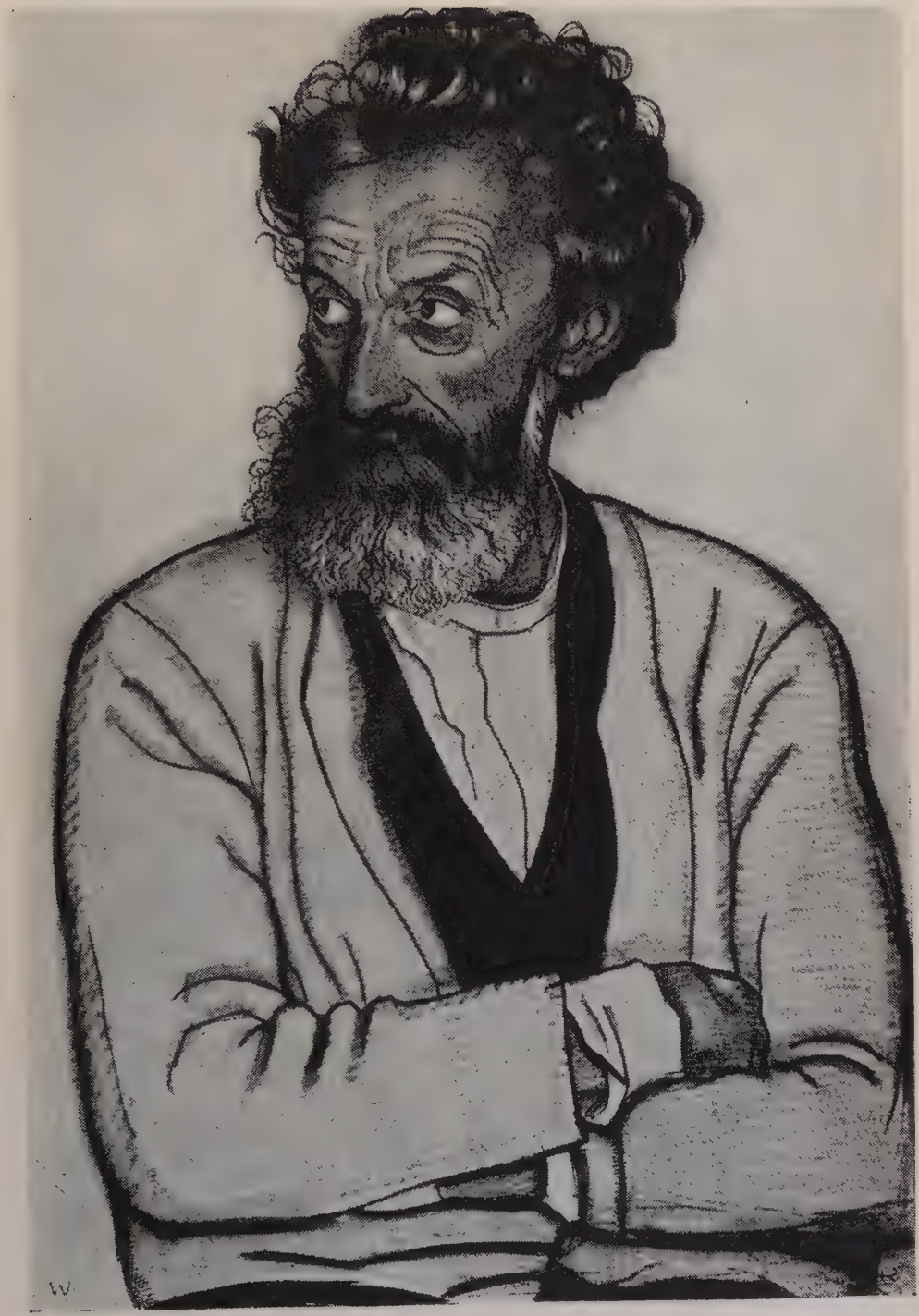
Dominicus Klammer, *second Pharisee*

Alvis Lang, *Nathaniel*

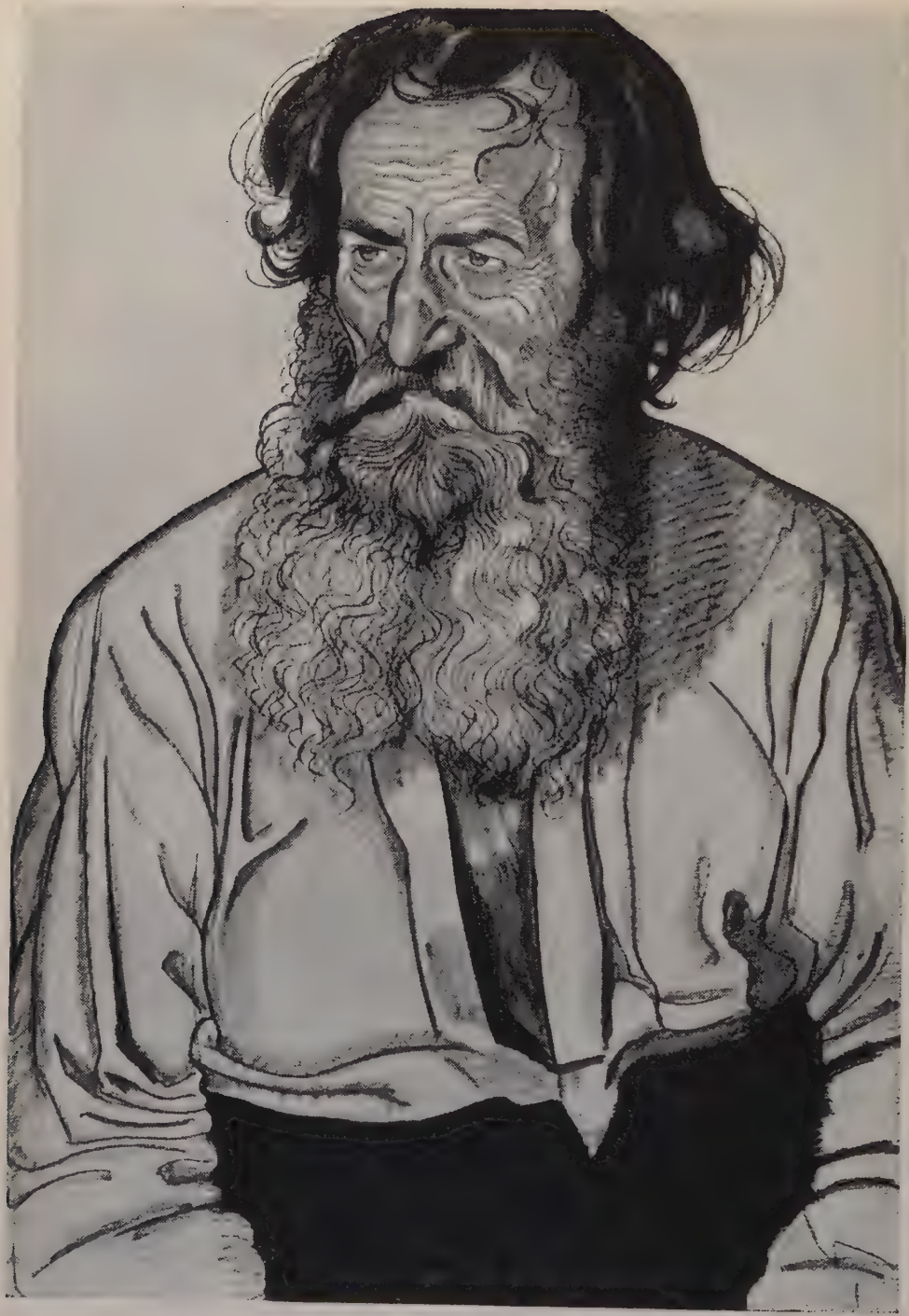
Georg Gomeyer, *a boy in the play*



Andreas Lang, *Peter*



Johann Zwink, *Judas*



Franz Kirchmeier, *one of the old men about the cross*

The Oberammergau Players

By Winold Reiss

Long before I ever had the good fortune to become acquainted with Oberammergau and the passion-players I had heard much and read much about them. I have been and seen, and I have brought back a different picture from the one I carried with me into the Bavarian hills. It is this picture that I shall try to convey, some of it in these few pages, but more, since I can say more with brush and pencil than with words, in the drawings I have made of the players themselves.

To understand Oberammergau and the actors in the passion-play one must first understand the spiritual ideal that has possessed the village and its people these three hundred years. This little valley in the Bavarian mountains, shut in from the outside world and strangely untouched and uncorrupted by the thousands of visitors who have come to it, has been a laboratory of the human spirit. Here the great experiment of a common devotion to an uplifting and beautiful observance has developed in the peasants purity of heart and simple goodness that are everywhere reflected in their faces. The little community has worked out its own salvation. Its faith sprang from a common grief; its people are held together by a common ideal. It is one of the few spots in all the world where faith and idealism have successfully withstood materialism and commercial greed.

In the year 1633 *der Schwartze Tod* (smallpox) was devastating Bavaria as one of the consequences of the Thirty Years' War. In the Oberammergau Valley this "Black Death" had carried off entire families; every day there were new victims; in one little village only a single married couple survived. With a simple faith that they might bring about divine intervention against further ravages of the plague, the grief-stricken survivors met together and took a vow that every tenth year the people of their village would represent the martyrdom and crucifixion of Christ. It is written in the community archives that no further death from the plague occurred after this vow was taken. The first play was given in 1634.

To-day there persist the same simple faith and deep religious feeling that prompted the vow made three centuries ago. That is the chief reason that the passion-play has been saved from becoming a commercial thing, as otherwise it might easily have become. If no outsiders came to view it, the play would still be given. Oberammergau has never advertised itself to the outside world; the great audiences which gather now represent an accumulated interest which is largely the product of the last fifty years.

The money from the admission fees is used first to cover the cost of the production, and then to pay each of

the players a small salary sufficient for daily needs. What remains, after these expenses are subtracted, goes entirely for charity and community welfare. Because of the war, the last few years have not yet been remunerative. How little thought is given to financial gain was shown this spring when an American motion-picture company made an offer of seventy million marks for the picture rights. The offer was promptly refused.

It is not only in the tenth year, when the passion-play is to be performed, that the peasants of Oberammergau live in the atmosphere of it. The play is a part of their lives from the day they are born, and it is the dearest wish of every child sometime to be cast for an important rôle. Despite this there is seldom any feeling of envy or jealousy once the committee elected by the villagers has selected the cast. After all, every one has some rôle, if it is only as one of the crowd in the mob scenes. Various families, however, are as proud of their connection with the play as any aristocrat of the achievements of his ancestors at court or in battle, and it is a great honor to number *Christs* and *Marys* or other important characters in one's family tree.

The Oberammergau peasant leads a very moral life, for at all times he must live up to the standard considered necessary to make him worthy the great privilege of the part he plays. Perhaps his greatest temptation is to hunt in the well-stocked Bavarian forests, a temptation to which he sometimes yields. To preserve the game the Government has stringent laws and many game wardens; hunting is a perilous sport. Cases of young men being caught, and sometimes seriously wounded by wardens, happen just often enough to prove the thoroughly human side of the peasants. The sympathies of the village are all with the offenders; nevertheless, justice is justice, and those who are caught are, if cast for important rôles, degraded to the mob, and sometimes even, I believe, barred from the play. Other moral offenses are similarly punished.

Instead of describing the players according to the importance of their rôles, I shall take them in the order in which I drew them. I intentionally left Anton Lang (the *Christ*) until the last for two reasons: first, because I wanted to get thoroughly into the spirit of Oberammergau and the passion-play before I attempted to portray its central figure; and, second, because I wanted to keep my interest fresh by working toward a climax.

It was a cold, bright day in February when I stepped off the train at the Oberammergau station. Protected all around by snow-clad mountains, a handful of gaily painted little houses nestled in the valley, half hidden under their wide, snow-laden roofs. Snow lay over everything, and the brilliant sunshine over that; before me stretched glistening surfaces of pinks and yellows shot with long stretches of blue wherever the shadows fell.

I scanned the hardly broken road, and then started to pick my way toward the village, sinking knee-deep at the first steps I took. A small boy plowed his way toward me. As he came nearer, I saw that he was very beautiful, with long hair and dreamy eyes. It seemed to me a good omen to meet this little Christ-child on the moment of my arrival.

Later I learned that he was Georg

Gomeyer, and not the *Christ-child* of the play. We became warm friends, and during the greater part of my stay he appointed himself my faithful little companion and guide.

As we plowed along through the snow together, I learned from Georg where to find the house of Johann Zwink, whom I had selected as my first sitter. I had been told during my stay in Munich that he was the most famous of all those who had portrayed the rôle of *Judas*, and that he had played the part three times in succession. From his photographs, and perhaps because of the association with the character of the betrayer, I expected him to be an unlovely and rather grouchy old fellow. But when I reached his house, an amiable old man answered my knock and politely invited me in. It was Johann himself.

The air was agreeably warm as I entered, and I sniffed the pleasant fragrance of coffee. In one corner of the family room stood a large tile stove, and next to it a grandfather's clock serenely ticked the hours away. At the farther end of the room sat Mrs. Zwink, pleasant and grandmotherly, darning her Johann's socks. Zwink himself is by trade a painter of saints; that is, he colors the wooden saints carved in the village of Oberammergau. Wood-carving, by the way, is the chief industry of the village.

He was naïvely pleased when I asked him to sit for me, and showed special pleasure when I mentioned the fact that the picture would be reproduced in America.

"I have many friends in America," said he, "many friends who have seen me as *Judas Iscariot.*" And then I saw the tears come in his old eyes as he went on to tell me that this year, because of his age,—he is seventy,—he had not been chosen to play the rôle. I found, to my surprise, as he talked on, that the part of *Judas* is one of the most coveted in the play, because of its dramatic possibilities, I imagine. It was hard for old Johann to see himself supplanted by a younger man.

I chose to portray him rather than his successor because he is a more interesting type. All his life he has had important rôles in the play. His first part was at the age of nine, later he played the *Apostle John* twice, and then the coveted rôle of *Judas* three times. Now he is only one of the mob.

Before I left, I met his daughter, who was the *Virgin Mary* of the last play. She is married now, and lives in her father's house. The part of *Mary* usually is played but once by the same young woman, since marriage, of course, disqualifies her for the rôle.

"Have you drawn our smith?" Zwink asked me as I stood ready to leave. "His is the part of *Caiphas*, and he is one of our best players." From the window he pointed out the way to the smithy.

Directions were hardly necessary, for the blows of the hammer sounded clearly through the frosty air. I knocked upon the smithy's heavy door and entered. Two large cart horses were standing just inside; there was the smell of burning hoofs, the sound of the hammer on the anvil, and in the background were flying sparks. I could see nobody; so raising my voice, I called: "Hugo Rutz! Hugo Rutz!"

At the sound of the name a voice answered, "Ja?" and a great husky fellow emerged from the farther side of the horses. He wore a leather

apron and a blue shirt, with sleeves rolled back above the elbows, and his face was begrimed with the sweat and dirt of toil. I told him my reason for coming; and when he asked me to wait *"bitte schön"* till he had finished shoeing his horses, he showed a row of astonishingly white teeth. I watched the play of his muscles as he worked, contrasting his brawny strength and the rough toil at which he labored with the part of the high priest he was to play, and I wondered.

When he had finished the cart horses, he washed, and took me upstairs, where he lives. He posed with a shy smile, somewhat self-consciously, all the masterful strength of his muscles gone. And again I wondered. In the bright daylight I noticed how black was his hair and how swarthy his complexion. I remarked upon the fact, and he told me that one of his ancestors had come from Spain back in the sixteenth century. Here, then, was a partial answer to some of the things I had wondered about. The family name was Ruez, but Bavarian usage had changed it to Rutz. As he sat before me, handsome in his swarthy way and magnificently strong, my thoughts turned involuntarily to Fernando Cortez, conqueror of Mexico; for such a man as this that same "stout Cortez" must have been.

The following day broke clear and sunny—a day full of the joy of living. It seemed to me a specially good day to ask Marta Veit, who was to play the part of the *Virgin Mary*, to pose for me. So I shouldered my pack, and, following my landlord's directions, found myself at the door of a small, rather poor little house on the main street. I knocked. No answer. I knocked again. Still no answer. *Mary's* home stood seemingly deserted, like some mysterious little house in a fairy-tale. I was about to leave after knocking for the third time, when the door suddenly swung open, and a little old man stood in front of me. Two dark eyes peered out from under a remarkable thatch of hair; the remainder of his face was almost completely hidden by a thick beard. In his hands he clutched some wood-carving tools. He bade me enter.

Inside, the place looked like a workshop of old-time Nuremberg, and my feeling of unreality was augmented. The old man listened attentively to my wish, and then shuffled to the rear and called up a dark stairway:

"Marta! Marta! A gentleman from America wishes to draw you."

A clear voice answered:

"Will the gentleman from America please to mount the stairs?"

I mounted, and found myself on the threshold of a small room. Within stood a slender girl with a face like a saint's. She was very pale, and the paleness was accented by her unusually dark hair. She barely looked at me; then her gaze seemed to detach itself and center on some open space far beyond. She granted my request for a sitting with a hardly perceptible nod of her head and a detached little smile. I drew her in silence, for I had not the heart to disturb again the quiet of that little room, with its curiously rare atmosphere and sense of remoteness from all the things of the world. I can still see her sitting there, with loosely clasped hands, drooping eyes, and a transfigured expression. Some of that strange calm accompanied me as I left the house—a calm her personality

seemed to exhale, and which subtly enveloped the place where she lived.

I have heard others beside myself remark upon this quality of Marta Veit's. It is as though her whole existence were a prayer. She is detached from worldly things, meditative, absorbed completely in the part she is to play. It is this same quality, in a lesser degree, that makes the people of Oberammergau different from the common run of humanity. It is primarily a quality of deep earnestness. The part of *Mary* is given only to especially pure-minded girls, and to be cast for it is considered not only a personal, but a family, honor.

The part of the *Apostle John* is regarded in much the same way, and the young man who is selected to play it must be of the highest moral character, and both he and his family gain distinction by the honor. The young man cast for the part this year is Melchior Breitsamter, who according to both moral and physical requirements is regarded as a thoroughly acceptable *John*. It is the tradition of Oberammergau that *John* must have blue eyes and light hair; Melchior has light blue eyes, and his hair is blond and slightly auburn in tinge. He has the look of one who would follow his faith through life and death. He comes of a family that has always had important rôles in the play. This year his father is an apostle, and his uncle plays *King Herod*. His father is by trade a builder and owns a sawmill, where Melchior helps him carry on the business.

I come now to Andreas Lang, who plays the rôle of *Peter*, and whom I found exceptionally talented and one of the most interesting men in Oberammergau. Andreas Lang is sixty years old, and has played six times in the passion-play, always in a rôle of some importance. He has kept the simplicity of the peasant, but his active mind has reached out toward all sorts of things. It was Lang who made the first mountain descent in Bavaria on skees of his own making. The village laughed at him in those days, but to-day skeeing is the favorite winter pastime in that part of the country. Lang has read widely, especially the Bible, which is unusual for a Bavarian Catholic.

He has two sons and a daughter, all exceptional people. The daughter has a good singing voice and sings in the play. One son is a painter, the other a sculptor. The latter, whose name, I believe, is Franz Lang, is the director of the play this year. He is married to an American girl he met during the previous play, and has visited the United States. He seemed little impressed by our cities, but had much to say of the beauty of the West and the Rocky Mountains.

One day on the road I met a young fellow in workman's clothes who, despite being unkempt and unshaven, was singularly attractive and good-looking. I spoke to him, and asked him if he would pose for me. He answered that he would do so that same evening.

"What rôle are you playing?" I asked of him.

The reply came promptly:

"*The King of Egypt,*" and I found myself somewhat taken aback by "his Majesty."

When evening came, however, I found him clean and shaven, resplendent in a picturesque white

shirt, and looking like a contemporary of Düer.

One of the minor characters it gave me special pleasure to portray was my dear old friend Franz Kirchmeier, a true type of the Bavarian mountaineer. Despite his eighty-six years, he still takes a part in the play as one of the mob. He is a great-grandfather, with three generations living in his house. I shall never forget the wonderful hours I spent in his home, especially one afternoon. I was drawing Kirchmeier's wife when two musicians happened in. They began to play a "*Schuhplatte*," and old Kirchmeier, unable to resist the tempting melody, took hold of his wife, who is also in the eighties, and together they danced with such youthful spirit as would have honored a young couple.

Another one of the older men who sat for me was Dominicus Klammer, who plays one of the *Pharisees*. He is so old that his memory is failing. When my drawing of him was completed, he was as pleased as a child, and he wanted his wife to see. Poor old fellow! She has been dead five years, but he went to the door and called her, and could not understand why she did not come.

At the last, as I had planned, I went to Anton Lang. By trade he is a potter and also sets up stoves. His son and several workmen help him in the business. Frau Lang is a realistic, energetic woman who keeps a boarding-house called "Daheim." She speaks a fluent English, and has the gift of making every one feel at home.

The character of the *Christ* has left its imprint on Anton Lang, mind and body and soul. When I drew him, he seemed, like Marta Veit, the *Mary*, to have withdrawn from the things of earth, to have detached himself from his every-day work and his family, and to be living in an inner world of contemplation and prayer. His wife says that it is always so as the time for the play approaches.

He posed for me in his studio, and as I worked, now and then we talked. Whenever I spoke of the play, his eyes flooded with light, and an uplifted look came over his countenance. He told me, too, of his travels in the Holy Land. He visited all the places where Christ was known to have been, and returned greatly inspired.

His successor in the part of *Christ* will have a hard time to live up to the spiritual portrayal that Anton Lang gives. This year he plays *Christ* for the third and last time. I have been told that he puts so much concentrated energy into the part that he is usually carried off unconscious after the scene of the crucifixion.

When I took my leave he spoke particularly of his many friends in America, and expressed his gratitude for the kindness they have shown him, and for the appreciation they have brought to the life-work of Oberammergau and its people.

I felt very sad the day I left. I shall never forget the wonderful days during which I worked among the players, and I shall always be grateful for the inspiration they gave me. I hope that in what I have set down here, and more through my drawings of the people, I may be able to convey some of the atmosphere of Oberammergau as I found it.

The Fly

By Katherine Mansfield

"Y'ARE very snug in here," piped old Mr. Woodifield, and he peered out of the great green leather arm-chair by the desk of his friend, the boss, as a baby peers out of its pram. His talk was over; it was time for him to be off. But he did not want to go. Since he had retired, after his stroke, the wife and the girls kept him boxed up in the house every day of the week except Tuesday. On Tuesdays he was dressed and brushed and allowed to cut back to the City for the day, though what he did there the wife and the girls could n't imagine. Made a nuisance of himself to his friends, they supposed.

Well, perhaps so. All the same we cling to our last pleasures as the tree clings to its last leaves. So there sat old Woodifield, smoking a cigar and staring almost greedily at the boss, who rolled in his office chair, stout, rosy, five years older than he, and still going strong, still at the helm. It did one good to see him. Wistfully, admiringly, the old voice added:

"It 's snug in here, upon my word!"

"Yes, it 's comfortable enough," agreed the boss, and he flipped "The Financial Times" with a paper-knife. As a matter of fact, he was proud of his room; he liked to have it admired, especially by old Woodifield. It gave him a feeling of deep, solid satisfaction to be planted there in the midst of it in full view of that frail old figure in the muffler.

"I 've had it done up lately," he explained, as he had explained for the last —how many?—weeks. "New carpet," and he pointed to the bright red carpet, with a pattern of large white rings. 'New furniture," and he nodded toward the massive book-case, and the table with legs like twisted treacle. "Electric heating." He waved almost exultantly toward the five transparent, pearly sausages glowing softly in the tilted copper pan.

But he did not draw old Woodifield's attention to the photograph over the table of a grave-looking boy in uniform standing in one of those spectral photographers' parks, with photographers' storm-clouds behind him. It was not new. It had been there for over six years.

"There was something I wanted to tell you," said old Woodifield, and his eyes grew dim in trying to remember. "Now, what was it? I had it in my mind when I started out this morning." His hands began to tremble, and patches of red showed above his beard.

"Poor old chap! He 's on his last pins," thought the boss. And feeling kindly, he winked at the old man and said jokingly: "I tell you what. I 've got a little drop of something here that 'll do you good before you go out into the cold again. It 's beautiful stuff; it would n't hurt a child." He took a key off his watch-chain, unlocked a cupboard below his desk,

and drew forth a dark, squat bottle. "That 's the medicine," said he, "and the man from whom I got it told me on the strict Q. T. it came from the cellars at Windsor Castle."

Old Woodifield's mouth fell open at the sight. He could n't have looked more surprised if the boss had produced a rabbit.

"It 's whisky, ain't it?" he piped feebly.

The boss turned the bottle and lovingly showed him the label. Whisky it was.

"D' you know," said he, peering up at the boss, wonderingly, "they won't let me touch it at home." He looked as though he was going to cry.

"Ah, that 's where we know a bit more than the ladies," cried the boss, swooping across for two tumblers that stood on the table with the water-bottle, and pouring a generous finger into each. "Drink it down. It 'll do you good. And don't put any water with it. It 's sacrilege to tamper with stuff like this. Ah!" he tossed off his, pulled out his handkerchief, hastily wiped his mustaches, and cocked an eye at old Woodifield, who was rolling his in his chaps.

The old man swallowed, was silent a moment, and then said faintly:

"It 's nutty!"

But it warmed him; it crept into his chill old brain: he remembered.

"That was it," he said, heaving himself out of his chair. "I thought you 'd like to know. The girls were in Belgium last week having a look at poor Reggie's grave, and they happened to come across your boy's. They are quite near each other, it seems."

Old Woodifield paused, but the boss made no reply. Only a quiver in his eyelids showed that he heard.

"The girls were delighted with the way the place is kept," piped the old voice. "Beautifully looked after. Could n't be better if they were at home. You 've not been across, have yer?"

"No! no!" For various reasons the boss had not been across.

"There 's miles of it," quavered old Woodifield, "and it 's all as neat as a garden. Flowers growing on all the graves. Nice, broad paths." It was plain from his voice how much he liked a nice, broad path.

The pause came again. Then the old man brightened wonderfully.

"D' you know what the hotel made the girls pay for a pot of jam?" he piped. "Ten francs! Robbery, I call it. It was a little pot, so Gertrude says, no bigger than a half-crown. And she had n't taken more than a spoonful when they charged her ten francs. Gertrude brought the pot away with her to teach 'em a lesson. Quite right, too; it 's trading on our feelings. They think because we 're over there having a look round, we 're ready to pay anything. That 's what it is." He turned toward the door.

"Quite right, quite right," cried the boss, though what was quite right he had n't the least idea. He came round by his desk, followed the shuffling footsteps to the door, and saw the old fellow out. Woodifield was gone.

For a long moment the boss stayed, staring at nothing, while the gray-haired office messenger, watching him, dodged in and out of his cubbyhole like a dog that expects to be taken for a run.

"I 'll see nobody for half an hour, Macey," then said the boss. "Understand? Nobody at all."

"Very good, sir," said the messenger.

The door shut, the firm, heavy steps recrossed the bright carpet, the fat body plumped down in the spring chair, and leaning forward, the boss covered his face with his hands. He wanted, he intended, he had arranged to weep.

It had been a terrible shock to him when old Woodifield sprang that remark upon him about the boy's grave. It was exactly as though the earth had opened and he had seen the boy lying there, with Woodifield's girls staring down at him. For it was strange. Although over six years had passed away, the boss never thought of the boy except as lying unchanged, unblemished in his uniform, asleep forever. "My son!" groaned the boss; but no tears came yet. In the past, in the first months and even years after the boy's death, he had only to say those words to be overcome by such grief that nothing short of a violent fit of weeping could relieve him. Time, he had declared then, he had told everybody, could make no difference. Other men, perhaps, might recover, might live their loss down, but not he. How was it possible? His boy was an only son. Ever since his birth the boss had worked at building up this business for him; it had no other meaning if it was not for the boy. Life itself had come to have no other meaning. How on earth could he have slaved, denied himself, kept going all those years without the promise forever before him of the boy's stepping into his shoes and carrying on where he left off?

And that promise had been so near being fulfilled! The boy had been in the office learning the ropes for a year before the war. Every morning they had started off together, they had come back by the same train. And what congratulations he had received as the boy's father! No wonder; he had taken to it marvelously. As to his popularity with the staff, every man jack of them down to old Macey could n't make enough of the boy. And he was n't in the least spoiled. No, he was just his bright natural self, with the right word for everybody, with that boyish look and his habit of saying, "Simply splendid."

But all that was over and done with as though it never had been. The day had come when Macey had handed him the telegram that brought the whole place crashing about his head: "Deeply regret to inform you—" And he had left the office a broken man, with his life in ruins.

Six years ago! six years! How quickly time passed! It might have happened yesterday. The boss took his hands from his face; he was puzzled. Something seemed to be wrong with him. He was n't feeling as he wanted to feel. He decided to get up and have a look at the boy's photograph. But it was n't a favorite photograph of his; the expression was unnatural. It was cold, even stern-looking. The boy never looked like that.

At that moment the boss noticed that a fly had fallen into his broad ink-pot, and was trying feebly, but desperately, to clamber out again. "Help! help!" aid those struggling legs. But the sides of the ink-pot were wet and slippery; the fly fell back and began to swim. The boss took up a pen, picked the fly out of the ink, and shook it on to a piece of blotting-paper. For a fraction of a second it lay still on the dark patch that oozed

round it; then the front legs waved, took hold, and pulling its small sodden body up, it began the immense task of cleaning the ink from its wings. Over and under, over and under, went a leg along a wing, as the stone goes over and under the scythe. Then there was a pause, while the fly, seeming to stand on the tips of its toes, tried to expand first one wing and then the other. It succeeded at last, and sitting down, it began like a minute cat to clean its face. Now one could imagine that the little front legs rubbed against each other lightly, joyfully. The horrible danger was over; it had escaped; it was ready for life again.

But just then the boss had an idea. He plunged his pen back into the ink, leaned his thick wrist on the blotting-paper, and as the fly tried its wings, down came a great heavy blot. What would it make of that? What indeed! The little begger seemed absolutely cowed, stunned, and afraid to move because of what would happen next. But then, as if painfully, it dragged itself forward. The front legs waved, caught hold, and, more slowly this time, the task began from the beginning.

"He 's a plucky little devil," thought the boss, and he felt a real admiration for the fly's courage. That was the way to tackle things, that was the right spirit. Never say die; it was only a question of— But the fly had again finished its laborious task, and the boss had just time to refill his pen to shake fair and square on the new-cleaned body yet another dark drop. What about it this time? A painful moment of suspense followed. But, behold! the front legs were again waving. The boss felt a rush of relief. He leaned over the fly and said to it tenderly: "You artful little—" And he actually had the brilliant notion of breathing on it to help the drying process. All the same, there was something timid and weak about its efforts now, and the boss decided that this time should be the last as he dipped the pen deep into the ink-pot.

It was. The last blot fell on the soaked blotting-paper, and the draggled fly lay in it and did not stir. The back legs were stuck to the body; the front legs were not to be seen.

"Come on!" said the boss. "Look sharp!" And he stirred it with his pen; in vain. Nothing happened or was likely to happen: the fly was dead.

The boss lifted the corpse on the end of the paper-knife and flung it into the waste-paper basket, but such a grinding feeling of wretchedness seized him that he felt positively frightened. He started forward and pressed the bell for Macey.

"Bring me some fresh blotting-paper," he said sternly, "and look sharp about it." And while the old dog padded away, the boss fell to wondering what it was he had been thinking about before. What was it? It was— He took out his handkerchief and passed it inside his collar. For the life of him he could not remember.

Our Theater at Cross-Purposes

A Season's Retrospect and Prospect

By Oliver M. Sayler

A PATCHWORK of perversity; a crazy-quilt of Quixotic tilts at windmills, real and imaginary; promises broken; prospects unfulfilled; opportunities neglected; treasure-trove out of a clear sky; boons from next to nowhere left on the door-step over night; exhausting busyness, frantic scurrying in the market-place, with little to show for it but fatigue and spare purses; a simple and inexpensive gesture commanding the world in queue at the box-office—that, in sum, is an expressionist's impression of our stage in the year that has passed.

In August, 1921, in these pages I surveyed the season of 1920–21 under title of "Our Awakening Theater." A similar chronicle for 1921–22 discloses "Our Theater at Cross-Purposes." Was the earlier inference unfounded, premature? Was the fact of awakening untrue, the evidence misleading? Or has the period of perverse paradoxes been the temporary product of forces unrecognized, unforeseen, unforeseeable? Has it, after all, been an interval in growth, an awkward age? And may it not in the end lead to sounder growth, to richer awakening?

First, though, let us examine the most curious patches in the season's quilt in some detail. In doing so I purpose to continue the method of my first paragraph—short, intensive, unrelated analyses of varying phenomena whose relationship appears only when the survey is completed. The playwrights are experimenting with plays of eight, eighteen, and eighty brief, staccato scenes. Why should n't the critic try the same experiment when his material makes an open bid for it?

§ 2

In the beginning, a sheep jam at the gate to the new season. Spluttering producers crowd the stage with inanities. The death-rate is appalling. Trickery and tedium are epidemic. Births equal deaths. "The King is dead! Long live the King!" The first-nighter sleeps and eats in his evening clothes. And all in the vain hope that chance will deal a suave morsel like "Enter Madame" of the previous season. Maybe every one will call it "the best show in town," and send it rolling like a snowball through the months as a successful competitor of sterner contenders.

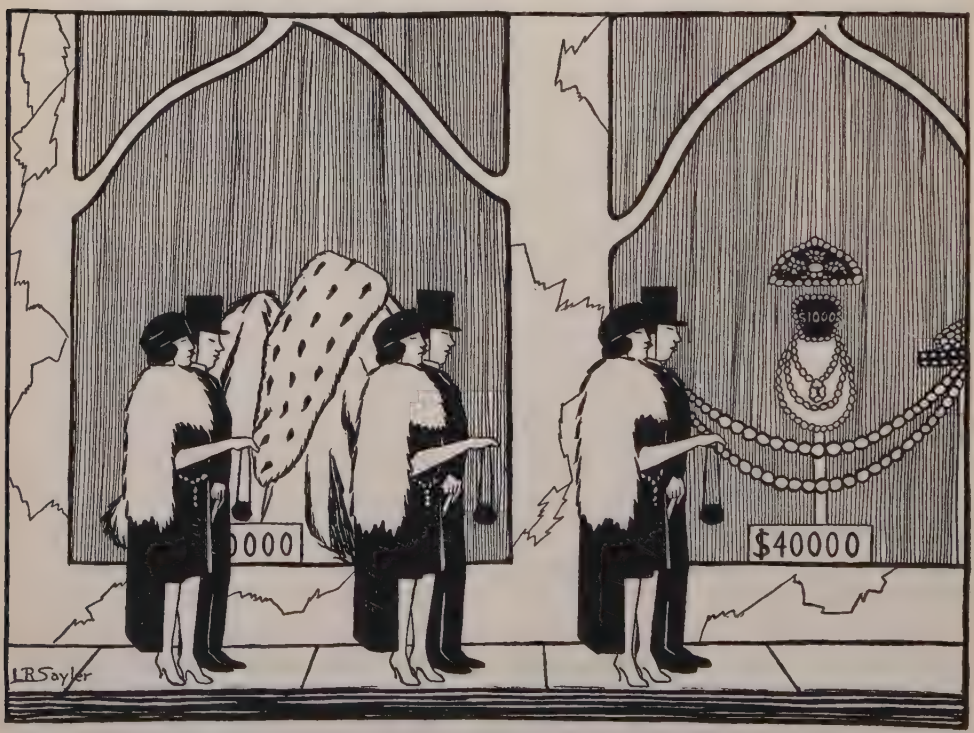
The canniest of them all, astrologer David Belasco, reads the stars, and he deems it time for "The Return of Peter Grimm." It is "The Easiest Way," too. Novelty is costly, and seldom novel into the bargain. The storehouse as storm-cellar; repertory, if the truth were known. The little men watch the astrologer's time-ball. Another sheep jam, therefore; a gold rush for the best cellars of past years. "Alias Jimmy Valentine," alias, o'er-

weening pompadours, Merry-Widow hats, "Always in the Way," Florence Barclay's "The Rosary," "Cheese it!" "Bought and Paid For," and a bad bargain except for a slender vein of clumsy humor. "The Squaw Man." Lo, the poor Indian! "The Chocolate Soldier." Milk and water chocolate. We have run blood since then. "Hindle Wakes" disguised as "Fanny Hawthorne." The shock is gone; only the skill remains, and even that seems less skilful. "The Deluge." But Arthur Hopkins had to get that reincarnation off his chest, astrologer or no astrologer. "The Pigeon" strangely has grown new feathers for flight further than the first. But for the most part it is fool's gold, except the astrologer's.

§ 3

Little by little the sheep jam develops goats, bell-wethers. Individuality, for better, for worse. For just individuality, perversity—a patchwork of perversity.

O'Neill, the sea-bronzed white hope, writes "Anna Christie," Pulitzer Prize Play, the second for O'Neill, a play of passion and perversity, purged white by sea-fog and the will to wish. A superb play, a play without an ending, reaching an ironic finger into the future, like life. To this the critics are blind. They know the theater—or do they? Certainly not life. And the theater has endings—happy endings, tragic endings. O'Neill's theater has been pigeon-holed as tragic. But



In Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape" masked mannikins paraded Fifth Avenue as a symbol of the upper class. Drawn by Lucie R. Sayler after the setting by Robert Edmond Jones and Cleon Throckmorton

here, at the conclusion, is hint of wedding-bells. Happy, at least for a while. The critics resent that, not the happy ending, but the need for new appraisal of O'Neill. Besides, under cover of attack upon O'Neill they can do penance for their suppressed preference for the happy ending.

Not so strange, then, that they rejoice over "The Straw." O'Neill runs true to form in this heartbreaking tragedy of passion kindled on the edge of the grave. Its beauty is tenuous, though, a bit awkward, embarrassing, intimate. It goes; "Christie" stays.

Even O'Neill is perverse, a wandering minstrel, a thing of shreds and patches, noble patches at times, like those of the beggars in "The Gods of the Mountain." Just shreds on occasion, as in "The First Man," O'Neill unmistakably, but O'Neill at his worst. A patch that comes near being an entire and shining garment is "The Hairy Ape," the furthest reach yet of the O'Neill imagination, philosophy, technic. In eight scenes *"Yank" Smith*, stoker on an ocean liner, and the muscle in steel, loses the faith that he "belongs" and finds none other.

In the sweat and grime of the forecastle he shouts his creed: "Every ting else dat makes de woild move, somep'n makes it move. It can't move witout somep'n else, see? Den yuh get down to me. I 'm at de bottom, get me! Dere ain't nothin' foither. I 'm de end! I 'm de start! I start somep'n and de woild moves! . . . Steel, dat stands for de whole ting! And I 'm steel—steel—steel!"

To him in the stoke-hole comes a pampered darling of the class that does n't "belong." She stands aghast at "the hairy ape." His faith crumbles. He seeks revenge. He hurls himself against the automatons of the church parade on the avenue, and earns Blackwell's Island for his pains. In his cell he hears of the I. W. W., hunts them out, and gets pitched into the gutter as an agent provocator.

"I 'm a busted Ingersoll, dat 's what," he muses. "Steel was me, and I owned de woild. Now I ain't steel, and de woild owns me."

Only for a day more, though. At twilight next evening he confronts the gorilla in its cage at the zoo, chums with his "kin" in his groping effort to think out his place in the scheme of things, releases the beast, and is crushed to death for thanks. "And, perhaps," in O'Neill's words, "the Hairy Ape at last belongs."

Here is stark, grim challenge not merely to tradition, government, the social order, civilization, but to all humankind. Are we worth the fuss and circumstance of existence if we breed such as *"Yank"?* Must we return to the animal and begin again? Rather a warning that the animal will reclaim us if we do not order life more humanely.

Why the tolerance of such a menace to things as they are? Well, the police do try to stop it—on specious grounds of language. But reaction is weak-kneed in a pinch. Besides, editorial opinion, from the "New York Tribune" to "Solidarity," finds canny support for itself in judicious quotations and superficially logical interpretations. O'Neill's real meaning is harmless as long as the "opinions" last.

None of O'Neill's native rivals has enough meaning to bother greatly, or other values. Craven of "The First Year" acts it a second, and sticks his pencil behind his ear. Zona Gale counts royalties of "Lulu Bett" on

the road. O'Neill does that for "The Emperor Jones," too, even on Southern tour, but it does n't take all his time. Zoë Akins writes a shrewdly observant and finely reticent first act in "Daddy's Gone a-Hunting," but she soon loses her way among gods and passions grand and small, and never so much as rediscovers a good reef on which to wreck herself nobly on "The Varying Shore." Susan Glaspell founders in dense fog in "The Verge," a neurotic and futile attempt to smash the confining pattern of life and drama, and sells herself to bootless propaganda in "Chains of Dew." Sidney Howard, hailed as a new Stephen Phillips, mistakes turgid language and melodrama for poetry and tragedy in "Swords," but retrieves himself by the richest, subtlest, and most sensitive translation from the French in many years in the case of Vildrac's "S. S. Tenacity." Arthur Richman alone improves his position with the fearless, but excessively *quid pro quo* drab, realism of "Ambush," a small town tragedy of a clerk who is a failure, but who would n't fail in that way outside the drama.

§ 4

Through lack of native raw material the importers flourish—flourish or fail, but ply a steady trade. The French have the right of way for a time, but Clemence Dane of London town collects on "A Bill of Divorcement," while Somerset Maugham almost squares "The Circle" with its brilliant, but specious, immorality. There is the silver wit of "The White-headed Boy," by the playwright-manager of Dublin's Abbey, Lennox Robinson. There is Milne, too—Milne, the fanciful and the fragile, administered in cloying quantity, and yet "The Dover Road" and "The Truth about Blayds" survive profitably.

The pendulum swings next to the north and east—to Russia. Disconcertingly at first, perversely, for by florid exaggeration the weakest of Andreieff's plays, "He Who Gets Slapped," is carried to triumph despite the utter loss of its shadowy intents.

Exactly mid-year, though, all but unheralded, the pendulum toward Russia swings wide and clear. Through the intrepidity of Morris Gest, Balieff's "Chauve-Souris" arrives. Through his sagacity and showmanship, this band from "The Bat" of Moscow is introduced not only to its logical public, but to all those who attend the theater only when they have to in order to be considered well informed. The droll and novel delights of this theater of "let 's pretend" were recounted in THE CENTURY for June; they require no further rehearsal here.

§ 5

Perversity is prevalent in our institutional theaters, too. Occasionally, though rarely, the courageous perversity of deliberate, sincere experiment, the only justification for their existence. Too often, though, the perversity of inertia, of conscious living up to reputations. If the salt has lost—

Eldest of the trio, the Neighborhood Playhouse, flounders through mediocrities, outmoded wares, and revivals until spring. Then at a stroke it squares the year's account with Walt Whitman's "Salut au Monde," presented by the Festival Dancers of the Playhouse to music by the late Charles T. Griffes against a simple and eloquently symbolic setting designed by Esther Peck. A genre this, which the

The expressionist version of a prison scene in Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape." The simple, barred triangle of white on a black stage gave a surprisingly vivid impression of endless rows of cells, an impression accentuated by the voices of prisoners coming out of the darkness. Drawn by Lucie R. Sayler from the setting by Robert Edmond Jones and Cleon Throckmorton

Neighborhooders have made, and made their own. Not drama or ballet or pantomime or mere pageantry; a combination of all molded into unity. For finale these esthetic missionaries to the Ghetto survey their season's labors, find few as good as they had hoped, and decide to forestall this and other pens by a travesty on their own misdeeds, "The Grand Street Follies," a clever and heady circus, albeit amateur, and rivaled only by that other amateur picnic, "The No-Sirree," staged by the newspaper critics for single private performance in impudent compliment to Balieff.

The Provincetown Players descend from the exclamation-point to the question-mark. Not only why, but often even what. Once more a face and a season saved by a single event, O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape," gift of the author to the theater that reared him, produced with the assistance of Arthur Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones before the former takes it uptown to wider audience.

Superficially, the Theater Guild has its best season. Artists making money! More than they know how to spend! On their riskiest ventures! Arthur Richman's "Ambush"; the egregious mongrel, "He"; Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" (the evening of the old Hebrew's life might have been long enough to view it comfortably); Georg Kaiser's "From Morn to Midnight." Barring "Ambush,"—and its immunity is debatable,—the question obtrudes: Why? Stunts? Yes. If

Shaw is bluffing the world with his play in order to rivet attention on one of the best prefaces he has ever written, the guild calls his bluff. The play *can* be done, just as the Encyclopædia Britannica can be read in a year at so much per day. But why? Stunt. "We 're nothing but stunt artists," declares a guild director in conference, according to plausible rumor. "For God's sake, let 's *lose* some money on something worth doing!"

§ 6

Actors, sensitive souls, reflect the times, fall victim to them. John Barrymore still plays Achilles, sulking in his movie tent. Ben-Ami, disappointed by "The Idle Inn" as his second venture in English, awaits *the* play. Others seize opportunities, forge to the fore: Pauline Lord finds herself at last as *Anna Christie;* Katherine Cornell is revealed as mistress of characterization in cameo in "A Bill of Divorcement"; Martha Lorber, of sophistication and naïveté shrewdly blended in the dance in the Ziegfeld "Follies"; Lenore Ulric, of comedy flavored with daredeviltry and passion, in "Kiki"; Sidney Blackmer as player of sure technic and distinctive personal charm in "The Mountain Man."

§ 7

Stage mechanism and scenery, twin juggernauts of the new movement in the theater, still in the vanguard, suspected, but respected. Only respect, without intelligence or suspicion, can explain the new Earl Carroll Theater, a museum collection of heterogeneous devices intended to be used by the Muses know what.

It is far otherwise with the color organ, though perversity plays its part here, too. Thomas Wilfred experiments for years with mechanism to project abstract designs in mobile color on a glass screen. He perfects the mechanism, exhibits it publicly at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Perversity in the form of practical human psychology balks him. The red makes one woman weep as if her heart were breaking. Some discern in the changing shapes ninepins, safety razors, tennis-rackets, Turkish coffee-pots. Others persist against their will in seeing the mechanical cause back of the artistic effect, and illusion departs. Time, perhaps, will correct this, break down the slavery to realistic ideology, develop comprehension of abstraction. The Jones-Hopkins "Macbeth" ran foul of the same obstacle last year. The Jones-Throckmorton "Hairy Ape," with forecastle bunks and prison-cell in distorted perspective, and Fifth-Avenue promenaders in mask and mechanical gait, escapes it. Progress comes with material adapted to progress.

Meanwhile the leading stage-designers transform whatever they touch. Robert Edmond Jones dreams of an exquisitely beautiful room without hint of time or place as the permanent setting for numerous scenes and plays. But while he dreams he brings to greater and greater perfection, spiritualizes, the realistic commissions of the hour: the waterfront bar, the barge in fog of "Anna Christie," the sculptor's studio of "The Claw," the château at Fernay of "Voltaire," the southern interiors of "The Mountain Man." Lee Simonson goes to Europe, returns with the gospel of "Down to the cellar" to combat ruinous New York ground rent, and still provide ample space for quick scenic changes. With new

Walt Whitman's "Salut au Monde" as a dance festival at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Drawn by Esther J. Peck after her own setting

assurance gained abroad, not with imitation, he serves the guild well. His, in great part, is the success of "Back to Methuselah," "He," "From Morn to Midnight." And Norman-Bel Geddes, remaining at home and with the single opportunity of a single setting for "The Truth about Blayds," comes near realizing Jones's ideal for a permanent interior.

§ 8

In the air: censorship by politics, by police, by lay jury; the old teething-ring of theatrical immorality, Dr. John Roach Straton and William A. Brady, chief nibblers; equity contracts dated to expire 1924, with hint of a new actors' strike; resentment over the inroads of foreign players; appeals for an autocratic overlord for all the chaotic affairs of the theater—King Log and King Stork. A patchwork of perversity.

Is there any pattern in this crazy-quilt of an amazingly active, financially disastrous, artistically contradictory theatrical season? I think there is. Beneath its perversity, its paradoxes, its cross-purposes, there is evidence of growth, of continued awakening. The evidence is obscure and elusive for the very good reason that the outposts of both hope and accomplishment had been thrown deceptively far forward in the preceding prosperous season. Financial retrenchment has necessitated a certain amount of

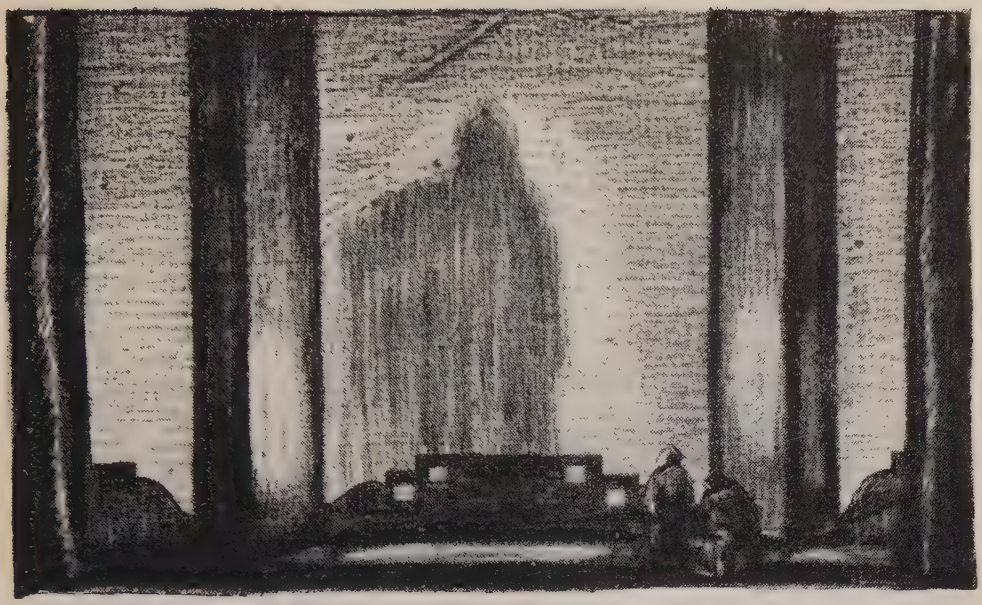
artistic retrenchment, with an opportunity to consolidate a number of the advanced positions still tenable.

Perhaps it is just as well that this consolidation of positions has been forced upon us. Certain fads and theories were getting sadly out of touch with their esthetic base of supplies. What is important is that the whole theater move forward. Neither the scene-designers alone nor the actors nor the playwrights nor the producers nor the producing groups can advance and maintain their gain without the coöperation of their fellows. Just now what the theater needs most of all is plays. Not plays repeating old themes and old formulas, no matter how ably, or plays perversely and self-consciously "different"; but plays vividly expressing the life, the thought, the imagination of to-day in whatever form comes natural to the material. The realization of that fact alone is evidence of growth.

Comparison with the recent past, too, affords still further evidence. Exact parallels are lacking, but they are close enough in two instances to carry weight.

Why did "The Hairy Ape" succeed where the Jones-Hopkins "Macbeth" failed? The fact that its material was better adapted to abstract interpretation has already been cited. But that was not all. Without "Macbeth" and the wide-spread discussion of its motives which came too late to save it, "The Hairy Ape" would have borne the onus of first attack on the intrenchments of realism. Apart from its form and treatment, however, O'Neill's indictment of humankind gives further proof of progress with its record of 127 performances. Only two years ago, the same dramatist's

The snow scene in "From Morn to Midnight" at the Theater Guild. In this and the opposite set the effect, to a large extent, depends on projected scenery, the skeleton and clouds and prophetess being cast with light, not painted. Drawn by Lee Simonson after his own setting



The apparition of the prophetess in "Back to Methuselah," at the Theater Guild. Drawn by Lee Simonson after his own setting

"Beyond the Horizon," much less bitter and scathing, aroused wonder by setting a mark of a hundred performances for a native American tragedy. Part of the response to "The Hairy Ape" is due, of course, to its startling and sensational theme and treatment, part to its profound pathos, evident in performance, though not in manuscript. But the general public resentment at the abortive police attempt to suppress the play disclosed the hold it had obtained.

The welcome accorded to Balieff's "Chauve-Souris," for second instance, is in sharp contrast with the indifference toward the Diaghileff Ballet Russe six years ago. It may seem incongruous at first to draw a parallel between a handful of singers and dancers and a veritable circus troupe. They have in common, though, the power to test our catholicity of taste. Diaghileff spoke the international language of the dance. Balieff permits his performers to speak their native and incomprehensible Russian. Yet he succeeded where Diaghileff failed.

§ 9

After all, though, the most obvious proof of growth in the midst of chaos during the last season appears in the commitments for next season. The range and variety of those commitments indicate that there must have been something encouraging or at least enlightening in the season of 1921–22, for they have been postulated on the experience of that season, and they are tinged by the same virile restlessness of that period.

Stung by the realization of the youthful bravado of its recent random venturings, the Theater Guild promises among other things a revival of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," with Joseph Schildkraut rescued from the in-

terminable "Liliom" for the title-rôle, Granville Barker's "The Voysey Inheritance," Milne's "The Lucky One," Claudel's "The Tidings Brought to Mary," a Shaw play and a Shakesperian revival. The guild has won the race to Berlin, too, for the communist epic by Ernst Toller, "Masse Mensch." A red elephant of the drama this, demanding supreme courage beyond that of mere stunt artists.

Arthur Hopkins will reap the reward of his service to the brothers Barrymore when Ethel, the radiant sister, comes under his management in the fall in a series of plays by Ibsen, Hauptmann, Shakspere, and O'Neill. The Hopkins reticence withholds the term "repertory theater," but its development in the circumstances would not be surprising. For good measure, too, there will be O'Neill's "The Fountain," with Lionel Barrymore as *Ponce de Leon*. The persuasion of circumstance may induce the loan of Ben-Ami to the Selwyns for the leading rôle in "The Mysterious Affair of Choir-master Kreisler," the forty-scened sensation of the Berlin season by Carl Meinhard and Rudolf Bernauer.

The "Chauve-Souris" will hold over to give Morris Gest a place to spend his evenings and to disclose new fancies from time to time from Balieff's bulging barrel. Its success has been the magnet, too, to lure the Moscow Art Theater here for a brief season with Stanislavsky, Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, and all the masterly company of the world's first theater. From overseas, too, come the Guitrys, father, son, and repertory, and Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare," fathered by the suave Winthrop Ames.

The cue for a native theater of "let 's pretend," set forth in these pages in June, has been accepted already, and the Forty-Niners, composed of the newspaper critics and their friends of "The No-Sirree," will flatter the bulbous Balieff at the Punch and Judy Theater under the sponsorship of George Tyler and the direction of George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly.

Announcing an interim of a year, the Provincetown Players and the Neighborhood Playhouse betray consciousness of guilt for the last season's mistakes. There will be no interim for the Provincetowners. They are finished. Interim and leisure to write and work without guidance, without stimulus, without outlet, have no place in America in 1922. Salvage from the wreck may foregather to make a new group, just as the Theater Guild after the war grew out of the flotsam of the Washington Square Players.

Superficially the same, the case of the Neighborhooders is fundamentally quite different. Behind doors closed to the public, this compact and efficient group will continue its classes, its workshops, and its experiments in ordered and stimulating preparation for the day of its reopening.

Last, but not least, of the major prospects is the players' own theater, to be operated and managed throughout by the Actors' Equity Association. Further perversity in this move? Maybe. But a wholesome restlessness, too.

§ 10

Yes, virility here—virility, vitality, and opportunity, side by side with waste, ignorance, dishonesty, but edging them slowly to the side. America emerges more and more clearly as refuge, clearing-house, and testing-ground for the theater of the world.

The Bold Fenian Men

Being the Sixth Part of "The Wind Bloweth" [1]

By DONN BYRNE, *Author of* "MESSER MARCO POLO," *etc.*

Drawing by GEORGE BELLOWS

THE worst of it all, Campbell thought, was—was this: that life was so immensely healthy now, immensely peaceful, immensely sane. Here he was in the house of his fathers, built from the angle of a turret of King John's time. Here he was by the purple hills, by the purple Moyle. Five springs had come since he had given up the sea. Five times he had seen the little mountain streams swell with the import of the season, hurrying from the summit of the eagles, carrying water on nature's business. Five times had the primrose come, and the cuckoo. The faint, delicate blue of early grass turned to green. The heat haze of summer on the silent glens. The Moyle thick with fish. Then autumn, a deep-bosomed, grave woman moving through the reddening woods, the turf-cutters with their spades, the pillars of blue smoke from the cottages in the stilly September sky. And the three great moons of autumn, silver as sixpence. Five times the distant trumpeting of the wild swans and winter came, in great galloping winds and sweeping sheets of sea rain. And Moyle tossed like a giant troubled in his sleep. And on the mountain-sides the rowan stood up like a proud enemy, and the ash bent humbly, and the dwarf oak crouched under fury. And the wind whistled in the frozen reeds. And with the snow came out the hunted ones, unafraid, the red fox and the badger of dark ways and the cantering hare.

Without, the wind might roar like cannon, and the sea rise in great engulfing waves. Within the old house, with its corner dating from King John's time,—so long ago!—was comfort. Here was the library where Robin More, God rest his soul! had puzzled over the round towers of Ireland and written his monograph on the Phenician colony of the County Down, and bothered about strange, quaint, old things, comparing the Celtic cross to the sistrum of Egypt, and wondering whether the round towers of Ireland had aught to do with worship of the sun, and writing of Gaelic occultism to Bulwer Lytton, and dreaming of the friend of his youth, Goethe, in the dusk. And down in the gun-room were the cups of Alan Donn, cups for sailing and cups for golf, and ribbons that horses won. And in the drawing-room was the needlework of his mother, the precise, beautiful broidery . . . so like herself, minute, mathematical, not significant . . . And in the kitchen was the red turf, and the flitches of bacon in the eaves, and the thick

[1] Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

servant girls hustling impatiently, and the servant boys in their corduroy trousers bound with rushes at the knee, their heavy brogues, their honest jests of Rabelais . . . and in the fold the silent sheep, and great solemn cows warm in their stalls . . .

Five years, going on six now, since he had left the sea, and invested his fortune in a Belfast shipyard, and taken over the homestead of Clan Campbell to run as it had always been run, wisely, sanely, healthily . . . There were the servant boys and girls, with a comfortable roof above them. There were the cotter tenants, satisfied, certain of justice. At the shows his shorthorns took ribbons. For local charities his duty was done . . . But there was something lacking.

It was n't peace. Peace he had in plenty. The spring of the heather, the tang of the sea brought peace. The bats of twilight, and the sally branches, and the trout leaping in the river at the close of day. And the twilight itself, like some shy girl . . . Out of all these came an emanation, a cradle-song, that lulled, like the song of little waves . . . And as for pleasure, there was pleasure in listening to the birds among the trees, to seeing the stooking of barley, to watching the blue banner of the flax, to walking on frosty roads on great nights of stars . . . To riding with the hunt, clumsily, as a sailor does, but getting in at the death, as pleased as the huntsman, or the master himself . . . To the whir of the reel as the great blue salmon rushed . . . Pleasure and peace, and yet not satisfaction.

He thought for a while that what he missed was the ships, and that, subconsciously, there was some nostalgia for the sea on him. He had gone to Belfast thinking that with live timbers beneath his feet, that the—the vacuum within him would be filled; but the thought of a ship somehow, when he was there, failed to exalt him. He loved them always, the long live ships, the canvas white as a gull, the delicacy of spars—all the beautiful economy . . . But to command one again, to go about the world, aimlessly but for the bartering of cargo, and to return at the voyage's end, with a sum of money— No! no! Not enough.

And so he came back to the peace and pleasure of the glens, the purple heather, and the red berries, the chink of pebbles on the strand. To the hunts on frosty mornings, to the salmon fishing, to the showing of cattle. To peace, to pleasure . . .

And he suddenly asked himself what had he done to deserve this peace, these pleasant days? What right had he to them? What had he given to life, what achieved for the world, that he should have sanctuary?

The answer put him in a shiver of panic. Nothing!

He had no right, no title to it. Here he was drawing on to fifty, close on forty-eight. And he had done, achieved nothing. He had no wife, no child; had achieved no valorous, unselfish deed. Had not—not even—not even a little song . . .

§ 2

A strange thing—it had n't occurred to him at first, but it did now, when he thought over it in the winter evenings—was this: that Alan Donn Campbell, for all that he was dead these six years and more, existed still, was bigger now than he had ever been in life . . .

Because Shane had hated to see the fine boat drawn up, he had put *Righ nam Bradan,* the *Salmon King,* Alan Donn's great thirty-footer, into commission, and raced her at Ballycastle and Kingstown, losing both times. He had ascribed it to sailing luck, the dying of a breeze, the setting of a tide, a lucky tack of an opposing boat. But at Cowes he should have won; everything was with him. He came in fifth.

"I can't understand," he told one of Alan's old crew.

"Man," the Antrim sailor told him, bluntly, "ye have na' the gift."

"But, Feardorach, I 'm a sailor."

"Aye, Shane Campbell, you 're that. For five times seven years you 've sailed the seven seas, but for racing a boat ye have na' the gift. Alan Donn had it. And 't was Alan Donn had the gift for the golf, and the gift for the horses. Just the gift. You must not blame yourself, *Shane an airrge;* there are few Alan Donns."

And thinking to himself in the lamplit room, Shane found what the old man meant. Beneath the bronzed face, the roaring manner of Alan Donn, there was a secret of alchemy. Rhythm and concentration like white fire. To the most acute tick of the stars he could get a boat over the line with the gun. Something told him where breezes were. By will power he forced out the knowledge of the better tack. As to horses, where was his equal at putting one over a jump? At the exact hair's-breadth of time he had changed from human being to spirit. It was no longer Alan Donn and his horse when he dropped his hands on the neck. There was fusion. A centaur sprang . . . On the links he remembered him, the smiling mask, the stance, the waggle, the white ball. The face set, the eyes gleamed . . . The terrific, exact explosion . . . Not a man and a stick and a piece of gutta-percha, but mind and will performing a miracle with matter . . . And Alan Donn was dead six years . . . and yet he lived . . .

He lived because he had been of great use. He was a standard, a great ideal . . . Children who had seen him would remember him forever, and seek to emulate the fire and strength of him, having him to measure by as the mariner has the star . . . In foreign countries they would tell tales of him: "There was once a great sportsman in the north of Ireland, Alan Donn Campbell by name" . . .

His father, too, who had been dead so long, mortality had not conquered him. Once in Ballycastle Shane had seen a shawled girl look out to sea with great staring eyes and a wry mouth, and half whispered, staccato, not quite sung, her fingers twisting her shawl, came a song from her white mouth:

"Tiocfaidh an sambradh agas fasfaidh an fear;
Agas tiocfaidh an duilleabhor glos do bhorr non gcraobh.
Tiocfaidh mo cheod gradb le banaghadh an lac,
Agas bacailfidh se port ciuin le charmhaidh 'mo dhraidh."
"The summer will come, and the little grass will grow;
And there will come a green thickness to the tops of the trees.
And my hundred loves will arise with the dawning of the day,
And He will strike a soft tune out of loneliness after me."

A queer stitch came in Shane's heart—a song his father made! And following the stitch came a surge of pride. Those songs of his father! The light minor he had heard, and the others—the surge of *"An Oig-bhean Ruaddh," the Pretty Red Maiden:*

"Se' do bheatha is an ter seo . . . A welcome before you into this country, o sea-gull more lovely than the queen, than the woman of the West, whom Naesi, son of Usnach, held in the harbor. I could destroy all Ireland as far as the Southern sea, but in the end I would be destroyed myself, when my eyes would alight on the white swan with the golden crown . . . "

Or the despairing cry of his poem *"Y g Cathair nan g Ceo,* in the City of the Fogs—he meant London—

"A athair nan gros tabhair spas o'n eag doute—O Father of the Graces, give me a little respite from death. Let the ax not yet strike my forehead, the way a goat or a pig or a sheep is slain, until I make my humility and my last repentance . . . "

Shane wished to God he had known his father, that the man had been spared a little until he could have loved him . . . He had the only picture of him left . . . Great throat and pale, liquor-harried face; burning eyes, and black tossing hair . . . The bald-headed bankers might shake their heads and say: "He was no good . . . he was a rake . . . he drank . . . his relations with women were not reputable" . . . And old maids purse their thin-blooded lips . . . But when the little money of the bankers was scattered through the world, and even their little chapels had forgotton them, and the stiff bones of the old maids were crumbling into an unnecessary dust, his father's songs would be sung in Ireland, in Man, in the Scottish Highlands, in the battered Hebrides. So long as sweet Gaelic was spoken and men's hearts surged with feeling, there would be a song of his father's to translate the bubbling into words of cadenced beauty . . . He had an irreverent vision of God smiling and talking comfortably to his father while the bald-headed bankers cooled their fat heels and glared at one another outside the picket-gates of heaven . . . The world had gained something with the lost Gaelic bard . . .

And he had found out, too, that his other uncle, Robin More, had a great importance in a certain circle. In Dublin he met an old professor, a Jesuit priest, who seemed intensely excited that a nephew of Robin More Campbell's should be present.

"Do you know, by any chance, what your uncle was working on when he died?"

"I 'm afraid I do not, sir."

"You know his manuscripts."

"Just casually, sentimentally."

"You don't know much about your uncle's work, then?"

"Not very much."

"Did you know," the old priest said,—and his urbanity disappeared; there was pique in his tones,—"that your uncle was the man who definitely decided for us that the Highlanders of Scotland migrated from Ireland to Scotland? Did you know that?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"I don't suppose"—the old man was sarcastic—"that seems important to you."

"To confess, Doctor Hagan, it does not. Is it?"

"My child,"—the old priest smiled;

it was so queer to be called my child at forty-seven,—"all knowledge is important. All details of knowledge. We come we know not whence, and we go we hope we know whither. Our history, our motives, our all, is vague. All we have is faith, a great broad river; but knowledge is the little piers . . . "

They had all been significant: Alan Donn, his father, even Uncle Robin, whom he had thought only a bookworm in the fading sunshine. The world was better, more mature, for their having lived . . .

And he had nothing. Here he was, drawing on to fifty, close on forty-eight. And he had done, achieved nothing. He had no wife, no child; had achieved no valorous, unselfish deed. Had not even a little song . . .

§ 3

And then he said to himself: "I am too sensitive. I have always been too sensitive. The stature of my family has dwarfed me in my own esteem. Have n't I got as much right as others to the quiet of the glens?" And again he said: "I sit here and I think. And my thoughts grow into a maze. And I wander in it, as a man might wander through some old gardener's fancy, having stumbled on it inadvertently, and now being in it, not knowing the secret of exit." But a maze was non-existent, did a person regard it so, and if one were to walk on nonchalantly, a little turn would come, and he would find himself in the wide sunshine and smiling flowers. And he said: "Damn the subleties! A person is born, lives, dies. And what he does is a matter for himself alone." But some inner antagonist said, "You are wrong."

And he said: "Look at the people around me. What more right have they than I to this quiet Ulster dusk?" And the antagonist smiled. "Well, look."

First were the farmers and the fisherfolk. Well, they did n't count. They were natural to the soil, as grass was. They grew there, as the white bog flower grew. An institution of God, like rain. And then there were the summer visitors, honest folk from the cities. Well, they had a right. They spent their winters and autumns and springs in mills and counting-houses, clearing away the commercial garbage of the world. And when the graciousness of summer came, they emerged, blind as moles, peak-faced. And before them stretched the Moyle, a blue miracle. The crisp heather, the thick rushes, the yellow of the buttercups, the black bog waters. And when clouds came before the sun, the mountains drew great purple cloths over them. And in the twilight the cricket chirruped. And at night the plover cried out against the vast silence of the moon. And the hearts of the selling people turned from thoughts of who owed them money and who was harrying them for money. And the tight souls opened, just a little perhaps, but even that—Poor garbage men of the world, who would begrudge them a little beauty?

Then there were the county people, the landlords, the owners of the soil. Red-faced sportsmen, connoisseurs of cattle, a sort of super-farmer, they were as natural to the soil as the fisherfolk or the tillers. Their stock remained from ancient tides of battle, centuries before. The founders of the families had been Norman barons, Highland chiefs, English squires; but

the blood had adapted itself, as a plant adapts itself in a strange country. And now they were Ulster squires, smiling, shy, independent. They had a great feeling for a horse and a powerful sense of fair play. They were very honest folk. A station had been set them, and they lived in it, honestly, uncomplainingly, quite happily. But a meadow was a piece of land to them and a river a place where trout could be caught, and snow was a good thing, because it kept the ground warm. They were a folk Shane respected a great deal, and who respected him; but they were n't his folk.

Above all these of his neighbors towered three figures, and the first of these was the admiral.

He had a name. He had a title, too—Baron Fraser of Onabega. But, to everybody he was the admiral, and in speech plain "sir." A purple faced and terrible old man, with bushy white eyebrows and eagle's eyes. Very tall, four inches over six feet, very erect for all his ninety years, with his presence there thundered the guns of Drake, there came to the mind the slosh of old Benbow . . . He had been a midshipman with Nelson at Cape Trafalgar.

Silent and fierce, about his head clouds of majesty, all his life had been spent with pursed lips and hooded eyes, keeping watch for England . . . And never a great battle where he could prove himself the peer of Benbow and Drake and Nelson . . . Never a dawn when the fleet rolled down to battle with polished guns and whipping flags . . . And a day came when he was too old . . . So here he was in the Antrim glens . . .

A great life, his, a great and serviceable life, frustrated of glory . . . And well he deserved the quiet of Ulster, where he sat and wrote his long letters to archæological papers, proving, he thought, that the Irish were a lost tribe of Israel and that the ark of the covenant was buried on Tara Hill . . . And there was none to laugh at him . . . All spirit he was, watchful, dogged, indomitable spirit, with a little husk of body . . . Soon, as he had directed, his old bearded sailormen would take his flag-covered casket out to sea in the night, and the guns would thunder, "A British admiral sails by" . . .

And there was Simon Fowler in his little cottage, who was dying by inches from some tropical malady . . . A small chunky man with white hair and wide blue eyes . . . He had been a missionary in Africa, in China, in India, not the missionary of sentimental books, but a prophet whose calm voice, whose intrepid eyes, had gained him a hearing everywhere . . . "Put fear away," he had preached in Africa; "let darkness flee. I come to tell you of the light of the world . . . After me will come the sellers of gin and of guns. But I shall give you a great magic against them. Little children, love one another." . . . In China his fire had shamed philosophers. "I know your almsgiving. I know your benevolence. It is selfishness. If I should give all my goods to feed the poor, and deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it availeth me nothing. Unless ye become as little children" . . . And in the sensuous Indian lands his voice rose in a great shout: "Subtle Greece is dead," he proclaimed, "and razed are the fanes of Ephesus. And the unknown god slinks only through the midnight

streets . . . Blessed are the pure in heart" . . . He had gone like a flame through the pagan places of the world, and here he was dying in the Antrim glens, with the quiet of Christ about him, the droning of God's little bees, and the lowing of the cattle of Bethlehem . . . He was a great man. He had only one contempt—for hired clergymen.

There were three folk of heroic stature around him: the admiral and Simon Fowler and the Woman of Tusa-h Erin.

§ 4

A very small townland is Tusa-h Erin; the smallest in Ireland, it is said. And a very strange name on it—Tusa-h Erin, the Beginning of Ireland. Why it is so called, none knows. Possibly because some Highlanders named it this on landing there. Probably because it was a division between the Scottish and Irish clans. So it was called when the Bruce fled to Ireland. So it is called to this day.

Twenty acres or so are in it, a wind- and sea-lashed little estate, a great gray house, and a garden of yew-trees. For ten years it had been untenanted until a Miss O'Malley had bought it, and opened the great oak doors, and let the sea-air blow through the windows of it, and clipped the garden of the yews. The county people knew little of her except that she had a great reserve. To the glensmen she was *Bean Tusig Erin*, the Woman of Tusa-h Erin.

"What kind of person is she?" Shane asked.

"A strange woman is in it, your Honor, a strange and dark woman."

"An old lady?"

"If she was one of us, she would be an old woman, your Honor, what with the bitter work and the hard ways. But being what she is, she is a young woman, your Honor. I heard tell she said she was thirty-four."

"Is she good-looking?"

"Well, now, your Honor, that would surely be a hard thing to say. A great dark face she has on her, and her head high, the like of a grand horse. Barring her eyes, you might call her a fine woman."

"What 's wrong with her eyes?"

"Hard eyes she has, your Honor, hating eyes. She 's always looking at you to see if it is an enemy is in it. A queer woman, your Honor; the like of her was never known."

"But how?"

"The talk that 's at her, your Honor. The great hatred she bees having of England, and the talk of old Irish times."

"And she a lady?"

"You 'd think it was a queen was in it, with the high head of her, and the proud step of a racing horse. You would, your Honor; you would so."

He asked the admiral about her.

"Do you know this Miss O'Malley?"

"I had the honor to meet her twice, Campbell. A very great woman. A great loss, Campbell, a great loss."

"Who is she, sir?"

"Good God! do you mean to tell me you don't know who Grace O'Malley is?"

"No, sir, I don't."

"The greatest Shaksperian actress, possibly, the English stage ever knew. And you never heard of her! Good God! how abominably ignorant you merchant marine men are!"

"Abominably so, sir . . . But please tell me, sir, why does she hate England so much?"

"Oh, these geniuses, Campbell! They must hate something, or love something to excess . . . Depths of feeling, I suppose . . . Campbell, do you know anything about Ogham writing?"

"Only that it 's straight lines on the corners of stones, sir," Shane Campbell had replied.

"Well, now, I think I 've discovered something important, most terribly important . . . You may have heard of the Babylonian cuneiform script . . . " and the old gentleman was off full gallop on his hobby . . .

From Simon Fowler he extracted a little more information when later he went to him.

"Fowler, do you know Miss O'-Malley of Tusa-h Erin?"

"I do, poor lady!"

"Why poor lady?"

"Would n't you call any one poor lady who had just been widowed, then lost her two children? Poor lady! I wish I could say something to comfort her."

"You, Fowler! You could n't say anything?"

"The wisdom of God, Shane, is sometimes very hard to see. Our physical eyes can see only a little horizon, and yet the whole world is behind it. Miss O'Malley is not a case for any of the ministers of God . . . but for Himself." . . .

"You exaggerate, Fowler. Surely you are wrong . . . They say she is young and proud and beautiful." . . .

"I don't know. I never noticed . . . She may be young and proud and beautiful . . . I only thought of the dark harassed thing—inside all the youth and pride and beauty." . . .

§ 5

He met her for the first time at a neighboring fair . . .

Eleven on a hot June morning, and the little town was crowded, like some old-time immigrant ship. Women in plaid shawls and frilled caps, men in somber black as befitted a monthly occasion. Squawking of ducks and hens, trudging of donkeys, creaking of carts, unbelievably stubborn bullocks and heifers being whacked by ash plants, colts frisking. Girls with baskets of eggs and butter; great carts of hay and straw. Apple-women with bonnets of cabbage-leaves against the sun. Herring-men bawling like auctioneers. Squealing of young pigs. An old clothes-dealer hoarse with effort. A ballad-singer split the air with an English translation of *Bean an Thir Ruaidh*, "The Red-haired Man's Wife."

"Ye Muses Nine,
Combine, and lend me your aid,
Until I raise
the praise of a beautiful maid—"

The crash of a drover driving home a bargain:

"Hold out your hand now, till I be after making you an offer. Seven pound ten, now. Hell to my soul if I give you another ha'penny! Wait now. I 'll make it seven pound fifteen."

"Is it insulting the fine decent beast you are?"

"Eight pounds five, and ten shillings back for a luck-penny?"

"Is it crazy you 've gone all of a sudden, dealing man? If the gentle creature was in Dublin town, sure, they 'd be hanging blue ribbons around her neck until she wilted with the weight of them."

"It 's hanging their hats on the bones of her they 'd be, and them sticking out the like of branches from a bush."

"Yerra Jasus! Do you hear the man, and her round as a bottle from the fine filling feeding! You could walk your shin-bones off to the knee, and you 'd not find a cow as has had the treatment of this cow. Let you be on your way now—"

"Look, honest man. Put out your hand, and wait till I spit on my fist—"

Through the doors of Michael Doyle's public house a young farmer walked uncertainly. He gently swung a woman's woolen stocking in his right hand, and in the foot of the stocking was a large round stone:

"I am young Packy McGee of Ballymoyle," he announced, "the son of old Packy McGee of Ballymoyle, a great man in his day, but never the equal of young Packy McGee. I have gone through Scotland and Ireland, Wales, and the harvest fields of England, and I have never yet found the equal for murder and riot of young Packy McGee. I am young Packy McGee. I am young Packy McGee of Ballymoyle, and I don't care who knows it. Is there any decent man in this fair that considers himself the equal of young Packy McGee?"

And he walked through the fair, chanting his litany and gently swinging the woman's woolen stocking with the large round stone in the foot of it . . .

The penny poet changed from the high grace-notes of "The Red-haired Man's Wife" to the surge of a come-all-ye. There was the undercurrent of a pipe drone to his voice:

"Fare you well, Enniskillen, fare you well
a while,
All round the borders of Erin's green
isle,
And when the war 's over, return I shall
soon,
And your arms will be o-o-open for your
Enniskillen Dragoon!"

In the intervals between verses a black-bearded man with blue spectacles announced solemnly that he was Professor Handley, direct from the English and German universities, empowered by the Rosicrucian order to distribute a remarkable panacea at the nominal sum of sixpence a bottle.

Forests of cows' horns and drovers' sticks, clamor of frightened cattle, emphatic slapping of palms. Clouds of dust where the horse fair was carried on. Stands of fruit and cakes. Stalls of religious ornaments, prayer-books, and rosary beads . . . A shooting-gallery . . . A three-card trickster, white and pimpled of face . . . A trick-of-the-loop man, with soap-box and greasy string . . . A man who sold a gold watch, a sovereign, and some silver for the sum of fifteen shillings . . . An old man with the Irish bagpipes, bellows strapped to arm, playing "The Birds among the Trees," "The Swallow-tail Coat," "The Green Fields of America" . . . Small boys regarding him curiously . . . Later young farmers and girls would be dancing sets to his piping . . . At the end of the street a ballad-monger declaiming, not singing, his head thrown back, his voice issuing in a measured chant . . .

A knot of older people had gathered around him, white-headed farmers, bent turf-cutters of the glens, a girl-child with eyes like saucers. A priest stopped to listen . . . The crude English of the ballad faded out, until there was noting but disheveled agony . . . rhythm . . . a wail . . . somewhere a leaping current of feeling . . . There was a woman on the edge of the crowd, a lady . . . She came nearer as though hypnotized . . .

The country bard stopped suddenly, exalted, and swung dramatically into Gaelic . . . Dropping the alien tongue, he seemed to have dropped fetters . . . His voice rose to a pæan . . . he took on stature . . . he looked straight in the eye of the sun . . . And for Shane the clamor of the drovers ceased . . . And there was the plucked note of harpers . . . And fires of ancient oak . . . and wolf dogs sleeping on skins of elk . . . And there was a wasted place in the twilight, and grass through a split hearthstone . . . And a warrior-poet, beaten, thinking bitter under the stars . . .

"Do threasgar an saoghal agas do thainis an gaoth mor smal—
Alastrom, Cæsar, 's an mend do bhi da bpairt;
Ta an Teamhais na fear agas feach an Traoi mor ta!
'S na Sasonaigh fleir, do b' fheidir go bhfaig n dis bas!"

A voice spoke excitedly, imperiously to Shane:

"What is he saying? Do you know Gaelic?"

"I 'm afraid I 've forgotten my Gaelic, but I know this song."

"Then what is it? Please tell me. I must know."

"He says:

"'The world conquers them all. The wind whirls like dust.
Alexander, Cæsar, and the companies whom they led—
Tara is grass, and see how Troy is now!
And the English themselves, even they may die.'"

"How great!" she said. "How very great!" She turned to Shane, and as he saw the dark imperious face, he knew intuitively he was speaking to the Woman of Tusa-h Erin. She seemed puzzled for an instant. Something in Shane's clothes, his carriage.

"You don't look as if you understood Gaelic. How is it you can translate this poem?"

"I knew it as a boy. My father was a Gaelic poet."

"Then you are Shane Campbell."

"And you are the Woman of Tusa-h Erin!"

"You know Tusa-h Erin?"

"I know every blade of grass in the glens."

"If you are ever near Tusa-h Erin, come and see me."

"I should like to."

"Will you, really?"

"Yes."

She left him as abruptly as she spoke to him, going over to the balladmonger. She left him a little dazed . . . He was aware of vitality . . . He was like a man on a wintry day who experiences a sudden shaft of warm sun, or somebody in quiet darkness whose eye is caught by the rising of the moon.

§ 6

As in a story from some old unsubtle book, in passing the gates of Tusa-h Erin he had gone into another world, a grave and courteous world, not antique,—that was not the word,—but just older . . . A change of tempo . . . A change of atmosphere . . . The *Bois Dormant*, the Sleeping Wood of the French fairy-tale? . . . Not that, for the Sleeping Wood should be a gray wood, a wood of twilight, with the birds a-drowse in their nests . . . And here were clipt, rich yew-trees, and turf firm as a putting green's, and rows of dignified flowers, like pretty gracious ladies; and a little lake where a swan moved as to music; and the sunshine was rich as wine here . . . all gold and green . . . But the atmosphere? He thought of the cave of Gearod Oge, the wizard earl in the rath of Mullaghmost, and the story of it . . . A farmer man had noticed a light from the old fort, and creeping in, he had seen men in armor sleeping with their horses beside them . . . And he examined the armor and the saddlery, and cautiously half drew a sword from its sheath . . . And the soldier's head rose, and, *Bhfuil an trath ann?* his voice cried . . . "Has the time come?" "It is not, your Honor," the farmer said in terror, and shoved the sword back, and fled . . . And old men said for a surety that had the farmer drawn the blade from the scabbard, the wizard earl would have awakened, and Ireland been free . . . There was great beauty and great Irishness to that story, but there was terror to it, and there was no terror on this sweet place.

He said: "It is a trick of my head,

an illusion, that this is different. Some shading that comes from the yews, some phenomenon of cliff and water" . . . But even that did not circumscribe the rich, grave look of grounds and house . . . A song from the "Tempest" came to him:

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange . . .

That was it, something rich and strange, like some old cloister into which one might turn from a quiet hubbuby street . . . A knock at an oaken wicket; a peering shy brother, and one was on green lawns and the shadows of a gabled monastery. Cowled, meditative friars, and the quiet of Christ like spread wings . . . But there was a reason for the cloister's glamour: cool thoughts and the rhythm of quiet praying, and the ringing of the little bell of mass, and the cadenced sacramental. All these were sympathetic magic . . . But whence came the glamour of Tusa-h Erin?

§ 7

And she said:

"I am glad you came. I knew somehow you would."

"I am glad, too. I knew Tusa-h Erin as a boy. It was then a weird old place. The yew-trees were unclipt, the turf riotous, the little lake ungraveled . . . It had an eeriness. But now—it is very different."

"Any place is different for being loved, tended."

"I suppose so. One loves, but one gets careless toward . . . I know Antrim has always had an immense attraction for me" . . .

"Antrim—alone?"

"Yes, of course, Antrim."

"Not all Ireland, then?"

"I never thought of Ireland as all Ireland."

"Oh, Shane Campbell, you 've sailed so much and seen so much! China they tell me, and South America, and the Levant. And in the North, Archangel. I 'll warrant you don't know Ireland."

"I never saw much, though, in any place outside Antrim."

"You never saw much in the little towns of the Pale, or Gray Dublin, with the Parliament where Grattan spoke, now a money-changer's business house, and the bulk of Trinity of Goldsmith and Burke—or the great wide streets where four-in-hands used to go. And Three-Rock Mountain. And Bray. And the beauty of the Boyne Valley. And the little safe harbors of the South. And the mountains of Kerry. And all the Kingdom of Connacht. And the great winds of Donegal—"

"But it 's so eery, deserted, a dead country. All like Tusa-h Erin was before you took it."

"If one could take it all, and do to it as I 've done to Tusa-h Erin. By the way," she asked suddenly, "is Tusa-h Erin haunted?"

"No, I never heard. Did you see anything?"

"I think I heard something a few times. A piper piping when the storms rose. A queer little tune—like that thing about McCrimmon."

"Cha till, cha till, cha till McCrimmon."

"Are there words to it?"

"Le cogadh mo sidhe cha till McCrimmon."

"Never, never, never will return McCrimmon.

With war or peace never will come McCrimmon.

For money or spoil never will return McCrimmon.

He will come no more till the Day of the Gathering."

"A lamenting tune like that I heard."

"The drone was just the grinding of the waves, the air the wind among the yews."

"That 's possible. But is n't a phantom piper possible, too, in a land of ghosts?"

§ 8

"A land of ghosts." The phrase remained with him. And the lighted lamp and the burning peat fire seemed to invoke, like some necromantic ritual. How often, and he a young boy, had the names trumpeted through his being! Brian Boru at Clontarf, and the routed red Danes. And with the routing of the Danes, Ireland had come to peaceful days, and gentle white-clothed saints arose, and monasteries with tolling bells and great Celtic crosses . . . And gone were the Druids, their cursing-stones, their Ogham script . . . Gone old Celtic divinities, Angus of the Boyne; and Manannan, son of Lir, god of the sea . . . And the peace of Galilee came over the joyous hunting land . . . The little people of the hills, with their pygmy horses, their pygmy pipes, cowered, went into exile, under the thunder of Rome . . . And the land was meek that it might inherit the kingdom of heaven . . . And the English came . . . The earls of Ulster fled into Spain . . . And only here and there was a memory of old-time heroes, of Cuchulain of the Red Branch; of Maeve, Queen of Connacht, in her fighting chariot, her great red cloak; of Dermot, who abducted Grania from the King of Ireland's camp, and knew nine ways of throwing the spear . . . The O'Neills, remembered Shane, who brought Queen Elizabeth to her knees with love and terror . . . And Owen Roe, the Red . . . And the younger Hugh O'Neill, with his hard-bitten Ulstermen at Benburb . . . They had to bring the greatest general of Europe, Cromwell, the lord protector, to subdue the Ulster clans . . . Sullen peace, and the Stuarts came back, and again Ireland was lulled with their suave manners, the scent of the white rose . . . The crash of the Boyne water, and King James running for his life . . . And Limerick's siege, and the treaty, and Patrick Sarsfield and the Wild Geese setting wing for France . . . France knew them, Germany, Sweden, even Russia . . . Ramillies and the Spaniard knew Lord Clare's Dragoons . . . And Fontenoy and the thunder of the Irish Brigade . . . And Partick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, dead at the end of the day . . . Even to-day Europe knew them,—O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan and grandee of Spain; and Patrice McMahon, Duke of Magenta, who had been made president of the Republic of France,—they were of the strain of Lucan's Wild Geese . . .

And again a sullen peace, and Ulster rang to the trumpet of American freedom, and the United Irishmen arose in Belfast . . . And Napper at Napoleon's court, and Hoche with his ships in Bantry Bay . . .

Wolfe Tone's mangled throat, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald murdered by his captors . . .

What had made these men, sane men, Ulstermen mostly, risk life and face death so gallantly? What brought out the men of forty-eight and the men of sixty-seven? What was making little Bigger fight so savagely in Parliament, blocking the legislation of the empire? What had got under their skins, into their blood? Surely not for a gray, half-deserted city? Surely not for little boys and purple mountains? Surely not for an illiterate peasantry, half crazed by the fear of hell?

He tried to see Ireland as a personality, as one sees England, like the great Britannia on a copper penny, helmeted, full-breasted, great-hipped, with sword and shield, a bourgeois concept of majesty, a ponderous, self-conscious personality:

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main—

Just like that!

And Scotland he could see as a young woman, in kilt and plaid and Glengarry cap, a shrewd young woman though, with a very decisive personality, clinching a bargain as the best of dealers might, a little forward. He could think of her as the young girl whose hand Charles the Young Pretender kissed, and who had said to him directly, "I 'd liefer hae a buss for my mou' "—"I'd rather have a kiss on my mouth." Scotland knew what she wanted, and got it, a pert, solid, likable girl.

But Ireland, Ireland of the gray mists, the gray towns. How to see her? The country ballad came to him. The *Shan Van Vocht*, the poor old woman, gray, shawled, pitiable, whom her children were seeking to reinstate in her home with many fields.

And where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
On the Currach of Kildare;
The boys they will be there.
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
To the Currach of Kildare
The boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

No, not enough. One might work, sacrifice money, for the Shan Van Vocht; but life, no! He thought again. Poor Mangan's poem flashed into his mind and heart:

O my Dark Rosaleen,
Do not cry, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There 's wine from the Royal Pope
Upon the ocean green.
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen.
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope;
Shall give you health and help and hope.
My Dark Rosaleen!

Ah, that was it; not pity, but gallant, fiery love. Modern ideals and ancient chivalry . . . A young dark woman with a quivering mouth, with eyes bright in tears . . . There was an old favorite print that portrayed her, a slim, wistful figure resting a pale hand on a mute harp, a great elk-hound at her feet, on guard, and back of her the rising sun shone on the antique round tower . . .

A pretty picture, but was it enough? He tried to envisage her close, concentrated . . . There the dog, there the harp, there the slim form . . . But the face . . . It seemed to elude him . . . And suddenly it flashed at him with abrupt dark beauty . . . the face of the Woman of Tusa-h Erwin . . .

§ 9

The long Ulster twilight had set in, the twilight of bats, gray-blue, utterly peaceful . . . the little chiming of the sea . . . Even the wind was still . . . All things drowsed, like a dog before the fire . . . relaxed, but not asleep . . . Beneath her feet the turf was firm . . . beneath that the husheen-husho of the purple Moyle . . . Soon there would be a moon, and her servants would saddle Shane's horse for him, and he would ride home in the Antrim moonlight, eighteen miles of grim road, with the friendly moon above him, and the singing Moyle on his left hand, and on his right the purple glens . . . And the shadows . . . the delicate tracery of the ash-tree, and the tall rowans, and the massive blue shadows of the cliffs . . . a golden and silver land . . . A very sweet silence had fallen between them, as if music had ceased and become restful color . . . They watched the quiet swan . . .

"I am a little afraid to leave Tusa-h Erin," she said suddenly and softly, as though thinking aloud . . . "I am like a nun who has been in a convent . . . She is lost in the open world . . . Will I ever again find a place like Tusa-h Erin?"

"Granya, are you selling Tusa-h Erin?"

"I have sold it, Shane," she said.

"I am sorry," was all he could say. A little silence, and he could feel her smiling through the dusk.

"You never ask any questions, Shane?"

"It never occurs to me to ask them, Granya. If people want to tell me a thing, I know they will, and if they don't, why should I intrude?"

"I should like to tell you why I sold Tusa-h Erin, but I cannot. It is not my secret."

He nodded in the dusk.

"I understand."

She turned to him slowly. Her sweet dark head was like some fragrant shrub . . . Her low soft voice had so much life to it! . . .

"I wonder if you know what a friend you are, Shane? If you understand how peaceful it is to have you here? You are such a sweet fact, Shane, like the moon."

"I am a friend, Granya" . . .

"Yes, you are . . . And you know so little about me, Shane. And I know all about you . . . I know the adventures of your youth . . . And of the hard girl of Louth, and the poor harassed woman of Marseilles . . . And of the little Syrian wife whom you did n't know you loved until you lost her . . . and the gray voyages to the cruel country . . . At times I see you like a little boy hunting the leprechawn . . . And then I see your face, your eyes, and understand how you commanded men in ships . . . You are like some beautiful play, Shane . . . I wonder what is the ending?"

"It is already ended, Granya."

"No, Shane . . . I know; the end has n't come . . . I know you, Shane." She asked abruptly,

"What do you know about me?"

"Nothing much, Granya, except that you are you. I heard you were a great actress . . . and that you had two babies who died."

"Not a great actress, Shane; a very good one, perhaps. I might have been great one day . . . and again I might n't—I shall never know . . . And I had two babies . . . They were very nice little people, Shane. I was very fond of them . . . But a physical life is a little thing, I have come to believe, and there is another life, a life of thought and emotion . . . And that one is so long . . . It seems ages since I was an actress and had two pretty babies . . . It seems in another life . . . Shane, I don't think I was alive until my babies died." . . .

"I don't understand, Granya."

"I mean this, Shane: that things were so casual to me. They came and they went, and I was what I was, and that was all . . . When you were a boy, Shane, you had what I never had, wonder . . . I was the child of actors, Shane, brought up to a mechanical tradition, knowing the business thoroughly—a part was words and directions, and a salary . . . That things were mimic meant nothing . . . do you see? That there was a life that was unreal, and another life that was real, and then a further life, too subtle, too profound for the value of words . . . one sees glimpses . . . one feels . . . and when you try to fix it, it eludes you . . . Do you understand? Like your mirage . . . a little . . . That is only a symbol . . . Am I talking nonsense, Shane? Anyway, I took things . . . well, just casually . . . .

"See the moon rising, Shane?" she paused. She turned again. "I got married, just got married. He was a good man, Shane, but I did n't love him. I loved nobody. I got married because he was suitable, and every one got married. And just the same way I accepted marriage . . . And when he died, I was very sorry, but impersonally sorry . . . as if something nice in the world had been gone . . . a swan shot . . .

"And my little people, Shane, they were very nice little people . . . I was fond of them . . . but as I might be fond of some terrier dogs . . . I was good to them, Shane . . . Often I sit here and wonder, was I good enough? And, Shane, God is my witness, and this garden, and the moon above, there is nothing I could give them I held back . . .

"You know how they died, Shane? . . . I was playing, and my house went on fire, and the servants fled . . . When I came back from the theater a policeman said: 'We got everything all right, Miss O'Malley. Your dogs, your piano.' . . . 'Where did you put the babies?' I asked . . . They said, 'What babies?'

"Shane, I knew after a little while that I cried too easily . . . a little sweet rain of affection . . . April . . . I did n't forget them . . . I would n't let myself . . . And then I thought: 'God! if I had loved my husband, my heart would have been like a cracked cup when he died . . . And when my babies died—I could not have lived . . . And all I shed of tears was a little shower of April' . . . O Shane, one is n't like that when one is hurt . . . Do you remember David, Shane, when he went up to the cham-

ber over the gate? . . . and as he went thus he said, 'O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!' . . . And he was only a man, Shane . . .

"Am I bothering you, Shane? No? . . . I am just thinking aloud, with you there . . . I never thought I could with any human being . . .

"And then I knew, Shane . . . Part of me was not alive. That was terrible to know, like finding out a horrible deformity . . . or knowing you are insane . . . And I began to watch people . . . I could say, 'There is a woman who knows she is loved,' Shane . . . There is a radiance in her face . . . an indescribable something . . . You remember the Bible word, 'Shechinah' . . . the glory of the Lord! . . . And there were women with children . . . that they had lost themselves in the joy of giving . . . would always have that joy of giving . . . And it made me feel strange, shameful . . . as though I had no breasts . . .

"I must have been a little insane then, Shane. I would go along the streets, looking at people, and saying, 'Those persons look as if they would understand,' and thinking of stopping them with, 'please, a moment; there is something wrong with me.' But I knew they would n't understand . . . would n't believe it real . . . Even if they were kind, all they would say was, 'It 's all imagination,' . . . as if imagination were not the most terrible thing in the world . . . All that is wrong with the poor mad people is imagination . . . Shane, I was like some poor cripple holding out his deformity to the passers-by, asking for help . . . All he would want was money, but I wanted . . . Oh, I don't know what I wanted . . .

"And, then, Shane, I would go into a church and pray and wait, kneeling there, for something to happen . . . It never happened . . . Then I would laugh . . . People used to turn and look at me . . . I began to hate them . . . I grew proud . . . I hated them more and more.

"I said I 'd get back to work, and forget it all . . . I was made as I was made . . . Accept it . . . I thought I could . . . I was to play *Lady Macbeth* in Nottingham.

"You know how she enters, Shane. She comes in reading a letter. She is alone on the stage, in *Macbeth's* castle of Inverness: 'They met me in the day of success," she reads,—*Macbeth* is writing of the witches in the desert place,—'and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge.' I came on as I always came on . . . And the moment I left the wings, Shane, saw the audience, a strange thing happened . . . Illusion died; not died . . . but was dead . . . And then I was supposed to be reading a letter that had never been written by people who had never possibly an existence, before an audience who had paid a little money to be amused . . . I could n't read it. I just could n't . . .

"Behind me in the wings they were prompting, whispering fiercely . . . But I could n't . . . I stood there . . . And then I said, 'I 'll go off the stage.' But I could n't do that even . . . My feet were shackled to the ground . . . I seemed to have been charmed . . .

My hand fell to my side . . . And then a panic came. My knees hit one another. My teeth chattered . . . awful, awful . . .

"There was such a silence. The audience stirred, whispered . . . Then some one laughed . . . Never laugh, Shane, suddenly with me . . . I crumpled up. They rang the curtain down . . . I stole away to Ireland . . . Whenever I am not hating enough, the thought of that laugh comes to me." . . . She shivered on her seat.

"That was only nervousness, Granya. Somebody got nervous and laughed."

"No, Shane; no."

"They talk of people laughing in the face of death. It 's just a nervous action, Granya."

"I tell you: no, Shane." She grew vehement. "It 's a cruel country, England. And Shane, they hate us Irish. As long as we are pleasant, witty, as long as we are buffoons . . . but let us be human beings, Shane, and they hate us" . . .

"Don't be silly, Granya!"

"I 'm not silly, Shane. I know. They hate us because we have something they have not. The starved Irish peasant is higher than the English peer. He has a song in his heart, a gay song or a sad song, and his eyes see wonders." . . .

"But, Granya, we are only a little people, and they all but rule the world . . . You are wrong. They don't hate us."

"Do you remember Haman, Shane, Haman who had everything:

"And Haman told them of . . . all the things wherein the king had promoted him; and he said: 'All these things availeth me nothing as long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting in the king's gate.'

"Shane, do you remember how Haman died?"

"Granya!"

She rose, her hands stretched out to the Irish hills. Her voice took on the throbbing of drums:

"O! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames warp hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Roseleen!"

"Poor Granya!" he said. He caught and kissed her hand.

She let her other fall on his shoulder for an instant.

"Good night, Shane!" she said abruptly. She moved swiftly toward the house through the yew-trees. In her pale frock, against the moonlit turf, between the dark trees, she was like some old, heart-wringing ghost . . .

§ 10

He brought back from Tusa-h Erin that night a sense of dread. What in God's name had Granya done? To what committed herself? There were rumors abroad that the men of sixty-seven were not yet dead . . . In America, in the hills of Kerry, in Galway, there was plotting . . . not glorious, but sinister plotting . . . God! had they enmeshed her?

He had three times heard her sing the old Ulster ballad of General Munro:

Up came Munro's sister. She was well dressed in green.

And his sword by her side that was once bright and keen.
And she said to the brave men who with her did go:
"Come, we 'll have revenge for my brother Munro!"

He had looked on that as only a queer romantic gesture, but with what she said last night, it occurred to him that there was a deeper motive to it all . . . She was often in Dublin these days . . . Did they? Had they? . . .

If it had been the Jacobite times, or ninety-eight or even forty-eight, he would not have minded. The Irish night call these Irish rebellions, but in reality they were world affairs. James and the Prince of Orange were the clash of the ideal of courtliness and tradition worn to a thin blade and of the stubborn progress of pulsing thought. And ninety-eight was the echo of the surge for liberty—the frenzy of France and the stubborn Yankee steel . . . And forty-eight was another breathing of the world . . . Even sixty-seven he would not have minded. Sixty-seven was a gallant romantic rally, a dream of pikes amid green banners, and men drilling by a moonlit river . . .

But to-day was different . . . Revenge was in the air, and revenge was no wild justice, as an old writer had said. Revenge was an evil possession . . . an exhausting, sinister mood . . . The men who would fight this modern battle, if battle there was to be one, were dark, scowling men . . . The amenities of battle, the gallantry of flags meant nothing to them. They would shoot from behind ditches in the dark . . . In America was talk of dynamite . . . an idealist using a burglar's trick . . . There was no gallantry that way . . .

And, besides, it was n't an Irish war. It was a matter of agriculture . . . A war of peasants against careless landlords—Irish themselves, in the main, who had fled to England to avoid the suicidal monotony of Irish country life, and lost their money in the pot-houses and gambling-dens of London, and turned to their tenants for more, forgetting in the glamour of London the poverty of the Irish bogs . . . It was contemptible to squeeze the peasants as a money-lender squeezes his victims; but the peasants' redress, the furtive musket and horrible dynamite, that was terrible . . . God! what a mess! . . . And had Granya been caught into that evil problem, a kingfisher among cormorants?

And if she had, what was he going to do about it?

What could he do? What right had he to meddle with her destiny? Friendly they had become, close, sweet friends. The thought of her was like the thought of the hills purple with heather; but friendship and destiny are a sweet curling wave and a gaunt cliff. They were two different people, Shane Campbell and the Woman of Tusa-h Erin.

§ 11

She had been distraught all the evening, merry, feverishly merry at times, and again silent, her eyes far off, her mouth set. She rose suddenly from the piano she was playing and looked at him. Standing above the light of the candles, her face and head were like some dark, soft flower.

"Shane, you are a very true friend of mine, are n't you?"

"Yes, Granya," Shane had answered.

"If I wanted a very great favor, would you consider it?"

"Not consider; do it."

"Yes, but the risk," she faltered. "I hardly dare—"

"What risk? What are you talking about, Granya?" A thought struck him. "Is it money? Don't be silly and talk about risk! Anything I can give you is yours, and welcome!"

"It 's not money, Shane. And thank you!— It 's this—"

"Yes, Granya."

"It 's this, Shane. Would you—would you bring a ship for me from St. Petersburg to Lough Foyle, very quietly?"

"What kind of a ship?"

"A ship, just a ship, a sailing ship."

"What 's in the ship?"

She paused.

"Guns, Shane."

"No, Granya, I won't."

"Oh, well," she sat down. "I should n't have asked."

"Granya,"—he walked over and caught her shoulder,—"don't be foolish."

"I 'm not foolish, Shane. If I am, it 's done now." She smiled . . . The air crashed out beneath her fingers. Her voice rang:

"In came the captain's daughter—the captain of the Yeos—
Saying: Brave United Irishmen, we 'll ne'er again be foes.
One thousand pounds I 'll give to you, and go across the sea;
And dress myself in man's attire and and fight for liberty!"

"You 'll not move one foot from Tusa-h Erin!"

"O Shane, Tusa-h Erin 's no longer mine, and I 've got to go. Because the ship and the guns are mine, Shane,"—she smiled quietly,—"my present."

With a terrific smash of the fist he broke in the top of the piano. The wires jangled in pandemonium. The candles fell to the floor.

"Hell's fire and damnation!" He swore at her. "You fool!"

She rose, her breasts heaving. Her eyes flashed.

"You 've no right to speak to me like that, Shane Campbell."

"Oh, yes, I have; every right! Do you think I 'd let any woman go cruising around the North Sea with a crew of foreigners and a shipmaster she does n't know? . . I 'll bring the bi— the boat in . . . "

§ 12

They left the city of strange ugly women, with great spirit in their faces and great bearing to the body of them, and of slim cat-like men, who had great power in their eyes . . . A very beautiful city of churches and hammered brass . . . a place of high, rarefied thinking and savage animal passion . . . They left it on a July morning, with the sun high . . . And they sailed west sou'west down the Gulf of Finland, until Dago Island was on their port quarter . . .

And they rolled down the Baltic Sea, sailing sou'-sou'west, until they passed Gotland, and they edged west again, leaving Bornholm to port . . . And they sailed past Malmo into the sound, heading north for the Cattegat . . . They turned the Skaw and swung her into the Skage-rack . . . And the wind held . . .

And once out of there, they pointed her nose nor'west by nor', as though Iceland were only a buoy in a yacht race . . . And the wind held . . .

The summer nights of the North were on them, the unearthly beauty of the light . . . There was no world . . . They were sailing on the Milky Way . . . Only the gurgle of the water at the bows, the *whush* of the wake beneath the counter, held them as by a thin umbilical cord to the world of men . . . The *whap-whap-whap* of the cordage . . . The *ting-ting-ting* of the helmsman's bell . . . The cry for'a'd: "The lights are burning bright, sir." . . .

§ 13

The gaunt Shetlands were on their starboard beam now, the dun Orkneys off the port bow. Sumburgh Head dropped away, and they headed due west . . . The waves were laughing, the sun rose in a great explosion abaft of them . . . The world was a very small place . . . The universe so large . . . At dawn the gulls chattered and whined, and screamed until they felt immense loneliness . . . One seemed to be intruding in a world of white feathers and cold inimical eyes, and complaints in a language one could not understand . . . So lonely . . . so undefiled . . . the home of the great whale . . . Here was the world as God first made it . . . clean and beautiful and absolute . . . Up here steam-engines seemed ridiculous toys . . . In winter the sleek seal and the great white bear . . . And the great crying of the gulls . . . One thought of Adelina Patti's great singing, and wondered did it matter a devil of a lot.

And they swung sou'west by sou' to leave the Hebrides to port. They were on the last leg of the voyage, and the wind still held . . .

"Oh, Shane, it 's wonderful." . . . She had come on deck in her man's clothing . . . She was so tall, so slim, her legs so long, it seemed some pleasant feminine fancy of hers, not a material adaptation of the life on board ship. "The wind will hold until we get there."

"I don't like it," Shane grumbled.

"Why, Shane? Why don't you like it?"

"We 're too lucky."

"It is n't luck, Shane. It 's the will of God."

"H-m-m! Granya—"

"Yes, Shane."

"I 've just been thinking. Why could n't you conspirators have chosen a better time of year than August for landing your arms? There 's only about two hours of night."

"Because, Shane, the arms must be ready for autumn, when the harvest is in. That 's the best time time for a revolution. And the arms must be distributed. And the men must drill a little. Now is our only time."

"H-um-m."

"Oh, Shane, I wish you would be a little enthusiastic."

"Enthusiastic? At forty-nine!"

"Are you forty-nine, Shane? You don't seem thirty-nine. None could tell but for the little gray in your hair . . . And, Shane . . . "

"Yes."

"I like your hair rumpled a little with the sea-air . . . much better than when it is sleek in Antrim . . . Shane, you don't know how well you look on board ship."

"Och, be damned to that! . . . Mr. Janssen, get them to lay aft, and see if you can't get a little more out of that mizzen . . . A little more pocket in the luff." . . .

§ 14

They passed the Butt of Lewis, sailing due sou'west . . . To port they left the Seven Hunters, changing the course to sou'west by sou' . . . The Hebrides passed them like islands in a dream, purple, gleaming strangely in the sunlight, now a black shower whipping over them, now sunshine pouring in great floods . . . Lewis went by, and then Harris . . . North Uist, where the winds blow so hard they have an old word: *Is truagh fear no droiche air onbrachair Uistibh:* 'T is a pity of the slut's husband on the plains of Uist . . . You 'll be needing buttons on your coat there . . . They passed Rona of the Seals, and Benbecula . . . They passed South Uist and Eriskay . . . They passed the Pobboy Isles . . . The Islands of the Cat they called them in Gaelic . . . Faintly they saw the mists of Hecla . . . heard the curlews . . . They saw fishing-boats with great brown sails . . . *Honk-honk* of wild ganders in the distance, and occasionally the *chugh* of a diving bird . . . The wind blew from the nor'west . . . The foam snarled beneath the bows . . .

"I don't like it . . . I don't like it . . . "

"Shane, it is wonderful . . . God is with us."

"H-m-m." . . . He saw the weather leeches flick . . . "Don't let her come up!" he roared at the helmsman. "Steer her, you damned Swede! . . Where did you ever steer before? On a canal?"

"Shane!"

"What is it, Granya?"

"Your language, Shane!"

"Listen, Granya . . . I 'm not playing a comedy . . . I 'm sailing a ship . . . that 's on an errand I don't like . . . If you don't like my language, get below . . ."

"Sorry, Shane," she said with a meek courtesy. She stayed . . .

They passed Sherryvore . . . They passed Dhu Heartach, Colonsay, Islay of McCrimmin . . . Innistrahull was on the weather beam . . . They swung eastward . . . Innishoven Head showed off the port bow . . . On an August afternoon they slipped into Lough Foyle . . .

§ 15

The soft luminosity of a summer night was in it . . . and a little moon, which Shane damned . . . Before them rose the outline of Donegal . . . On each beam they could see faintly the outlines of the bay's arms . . .

The long swish of oars, the rattle of oar-locks . . . A voice rapping out:

"Rest on the oars!" And then: "Schooner ahoy!"

Shane's heart sank. He gave no answer.

"What ship is that?" The voice rang over the little bay . . . found a grotesque echo in some cliff . . .

"Who are you?"

"His Majesty's coast-guards! Stand by! Coming aboard. Lay on your oars, men!" And then . . . a long instant . . . "Toss oars!"

"Bring her into the wind!" Shane ordered . . .

A scramble alongside, and some one was coming over the waist rail . . . A firm step on deck . . . Some one was smiling . . .

"My name 's Flannagan, Lieutenant Flannagan . . . Sorry, Mr. Campbell, we can't let you land . . . your cargo or your passenger . . ."

"I don't understand."

"Well, sir, we know what your cargo is, and my orders are not to let you land. And I was to tell you, sir, that you could n't land anywhere."

"By God! I knew it would end like this . . . Are we under arrest?"

"No, sir . . . You are just not to land. I 'm sorry, sir, but . . . orders!"

"Then what the blazes am I going to do?"

"Jove, I don't know. Can't you bring the cargo back where you got it?"

"I suppose I 'll have to do that. But my passenger . . . I can put her ashore."

"I 'm sorry, sir; but your passenger can't go ashore, anywhere, anytime, in her Majesty's dominions."

"H-m-m!"

He heard her quick step on the companionway.

"Shane. Shane, are you there? Shane, Shane, what 's wrong?" She came into the shrouded light of the binnacle. "Shane, who—who is this?"

"My name 's Flannagan, Miss O'Malley—Royal Navy. I 'm sorry; you can't land."

"What does it mean, Shane?"

"You 're beaten, Granya."

"Are we prisoners?"

"No, Miss O'Malley; just you can't land. And I 'm very distressed to tell you . . . You may not land anywhere, anytime, in her Majesty's dominions."

"That does n't shut out Mr. Campbell, does it?"

"I 've no orders against him, Miss O'Malley, barring his landing his cargo or you . . . "

She laid her hand on Shane's arm . . .

"I 'm sorry, Shane . . . I 'm very sorry, my dear—dear friend . . . You were so good . . . There are few—would have sacrificed their time and profession and everything—to help a woman on a wild-goose ideal—like mine was . . . So please forgive me!"

"There 's nothing to forgive, Granya." . . .

"I want to do this." . . . She leaned forward and kissed him . . . The lieutenant turned away. "And now good-by."

"Why good-by? I 'm not going ashore. I 'll stick."

"Dear Shane, you would." She caught his hand, pressed, dropped it. Her voice rang out: "But I 'm going ashore." . . . She had swung over the taffrail and dropped into the water with the soft splash of a fish . . .

"My God!" . . . Shane swore with rage. "Wait! I 'll get her. Will you stand by with your boat?"

"Right—o" Flannagan answered cheerily.

Shane kicked off his shoes, slipped out of his coat . . . "This damned woman!" he thought as he dropped astern, came out, began to cast for direction like an otter-hound . . . He heard her soft, rhythmical strokes ahead . . . He tore after her . . . caught up . . . reached her shoulder . . .

"Come back, Granya!"

"No, Shane."

He had decided, once he reached her, to turn her back by force, but the strange gentle voice restrained him. All this matter of Ireland all this

expedition of opera bouffe, took on again a strange dimension when she spoke . . . All the time he had been foolish, he knew, and, worse, looked like a fool; but some strange magic of her voice made it seem natural . . . the naïve brave gestures . . . One levitated above common ground . . . Even this moon-madness did not seem trivial and a thing for laughter . . . A dignity of ancient stories was in it . . . The blue Irish hills, soft as down, the little moon, and the tide hurrying out of the lough to the great Atlantic . . . A wrench of the will, and he gripped her shoulder:

"Shane, please don't!"

"You 're coming back, Granya."

"I 'm not, Shane, and please don't hold me! I 'm getting weak."

"You 'll never make it, Granya. And if you did, where would you go on the Donegal hills?"

"I don't know, Shane. But please let me go, I implore you . . . Even if I do go down . . . Don't you see? There is nothing for me but this or death . . . My life . . . oh, Shane, let me go!"

"Quiet, Granya!" He caught her wrist.

"Please, Shane! Please! I pray of you!" . . She began to twist . . . "O Shane, you hurt!"

"Quiet, Granya! Boat—o!"

The lantern of the coast-guards' cutter came nearer . . . The measured swish of the oars . . . the creak. She began to struggle.

"Granya, if you don't keep quiet, I 'll have to hit you . . . "

"O Shane!" she whimpered . . .

"All right. Get her on board. Steady there. Trim a little. Good!" Flannagan and a great bearded coast-guard had her . . . The silence was broken with her little sobs . . . He helped her over the waist of the schooner . . .

"Go below, Granya, and get into some dry clothes . . . Mr. Flannagan, I 'll take the boat back to St. Petersburg . . . If Miss O'Malley does n't land, neither do I. May I send a letter ashore? It 's only about business and the place in the glens . . ."

"I 'll take it and have it sent."

"Another thing: we want to get some provisions and water."

"Of course, sir. That 's all right."

"Do you think one of the country girls could be persuaded to come on board as Miss O'Malley's maid?"

"I think so. We 'll ask the local priest."

"Oh, yes, the priest . . . Another thing: do you think you could dig out a parson around here somewhere and bring him on board?"

"Oh, Shane, what do you want that for?" She had n't gone below, but waited in the companionway.

"You don't think you 're going wandering around with me, casually, like this?"

"But it 's only to St. Petersburg, Shane!"

"And then where do you go? What do you do?"

"I—I—I don't know."

"Better get the parson, Mr. Flannagan."

"Oh, but, Shane—" she protested.

"Go below, Granya, and get those wet things off . . . And get into women's clothes . . . Granya!"

"Yes, Shane . . . Very well, Shane . . . "

(The end of the sixth part of "The Wind Bloweth")

Our Medicine-Men

By One of Them

III—How Are We Educating Our Doctors?

Drawings by Clarence Day, Jr.

NOTHING could be more disconcerting to the observer of the trend of medical education than the confusion and cross-purpose that exist in regard to the kind of preliminary study necessary to those who aspire to become physicians. This lack of agreement is due, without doubt, to the *bouleversement* caused by the new importance of science in medicine. Many points of view exist among the professors whose duty it is to train physicians. Some insist that the doctor requires a broad cultural training. They demand that he should be versed in Latin, so that he may write his prescriptions accurately. He should, in addition, have a good knowledge of Greek, so that he may be able to unravel the meanings of the enormous number of recondite words existing in the mystic jargon of physicians. What is more, the growing politico-socio-economic importance of his profession requires that he have a knowledge of economics and political science and sociology. Again, since his *métier* carries with it the necessity of social prestige, he should be able to discourse upon the Elizabethan dramatists and upon the intellectual accomplishments of Neanderthal man. It is evident that the acquisition of such a vast body of irrelevant and unrelated knowledge requires several years of preliminary college training.

The apostles of the necessity of broad culture are opposed by educators who are convinced that the basis of medicine is now scientific. They count the ideas of the whoopers for broad culture as amiable bosh, and insist that the three or four years of preliminary training of the medical aspirant be devoted to science rather than to the acquisition of high-sounding nonsense.

Between these two opposing camps stand those who desire to compromise. These educators wish to combine the study of scientific and cultural subjects in a two-, three-, or four-year premedical course. This idea is probably at present in the ascendancy, despite the fact that it is manifestly impossible to receive thorough training in either of these two fields in so short a time.

The method pursued by the majority of prominent medical colleges is to require two years of pre-medical (mainly scientific) study, and to make a three or four years preparation optional to this. This system leads to great dissatisfaction, especially among the few students who have completed a college degree before entering the actual study of medicine. These persons are faced by two disturbing facts. In the

first place, the average youth will not for a moment consider lingering in the academic grove for four years when he can plunge into what he considers the real preparation for his life's work after two short years of preliminary study. Hence the more adequately trained person finds himself in the demoralizing position of associating with persons who are obviously his inferiors in training, but who suffer no ostensible disadvantage in their actual medical studies. What is worse, he finds himself in the rear of persons who have confined themselves to the minimum requirement of the pre-medical two years in some minor college, and who, as third-year men in medicine, consider themselves to be vastly his superiors.

Another condition, still more disintegrating to the morale, faces the student who comes to the study of medicine after four years of good scientific preparation. This youth, following the advice of those supposed to know, has been convinced that the foundations of the intelligent study of medicine lie in mathematics, physics, and chemistry. He enters the first medical courses with confidence, aware of his superiority over the majority of his fellows. It is easy, then, to imagine his dismay when he discovers that he knows far more of physics and chemistry than many of his medical instructors, and finds himself surrounded by glib-memoried, poorly prepared young ignoramuses who shine by reason of their parrot-like ability to reel off an enormous number of unrelated facts crammed out of textbooks. The better-prepared person, whom a training in mathematics, physics, and chemistry has taught to question and to think rather than to remember voluminously, idiotically, and indiscriminately, finds himself in the rear ranks, and is apt to turn with bitterness upon those advisers who had the effrontery to pretend that the basis of medicine is really scientific.

The person thus trained in science who discerns the preposterous nature of this intensive intellectual stuffing, thereupon pays less and less attention to its pursuit. As a result, he begins to be looked upon as an inferior student, and generally becomes offensive to the nostrils of the anatomical instructors. These, in faculty meetings, transmit their opinion of the unhappy student's ability to their colleagues of other branches. This stigma is likely to cling to him throughout his career in the medical course.

On the other hand, the student may plunge blindly, but manfully, forward, spending whole mornings in class-rooms, entire afternoons in the laboratory, and after a hastily snatched dinner, consume untold energy in a diligent, but befuddled, effort to memorize a sufficient modicum of each of his subjects to make a presentable showing in the class-room next day. He rarely has a moment for the thoughtful consideration of disease as a whole or of the organism as a whole. At last, as the end of the course approaches, he gathers himself together for a final supreme orgy of fact retention. On the day of the examination he regurgitates this body of knowledge to the best of his ability, and then with a sigh of relief proceeds as rapidly as possible to forget it, so that his tired brain may be cleared for the reception of new masses of doctrine in the ensuing courses.

This process of alternate stuffing and spewing goes on for two, indeed,

He should be able to discourse with authority

in the majority of colleges, for the better part of three years. Toward the end of the second year the student begins to look forward with a thrill of anticipation to his coming work in the hospital. Here at last he feels that he will be rid of the strain of the mastication and partial digestion of many apparently unrelated bodies of doctrine, and from the anxieties that attend their periodic regurgitation in examinations. During the interval between the termination of the laboratory courses and the beginning of the much-desired practical hospital studies, he does his best to forget the nightmare of the preceding two years, and so finds it easy to shed the uncomfortable mass of knowledge that has crowded his brain. In consequence, by the time he is well on in his third year and is beginning to devote his time more and more to the work at the bedside, he has become almost totally innocent of the staggering array of fact with which he was bedeviled in the laboratory courses. He begins to view those earlier years as a terrible experience, as a desert strewn with skeletons, which must be crossed by adventurers who would win to the promised land of practical work in the hospital.

The gap that the student consciously realizes to exist between the laboratory and the hospital work of the medical course is also apparent in the underground, and sometimes open, hostility existing between the laboratory and clinical professors. The former are properly indignant at seeing their efforts flouted by the fledglings who have just taken up hospital work. They resent having to spend hours in preparing materials, in demonstrations, in long laboratory periods, in the routine of hammering facts into the heads of a heterogeneous assortment of numbskulls, only to see these same dunces favor them with grimaces and leering smiles of condescension after arriving at the dubious dignity of hospital study. The professors of the sciences undoubtedly think that part of this *mépris* is subtly inculcated by the clinical teachers. These last, recipients of princely incomes, owners of motor-cars, necromancers of bedside

lore, are held in vastly greater respect by the majority of students.

This opposition between laboratory and hospital, almost invariably existing as an undercurrent, at times flares up into open strife, dividing the clinicians and the scientists into armed camps, which engage in justs for ascendancy in the college. Such battles are of a quality of short-sightedness and nonsensical emptiness that would cause them to be regarded as the caperings of buffoons were they not so deleterious to the progress of medical education. They result in a reduction to absurdity of any attempt at the liaison that should exist between the laboratory and the hospital.

These conflicts are due largely to a confusion of ideals in the medical profession. Until medical educators resolutely face the fact there is no such thing as a science of medicine, and that the study of disease is a matter distinctly apart from the art of healing, the existing confusion will only be multiplied. At the present time the first two years of medical instruction assumes that all of the students are to become investigators of the problems of disease. Each person is held to the same criteria of excellence or, to be more accurate, of mediocrity. Excepting in institutions of the type of the Johns Hopkins and Harvard University medical schools, specialization in the laboratory branches in the earlier years is discouraged. The teaching is directed at the divine average lauded by that prophet of democracy, Walt Whitman.

After the mob of individual units with heterogeneous talents and aptitudes has been treated for two years as if each one were an embryo scientist, it is subsequently propelled into the field of practical endeavor in the hospital. This kind of work is entirely antithetical to the spirit of science. Persons who, fired by a spirit of inquiry, might wish to stop and investigate the nature of an interesting case of exophthalmic goiter, are hurried by the recitation-bell to attend a séance of obstetrics, which they may consider to be empty and inane. The final year of the medical course is devoted to a bewildering profusion of subjects, comprised mainly of various lucrative specialties. These subjects are taught by so-called clinical "professors" of dermatology, of otolaryngology, of ophthalmology, who increase the prestige necessary to their commercial success by the wearing of academic robes. So the callow undergraduate of the fourth year, who should occupy all of his time with the arts of clinical and laboratory diagnosis and with the craft of surgery, controlled by the discipline of the necropsy, is enticed into premature ambitions to specialization.

He regards with an evil eye his glib-memoried classmate

Now, to add to the *mêlée*, come those who demand that this wonderful *mêlange* of opathies and ologies be welded into a *science* of medicine!

This brings about a confusion twice confounded. The clinical professors are right in their resistance to the attempt to turn the hospital of the medical school from a place for the teaching of diagnosis and surgery into a glorified rabbit-hutch where the patients are looked upon as experimental animals.

This critique may be objected to as destructive and as leading to no solution of the problems that are at present vexing to medical educators. This is, however, by no means the case. For the moment it is understood that medicine cannot be turned into a science, and that it would, on the other hand, be a lamentable nullification of its progress to make it entirely practical, the way is open to sweeping changes which would greatly clarify the present murk of cross-purpose and misunderstanding. What is necessary is a sharp delineation between the practical sheep and the scientific goats. This should take place at the very beginning of the medical course. The great majority of persons entering medicine have no intention of making their *métier* the science of the study of disease. It may be remarked, in passing, that this is very lucky for science. Rather, the rank and file of embryo physicians enter the anatomical laboratory of the first year impatient to grasp the stethoscope, to feel the pulse, to wield the surgeon's knife.

These persons could be exposed to *rudimentary* courses in the fundamental scientific branches. They could be taught anatomy from its practical side, and not in the present encyclopedic fashion. They could leave the inane recitation of the list of cranial nerves to persons who display a liking for intoning. They might be given a short, but thorough, drilling in that part of bacteriology bearing upon disinfection and asepsis. They might be shown the microbes of diphtheria and

The student's nightmare over the great mass of medical knowledge

of typhoid fever in demonstration, but not put through the present comic attempt to isolate and differentiate them by the complex technic necessary to this practice. In physiology they could be taught those aspects of the subject which bear upon the immediate comparatively simple problems of the diagnostician or surgeon, and not stuffed with complex considerations in regard to the nature of osmotic flow or antagonistic salt action. In biochemistry they might be made privy to the simple analyses of urine and blood, which they will perform as practitioners, and not be flabbergasted with the complex methods used in modern biochemical experimentation. In pathology the emphasis for them would be laid upon those changes in diseased tissues visible to the unaided eye at the necropsy. This last might well be initiated in the first year and continued throughout the entire course. Its constant practice, and the rigid comparison of its findings

with the diagnosis of the case before the patient's death, would do much to introduce intellectual rigor into the art of diagnosis. This would make the detective work of determining the nature of a malaise less the amiable guessing game which it is at present.

As the time approached for labors in the hospital, the importance of intimate contact with the teacher would be insisted upon. In short, there would be a return to the preceptor system in vogue in America in the early part of the nineteenth century. This system recognized that the lore of medical practice and the craft of surgery are to be learned best by the method of apprenticeship practised of old by doctors, and still common in the honorable gilds of plumbers, brewers, and glass-blowers. This would be greatly superior to the present alleged bedside teaching, where groups of from six to twenty students simultaneously endeavor to absorb the wisdom of a single instructor.

The rudimentary nature of the laboratory instruction given to the majority of students whose intentions were avowedly practical would leave time for the intensive and elaborate scientific instruction of the few persons whose bent really lies in the direction of the study of disease. Such men now and always will constitute an insignificant proportion of any medical class. Consequently, they would be enabled to work in intimate contact with members of the scientific staff, who under such a régime would have leisure for uninterrupted investigation, and would not, as at present, have to perform their experiments at lunch-time, between recitation periods, or in the dead of night. The greater part of the time of these instructors is now given to the hopeless attempt to inculcate the facts and *esprit* of science into an indiscriminate assortment of youths, all but two or three of whom do not, and never will, know "what it is all about."

Under the prevailing dispensation, one of two methods is open to the teacher of the laboratory studies. First, he may aim at the diligent hammering of his theories and facts into the rank and file of the class, who have little understanding and less respect for them. In so doing, he necessarily holds back the students who have a natural aptitude for the subject. This is the democratic method, and is in favor, it is sad to relate, in the great majority of medical schools. Second, he may direct his efforts toward the bright and understanding ones, and allow the majority to remain frankly in the state of mystification in which it is natural and inevitable that they should exist. This is the aristocratic method, and is generally frowned upon and discouraged.

The plan of early sharp division of those wishing to be practitioners of medicine from the ones aiming at the scientific study of disease would certainly make it possible for the latter to test their metal in research. What is more, it would release the practically minded youths of the majority from mystified gropings in a fog of fact and doctrine that must remain for always incomprehensible to them.

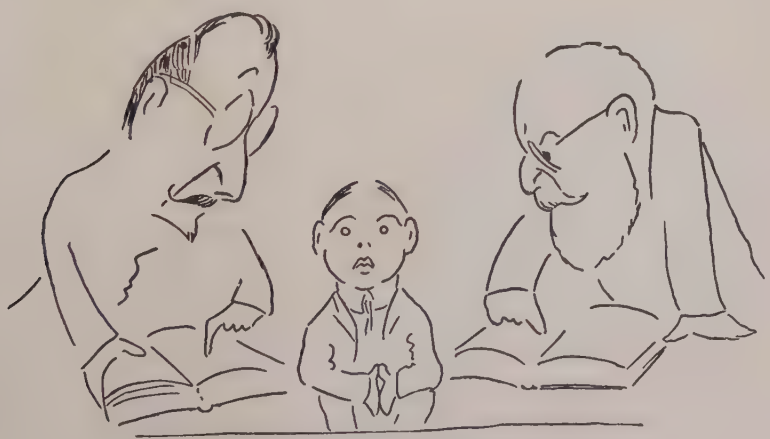
These ideas are in practice to some extent at medical schools of the type of the Johns Hopkins and Harvard. These institutions are, however, severely criticized by the majority of medical educators. They are alleged to create a high-brow spirit and to fail to turn out an adequate supply of the "prac-

tical doc." The critics pride themselves on being professors in colleges which produce "all-round" physicians. They perhaps do not realize that they aid in throttling at birth a number of persons whose scientific work might have been of great value in the study of disease. Now, it will be clear that under the plan suggested above all medical schools might produce men capable of becoming good practising physicians or competent surgeons, and at the same time afford facilities for the production of a constant small number of high-brows without whom advance in medicine would be impossible.

The present strictures made by some medical educators against the high-browism of certain of the great Eastern schools are undoubtedly justified to some extent. And the teachers in the latter are right in accusing the rank and file of medical colleges of suppressing science, and by their philistinism reducing their institutions to the level of mere technical schools.

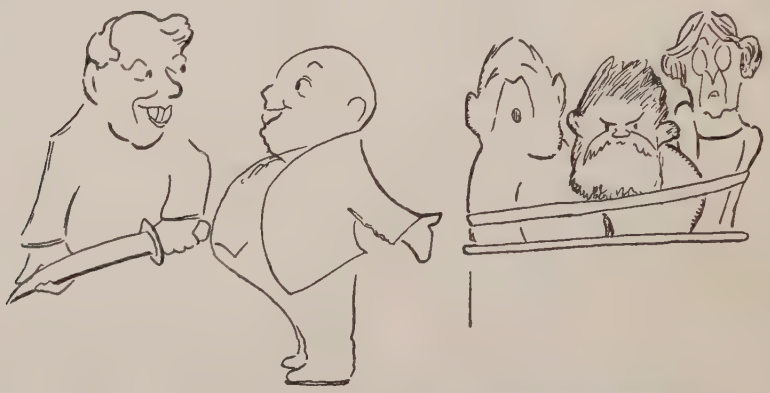
The plan of returning to the preceptor system for practical students in the hospitals will be criticized on the ground that the number of youths is too large to make such an idea feasible. As things exist now, only a few endowed institutions are able to limit the number of their entrants. The state universities have been founded with the idea of educating all persons whose parents have the funds and the social aspiration to send them thither. Any idea of limiting arbitrarily the number of students in the medical school of such a university is scoffed at as impracticable and intolerable to the citizens of our democratic commonwealths. Under present conditions such a medical department is required to accept as first-year students a constantly increasing number of applicants. All that is asked is that these pass satisfactorily the two years' hodgepodge of pre-medical requirement. There is not the semblance of an attempt at the selection of prospective physicians on the basis of a predilection for the art of healing or of a *penchant* for the study of disease.

The constantly increasing munificence of the various medical specialties is attracting to the study of medicine an always greater number of undesir-



The teaching is directed at the divine average

ables of a greedy acquisitiveness, with no notion at all of the essentially religious nature of the art of healing, and with no reverence for the high calling of the science of the study of disease.



Where the patients are looked upon as experimental animals

They scoff at disinterestedness. They talk constantly of specialties which will afford them the best incomes. Medical schools are at present thronged with such pests who, having no spirit of disinterestedness to begin with, naturally become more materialistic as they near the goal of their ambitions. It is this species of gouger who drives out the last struggling representatives of the splendid old type of general practitioner, and who makes a commercial obscenity of the pretentious new institution of group medicine.

The present dissertation is not for a moment to be considered as a polemic against equalitarianism, which is doubtless with us to stay. It would be as futile to attempt to put it down by argument as to talk the pyramids of Rameses out of existence.

It is really entirely possible to limit the number of medical aspirants, even in a state university, without offending too grievously our zealous guardians of equality. This could be effected not by setting up an arbitrary numerical limit or by constantly increasing the number of years of required pre-medical preparation. The latter scheme has been tried, and does little to reduce the number of incompetents and undesirables. But it might be brought about by a rigid system of entrance tests. These examinations could be of two types, the one suitable to college graduates whose aim it is to be practitioners or surgeons, the other adapted to the training of the graduate in science who enters medicine with the purpose of the study of disease. Such tests, if based upon thinking ability, and not devoted to the discovery of the irrelevant encyclopedic knowledge of candidates, would reduce the number of entrants with appalling rapidity. Of course it is granted that such suggestions are impossible of realization so long as the faculties of medical schools point with pride to classes of one hundred and fifty students. So long as the aim of education is the standardized production of intellectual Fords, it is a palpable fatuity to recommend methods

which might result in the completion of an occasional Locomobile.

With a medical education rearranged according to these suggestions, it might be possible to mitigate the intellectual flabbiness that is rampant in the medical profession. This vagueness and lack of mental rigor are notorious in physicians. A recent army-intelligence test showed doctors from civil life to be sixty per cent. below engineers, and but little superior to veterinarians. There may be some reason to criticize the accuracy of such tests and to assign a large experimental error to them. On the other hand, their results only confirm the opinion long held by close observers of the two professions.

The cause of the high average competence of engineers and of the intellectual muzziness of most doctors is to be sought in the very nature of their respective callings. The engineer works in constant fear of a catastrophic revelation of any blunders he may make. If he bungles his calculations in the construction of a bridge, the structure may collapse under the weight of a trainload of important people. The burden of such an appalling disaster will then in all probability fall on his shoulders after having been traced to his error. He is for this reason held up to a high level of intellectual rigor. He must be exact. His bluffs and uncertainties and cheatings will return upon him with the accuracy of well-aimed boomerangs.

Now, it is evident to every one that this is not the case with physicians. A high discipline was practised upon surgeons and other physicians by the ancient Babylonians, who legally punished certain mistakes by cutting off the hands of the bungler, and who rewarded more serious ones by a summary removal of his head. This plan was plainly of merit, and the number of bluffers and shysters among the doctors of Babylon must have been noticeably reduced. Under the existing régime, the bungling doctor is protected by his fellows under the conspiracy of silence euphemistically entitled "medical ethics." He may insure himself against malpractice, and large funds are at his disposal to hire clever lawyers who may be able to free him, no matter how glaring his culpability. It is admitted in the guild that many patients are killed through ignorance or downright blundering. It is, however, perfectly easy for physicians to palm off such mistakes on the irony of fate, the cruelties of a just God, or the inexorable and insurmountable whims of nature. It is difficult to deny him when he maintains that the patient has passed away *despite* his skilful efforts. On the other hand, it is almost invariably the custom for him to claim a cure as his own when nature may in reality have effected it. The patient and family are, for reasons elaborately explained in preceding chapters, prone to accept the intervention of physicians as decisive. It is easy to see how these conditions bring about a general spirit of evasion on one hand, and a pretension to unreal power on the other.

In Excelsis The Immortals

Two Poems by Amy Lowell

In Excelsis

You—you—
Your shadow is sunlight on a plate of silver;
Your footsteps, the seeding-place of lilies;
Your hands moving, a chime of bells across a windless air.

The movement of your hands is the long, golden running of light from a rising sun.
It is the hopping of birds upon a garden-path.

As the perfume of jonquils, you come forth in the morning.
Young horses are not more sudden than your thoughts;
Your words are bees about a pear-tree;
Your fancies are the gold-and-black-striped wasps buzzing among red apples.
I drink your lips;
I eat the whitness of your hands and feet.
My mouth is open;
As a new jar I am empty and open.
Like white water are you who fill the cup of my mouth;
Like a brook of water thronged with lilies.

You are frozen as the clouds;
You are far and sweet as the high clouds.
I dare reach to you;
I dare touch the rim of your brightness.
I leap beyond the winds;
I cry and shout,
For my throat is keen as a sword
Sharpened on a hone of ivory.
My throat sings the joy of my eyes,
The rushing gladness of my love.

How has the rainbow fallen upon my heart?
How have I snared the seas to lie in my fingers
And caught the sky to be a cover for my head?
How have you come to dwell with me,
Compassing me with the four circles of your mystic lightness,
So that I say "Glory! Glory!" and bow before you
As to a shrine?

Do I tease myself that morning is morning and a day after?
Do I think the air a condescension,
The earth a politeness,
Heaven a boon deserving thanks?
So you, air, earth, heaven,
I do not thank you;
I take you,
I live.
And those things which I say in consequence
Are rubies mortised in a gate of stone.

The Immortals

I have read you and read you, my betters,
Piling high on the clear, brown shelves,
Mountain high, your very selves
Disguised in a garb of letters.

I have poked and pried beyond,
Seeking past words for how you did it,
While my mind was one tormented fidget
Like a stone-struck, shallow pond.

I have raveled your patterns out,
And matched them piece by piece as they were,
Till your hearts flashed again from the erstwhile blur.
Did I know then the rule from the rout?

Do I know how a flower comes—
A spurt of blue or a shoot of rose?
Plant a seed and watch while it grows.
Chrysanthemums, geraniums—
Let the scientists crack their craniums!

I know what paper is,
And I 've handled pencils and pens and ink.
Does grammar teach us the way men think?
Can you narrow a man to a synthesis?

Build him from his parts if you can.
Shade him to color and cut him to shape,
Docket his method; something will escape,
And, presto! where is the man!

Two and two make four.
If your two and two will amalgamate,
But who knows the way to add moonshine to paint?
And there we touch the core.

I read you as I look at the sky,
Gratefully wondering at its fresh-flowing blue.
If I 'm not, why I 'm not, so why this to-do?
Must I disqualify?

Well, I won't, my masters; so reckon
On the valiant rivalry of a flea.
I should lie to you if I never said "We."
You great gods, why do you beckon?

Clearly the fault is yours,
Flaunting a challenge I can't resist.
I declare my back has a permanent twist,
And my boot-straps are counted by scores.

Out of your anguish we see,
Out of your mighty rejoicing we are.
Your burning has seared us with a bleeding scar;
We strive in irony.

You most serene and dead
In your bright gardens! Our Gethsemane
Is planted with your immortality.
We walk with feet of lead.

With leaden feet we move,
And still with heads flung up and bared.
Fools, in that seeing, yet we dared
To follow you and prove.

Prove whether stars or ashes.
That 's the touchstone, is it not?
Graven tablets or dry rot.
Well, the mist has sunny flashes.

Adventures of an Illustrator

IX—In France in War-Time

By Joseph Pennell

When I had finished my war work in England, and it had been shown all through the country, the French Government invited me over to France. The invitation came from M. Thomas, the French minister of munitions, through M. Henri Davray, editor of the "Mercure de France," who had known my work long before the war. Now that he had seen the drawings I made in England, he seemed to think it would be a good thing for me to make a similar series in France, and so did the French Government.

I did not want to do them. I did not want to go to France. I had done all I wanted of war work in England. France to me was the land of light, not the land of horror. For months M. Davray plagued me and begged me to go, and others did, too. But they did not understand that it was not propaganda I wanted to preach, not even to stop the war, which never should have been started, which never need have been started, which could easily have been avoided, as John Burns said to me. I had no interest in the war or in any war, the most contemptible way of settling a dispute, the resort of the unintelligent, who are either made by conscription to fight, because they are too great cowards to refuse, or are the dupes of the munitions-makers, journalists, and bankers who brought on the war to fill their pockets, and are at it still. I condoned none of their crimes; but as the war was upon the world, and as every one was in war work, and as all the works were at it, dye works making poison gas; spinning-mills, uniforms; steel works, guns and armor; shipyards, submarines—submarines being the last resort of scoundrels, I knew I had the chance if I could get it to see the most wonderful example of the wonder of work in the world. And that is why my war work was done, and for no other reason. Who was to write up my French drawings, which were never made, I never knew. I did not want to see horrors, though every one from Mrs. Humphry Ward to the French Government thought I should. But finally I consented to go.

I was so crushed by the war that I thought I should never work again. My life was over. At last, however, Davray got me to the French consulate, and after hours of arguing all was arranged, and after going to the United States consulate and Bow Street and some British office, I had permission to start for France. It was only at the last minute that I knew when and where the train was going from in London, and when and where I should get a taxi. There were more formalities at the station, and finally I was locked in a compartment by myself, in a diplomatic carriage, told not to talk, and though I

was the guest of France, I was also told that I had to pay all my expenses.

So sick of it was I when the train got to Southampton that, could I have got out, I would have returned to London; but I was locked in. On the pier, too, there were other formalities and cross-questionings, endless visés of my passport, and I did not care a cent whether I went or whether I was not allowed to go. Finally, I was permitted on board the steamer for Havre. I found I had to stay on it, for there was a sentry at the foot of the gang-plank. There was nothing to do save to eat a British supper of whisky and beef, and then more whisky, devour railroad guides in the smoking-room, the only literature on British boats, till I went to bed. The few passengers could not stay on deck, and could not look out of the port-holes, for they were boarded up. What of it? What of anything? I went to bed and to sleep. What if we were right in the midst of submarines and mines? What could I do? What could any one do? It was hopeless. I went to sleep, and did not know when the ship left. I must have had lots of whisky, for I slept till I was wakened in the morning outside the port of Havre.

When I went on deck, I found we were right alongside a torpedoed ship. What did it matter? That was the feeling. You could do nothing; there was nothing to do. It was the same in London. No one talked over there about the horrors that day and night hung over them. Here at home, when I returned, every one cackled about things they knew nothing about; that is, when they dared to talk at all.

In Havre, always a vile hole, there were the same formalities, and I did not find that my official letters were of the least use, and by the time I got through with the rows of inspectors and examiners and inquisitors,—how I hoped they would turn me back!—the British officials who came over on the boat had seized the buses and trams which take passengers from the dock to the station. We were told that a train would take us, but it did n't. I finally got on a trolley-car that ran to the station. I hoped that the train had gone, but it had not; and then that I would not be allowed to go past the farther line of officials, to whom *gendarmes* had now been added, before the ticket-window. But no one seemed to want to stop me, and I got in a carriage with an English woman, the wife of an officer, she told me, and, so far as I remember, not only the only woman, but the only other civilian traveler.

It was like this during four years. The traffic between two great countries stopped that army and navy officers and munition-makers, not one of whom is worth a cent to the world, might make fortunes and win decorations, degrees, and notoriety by ruining the world. That is war.

There was no change on the way save that the train was hours longer in getting to Paris, and the stations were jammed with females, with stars and crosses on them, and generals, with stars and crosses on them, and that every bridge had a worthless old man with a worthless gun guarding it, and that in some of the fields women and children were working, and with them, here and there, a man in uniform back on leave. There was nothing of this sort in England.

At last, about noon, there was Paris. No formalities; porters to be had, but

no taxis. So I hired a man, and he hunted round the neighborhood till he found a taxi. I was lucky, and only had to wait an hour. I went to my old hotel, where I had always been received with joy. The office was empty, the dining-room had unmade beds in it, and not till I thought of it did I remember that the hag who hardly paid any attention to me was the landlady of three years ago. *Boom!* Across the street, at another hotel, it was the same; but I stayed. *Bang!* Then the formalities began, but I paid no attention to them, though I was told to. *Crash!* I left that to the French Government, whose guest I was, though they had not met me with a salute or a motor-car. I had no tabs or crosses on my breast. *Bang!*

I was starved. I went to the Duval around the corner. Sad and dreary, not a foreigner, where before it had been full of them; but the *anciens en retraite* were all there, and with them families welcoming back their sons from the front on a few days' leave. There was little variety, little that was good to eat. Yet without a murmur the *anciens* and the families were paying seven francs fifty for what they had paid two francs twenty-five three years before, and the franc had not depreciated then. This was what I had come for.

I went off to the *Maison de la Presse*, and found with my papers the man I was to see, penetrated room after room full of the young men who on the boulevards or Piccadilly or Fifth Avenue exhibit on themselves the latest fashions. I found they were all in the war in Paris, in London, in Washington, were mostly in uniform, captains and majors here, but just as far from the front and as well paid as possible. I can never forget Amy Lowell's poem—or did she write it?

Oh, Majors, Oh, Washington, Oh, Hot!

and the majors and the heat are still in Washington in uniform.

The officials were awaiting me in the *Maison de la Presse*. Everything was arranged. A liason officer was to accompany me. I was to go to Verdun, I was to see everything. Could I go to Rheims? They did not know; that depended on the Germans. But I pointed out that I did not want to go into danger. Could I not see it from a distance? They did not know.

I went back with my pocket-book stuffed with permits. I walked back by the river to the corner of the Grand Palais, and started up toward the Champs-Elysées. Out of the door came a train of objects which in his maddest moments Jean Weber never drew: bits of men, a thing in a baby cart without arms or legs; another thing without a face, another thing without bowels. That was war; this was Paris in May, 1917. They were coming from the building where the Salon was held, turned into a school for junk; heroes for the moment, junk for the rest of their lives. That was war. A distant banging, and away up in the sky a German *taube* dropping bombs among the chestnut blossoms, and then more crashes. These were what my permits would let me see close at hand. And in the distance, explosions; and in the night, more explosions, and I sat up in bed. Why should I see it all? Why should I go to the front? Why should I go to see things I had always avoided? And again the windows rattled. I would not. Why should I? I did not bring

on the war. I had no interest in it. Why should I be sickened and deafened and shocked by sights and sounds and smells that I did not want to encounter? I would not. And I went to sleep. No, nothing disturbed one. What could you do? What was the use of being disturbed? But I would not go to Verdun.

Instead, I went to the American ambassador. I had letters from Mr. Page in London to lots of people. I asked him to send me back.

"What, not go to Verdun, you, the first civilian to be allowed to go and stay there? I 'd like to go myself, and I know any number of Americans who would give anything for your chance." I said I would give anything to get out of it. And he said I had better think it over, and if I really did not want to go,I had better go and tell them at the *Maison de la Presse.*

To think it over, I took Germaine for a walk and to a café. I wanted to take her to *Roulliers Café,* but it was smashed and boarded up. Why did I want to see that? And half the shops in the Avenue de l'Opera were shut, too, and all the *Quartier* closed, deserted. *Boom!* For dinner I could find nothing but the *Brasserie Universelle* open. And just as I was getting comfortable, they shut that, too. *Boom!* And home I went to sleep. It was near enough to walk, for traffic stopped at 8:30.

The next day I told them at the *Maison de la Presse* that I was going back to England. They got my passport viséd,—they were disgusted,—and they gave me my permit to go. They could not understand. All they said was, "What will Davray say?" Even the next day an immaculate infantile count came to say that I could go to Soissons—it was so beautifully destroyed—and see that; and I ran into Armand Dayot, and he said he had been out there, and it was a fact. Why should I go to the ruins of the lovely place I had lived in and worked in and see wrecks and horrors where I had known peace and beauty? *Boom!* Never, though I knew at the moment if I went and did the work and drew the horrors, honors and decorations were waiting me.

Early the next day, after I had seen the British officials with another count and got my papers in order, back I went to London, spending all the afternoon in Havre, given over to tabbed and be-khakied English and American officials. More formalities. One was even not allowed to take any gold out of France. Then across to England,—booms and *gothas,*—and I made ready to come home.

An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times

By Glenn Frank

A Further Word on the Coming Renaissance

THREE months ago I began in these columns a discussion of the idea that to-day dominates my whole thought about the future of Western civilization, and even thrusts itself persistently into the foreground of every personal plan I try to make for the next twenty-five years of my life—the idea of a vast spiritual renaissance of the Western world, a renaissance the roots of which are even now set deep in contemporary thought and aspiration, a renaissance which may, I believe, by the grace of creative and courageous leadership be brought to fruition within the lifetime of the men and women who are now, say, thirty-five years of age.

If the correspondence evoked by this discussion is trustworthy evidence, this conception of a possible and probable renaissance is an idea that was in the air long before it got written. The brief statements I have made in these columns for June and July seem to have given voice to an undercurrent of thought in the mind of many who have barely begun to suspect its presence. Many readers, I regret to report, saw in these statements only the conventional optimism of a doctrinaire thinking in a vacuum. From several quarters I have been accused of launching a pathetically uncritical prophecy of a sort of secular Second Coming. The blame for this misinterpretation undoubtedly rests with me. Evidently, I did not say clearly what I thought I saw clearly. However, widely separated correspondents from our own country, from England, from Italy, and from Czecho-Slovakia, have realized that it was far from my intention to urge an all 's-well-with-the-world sort of blindness to what Mr. Wells has aptly described as the shadow, the chill, the arrest that seems to have fallen upon the flourishing civilization which before the war we thought was moving automatically to a significant destiny. My only purpose in these statements was to list some of our unrecognized assets which will enable us to liquidate the present treacherous condition of Western civilization unless we fall into a complete bankruptcy of leadership.

In the light of the wide-spread response to the suggestion of an approaching renaissance, I feel justified now in returning to the subject. In order to clarify certain misinterpretations that have been placed upon this suggestion, and in order to push its discussion a bit further, let me trace the genealogy of the idea in my own mind.

During the last three or four years

I had been impressed by the extent and cock-sureness of the literature of despair that was being written. Not in the exhaustive sense of a scholarly research, but as a more or less casual attempt to clarify my own thinking, I subjected this literature of despair to analysis. I think it is accurate to say that the prophecy of a new Dark Ages for Western civilization springs from some one or all of five distinct fears. We may for convenience of discussion call these the five fears of Western civilization. Let me state them briefly, without discussion:

First, the *biological* fear. This is the fear that has inspired the thousands of articles, pamphlets, and books which assert that the best blood of the world is turning to water, that mankind is biologically plunging downward. This is the fear, haunting the reading public as well as the writing fraternity, that has given instant and wide popularity to such books as Lothrop Stoddard's "The Rising Tide of Color." We may expect that this fear will for some time to come inspire writers in whom a sense of scholarship and a nose for news values are united to translate into journalistic patois and relate to the news despatches the philosophy of the Gobineaux and Chamberlains.

Second, the *psychological* fear. This is the fear that the crowd-man and crowd-processes of thinking will push to the wall that saving insurgency of the individual man that has hitherto furnished the world with its creative ideas. This is the fear that has fallen like a shadow across the writings of Lebon, Trotter, and others, and of late inspired Everett Dean Martin to write his "The Behavior of Crowds," an interesting and significant book.

Third, the *economic* fear. The prophecies of economic disaster are so varied that it is difficult to reduce the economic fear to a single definition. Every reader, however, will understand what I mean when I refer to the fear that our industrial civilization is approaching a collapse.

Fourth, the *administrative* fear. This is the fear, effectively stated by Lord Bryce, L. P. Jacks, and many others, that the bigness and complexity of the modern world have outstripped the administrative capacity of mankind. "What 's wrong with the world," asserts a recent writer, "is its vastness."

Fifth, the *moral* fear. This is the fear that has given rise to the whole literature about the younger generation. The whole range of topics in this literature, from the rolled stocking of the flapper to the heretic theology of the rationalist, has been discussed in the light of this moral fear—this fear that our generation is witnessing a universal orgy of moral laxity.

Whether it is Dean Inge, H. G. Wells, Edward Grant Conklin, Lothrop Stoddard, Ralph Adams Cram, Madison Grant, or a still wider list of men more scholarly or more sensational whom we are reading, we find some one or all of these fears leering over the shoulder of the writer, making him the prophet of doom that he is. It was inevitable that this extensive literature of despair would stimulate a mood of despair in the minds of large bodies of the reading public.

Neither in my June nor in my July editorial did I attempt to wave this literature of despair aside. I did not suggest that the Western world could realize a renaissance by the blind avoidance of such books. I did not suggest that the Western world, if it

would only stand still, look up, and think beautiful thoughts, could wish itself into a renaissance. I was concerned only to direct the attention of our readers to the fact that side by side with this literature of despair there exists an even more significant literature of hope. Unfortunately, the literature of despair has had better advertising. There are, of course, perfectly clear reasons why this is true. A prophecy of doom, however scholarly its presentation, is a half-brother to the screaming head-line of the yellow newspaper. Pessimism, like politics, makes strange bedfellows. The biologist, the psychologist, the economist, and the moralist, dignified savant though he may be, when he predicts the decline or doom of Western civilization, finds that he shares audience with the ordinary sensation-monger. But there is another and equally fundamental reason why the literature of despair has attracted more attention than the literature of hope. The literature of despair was consciously written and plainly labeled as a literature of despair. That is to say, it is a literature of conclusions. Its authors have made their analyses, and announced their conviction that we are approaching a new Dark Ages.

Our literature of hope, on the other hand, has not been consciously written as a literature of hope. It is not a literature of conclusions; it is a literature of raw materials upon which we may base conclusions. In these columns for July I stated that the coming renaissance would result from a bringing together into a new synthesis all of the new idealisms and new spiritual values that have been springing up as unconscious by-products of the creative thought that has been going on in the fields of science, education, industry, politics, and religion. That statement contains the suggestion I am now trying to make. That is, our literature of hope does not consist of the smiling pronouncements of our *Pollyannas*. It has been produced in the main by men who were, perhaps, not at all animated by the spirit of the prophet or propagandist, but by men whose primary inspiration was merely the itch to know.

It has not been easy for the reading public to ferret out and to recognize this literature of hope. Let me illustrate this difficulty. John Dewey, for example, has been working away at the problems of educational theory and philosophy throughout his fruitful career. Now, it may be that buried away in the numerous papers and books that he has written there are, let us say, two ideas that have in them the germs of the future. I am speaking now purely by way of a hypothetical illustration, not as the result of a thorough analysis of Mr. Dewey's books. Now, if Mr. Dewey's contribution to the creative thought of this generation is represented by these two ideas, then the chapters or paragraphs containing these two ideas represent one section of our literature of hope. We could face the future with a calmer spirit if these isolated chapters and paragraphs were receiving the wide-spread attention now accorded to the innumerable prophecies of doom that pour from our presses.

It is needless, I suppose, to suggest that the reader apply the statement I have made respecting Mr. Dewey's work to all the scholars who are doing similar creative thinking in biology, in psychology, in sociology, in economics, in political science, and in other fields

of scholarship. As I see it, one of the important duties of our publicists, one of the important responsibilities of journalism, is to play sleuth to the minds of the creative scholars of our time, to disentangle from the mass of their writings the few really creative ideas that they contribute, and to translate these more and more into the language of the man in the street. The men who can do this will be the engineers of the coming renaissance.

It will not do to trust to our creative scholars for this popularization of their own contributions. In the first place, the creative scholar in most cases is not the best judge of what his real contribution is. If he undertakes to propagandize his own ideas, he is likely to dissipate his energies and obscure the main point by spending too much time on a hundred collateral aspects of his ideas—aspects that seem very important to him as a scholar, but which have no practical significance in terms of social application. Then, too, the spirit of propaganda and the spirit of scholarship do not work well in the same mind. Each cuts down the efficiency of the other. There is urgent need for what I may, lacking a better phrase, call the evangelism of scholarship; but the evangelist should be the servant of the scholar. Let the scholar furnish the material, the evangelist the technic of popular appeal. To date good evangelism has been the servant either of the sensational or of the traditional. Creative scholarship has stood too much aloof from the crowd, with the result that the vast literature of hope it has produced is to-day virtually unrecognized save by a few intellectuals.

All this sounds, I realize, very theoretical. It is easy enough, the reader may say, to suggest that we might avoid a new Dark Ages by bringing together all the now unrecognized creative ideas that have been thrown up out of our laboratories, classrooms, philosophers' closets, industrial institutions, and political adventures; but the difficulty lies in finding anywhere in the world an effectively popular impulse to search for these ideas and to apply them to the practical undertakings of human society. Here, again, we are suffering on account of the lack of interpretative reporting. For instance, there is at this moment going on in Italy a movement, many-sided, elusive, and difficult to define, but strangely reminiscent of that "new human springtime" that swept over Italy centuries ago, and produced the old Renaissance. In these columns next month I hope to be able to present at least a partial picture of what is happening in Italy in the fields of literature, of philosophy, of art, of science, and of industry, and to relate these things to the tentative suggestion of that approaching renaissance of the Western world which I have been discussing.

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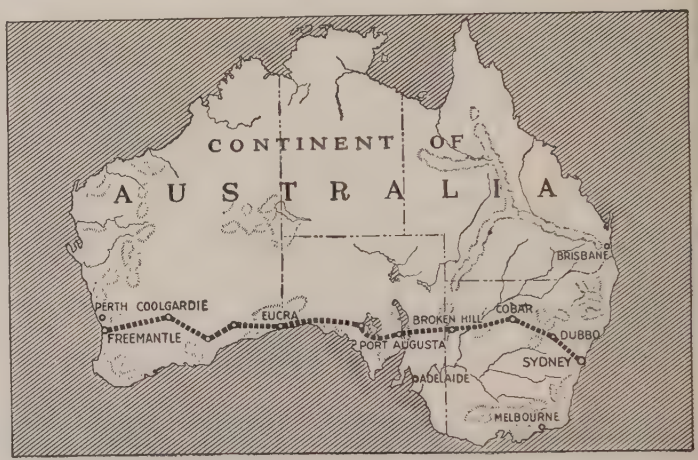

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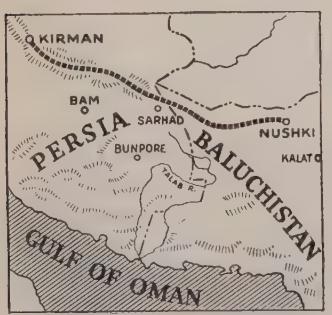

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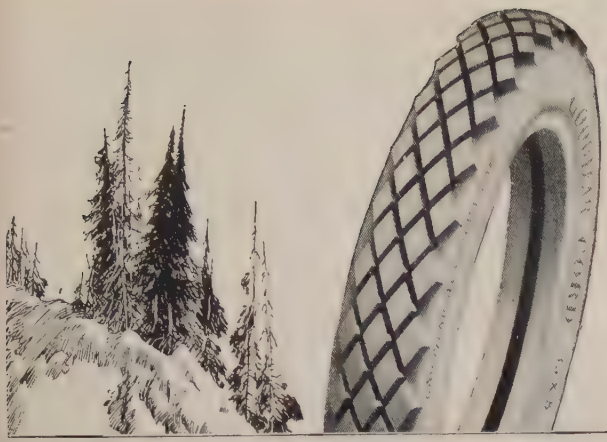

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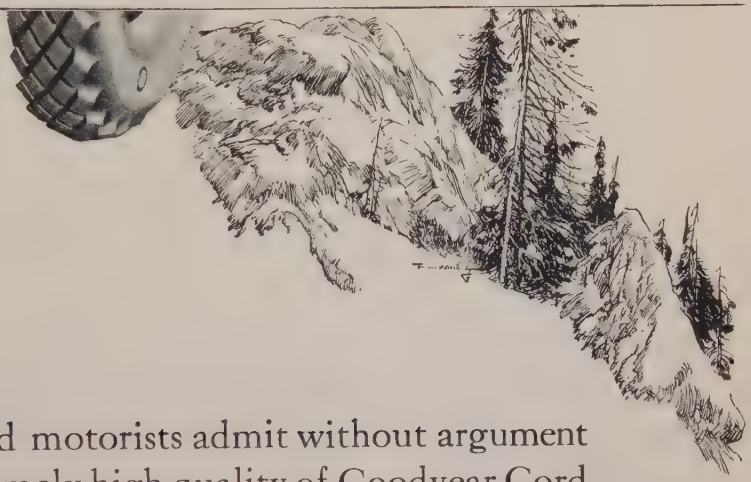

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How much does the world owe to France? Which is the debtor, France or the world? These are really the fundamental issues discussed in these lectures. No more timely topic could be considered. In respect of content and style of treatment Professor Cestre's Ideals of France is a volume of first importance. One who would understand the heart and mind of France must needs know this book.

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IN SELECTING an antiseptic you want one that will halt bacterial development—yet one gentle enough to do no injury even to the most delicate tissue.

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Some of its many uses

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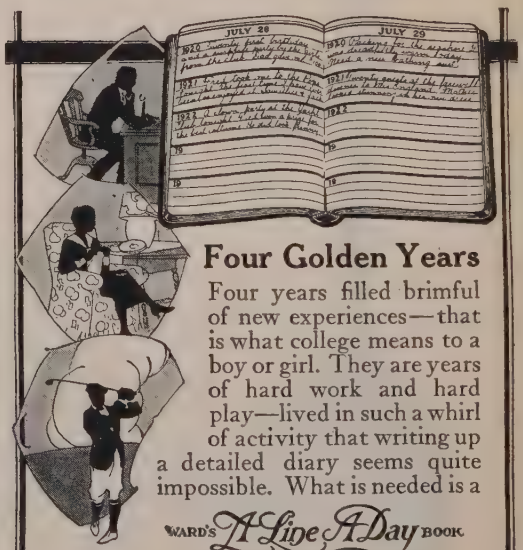

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Four years filled brimful of new experiences—that is what college means to a boy or girl. They are years of hard work and hard play—lived in such a whirl of activity that writing up a detailed diary seems quite impossible. What is needed is a

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LIGHTING experts, master decorators and eye specialists all agree that light must be shaded for best results. These authorities also agree that glass alone has the inherent qualities necessary for the proper control of light.

Glaring light destroys the beauty of fine furnishings, and is injurious to the eyes. During the war the manufacture of glass shades was restricted. Consequently the candle-type fixture, without shades, came into vogue.

Some time ago the Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, America's oldest and largest makers of fine illuminating glassware, turned its laboratories and experts over to the work of creating glass shades for the candle-type fixture.

From these experiments a series of glass shades of the most exquisite beauty of design and decoration has been evolved — shades of the greatest lighting efficiency.

The beauty and comfort of any home will be greatly enhanced by the use of Macbeth Candle Shades. They are made of finest glass, individually decorated in rich colors, and can be had in a wide range of designs and shapes. They are easily cleaned, permanently beautiful, and cannot rot or fade.

With each shade is furnished a new patented metal holder that maintains the shade in an unvarying vertical position.

You'll find Macbeth Candle Shades in the shops of the better class of fixture dealers. Write for our brochure "Lighting for Decoration." It will help you to select the shapes and designs that best harmonize with the furnishings of your home.

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Branches in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and San Francisco
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Their unusual length of life is attributable only to extraordinary quality of material and care in making.

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This test will delight you

Again we offer, and urge you to accept, this new teeth-cleaning method.

Millions now employ it. Leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging its adoption. The results are visible in whiter teeth wherever you look today.

Bring them to your people.

The war on film

Dental science has declared a war on film. That is the cause of most tooth troubles. And brushing methods of the past did not effectively combat it.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then night and day it may do serious damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Two film combatants

Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, and these two film combatants are embodied in it. The paste is called Pepsodent.

Now every time you brush your teeth you can fight those film-coats in these effective ways.

Another tooth enemy is starch. It also clings to teeth, and in fermenting it forms acids.

To fight it Nature puts a starch digestant in saliva. She also puts alkalies there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. It multiplies the alkalies. Thus these teeth protecting forces, twice a day, are much increased.

See what the new way does.

Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

A few days will tell

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Do this now. The effects will delight you and lead to constant delights. To all in your home they may bring new beauty, new protection for the teeth.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 777

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family.

This Landscape is a Gem

Autumn, with its flood of golden color, peaceful, placid, mystifying, has been made permanent by Gustave Wiegand's facile brush. Here is more than a painting. It is poetry on canvas—strong, yet subdued; brilliant, yet mellow. He has caught and held the most beautiful mood of nature, Indian Summer. It is passed on to American picture lovers in unmatched facsimile as a chronicle of art and of life.

So truthful is this facsimile that, framed and hung, even the most knowing judges mistake the print for an original. Every bit of texture, every unerring brush-stroke is repeated. The color sparkles like jewels. Indian Summer is one of a great collection of pictures by American artists, perpetuated by the skill of master plate makers and color printers. Size, 17 x 20 inches.

If you know pictures, you will love this one or any of the collection of facsimiles. They are sold by good art dealers. If yours is not included, send us his name and address and we will see that your wants are supplied. Quality and satisfaction are guaranteed. These remarkable prints should be in every home, school and club. There is nothing else like them by any name.

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Fine Arts Division
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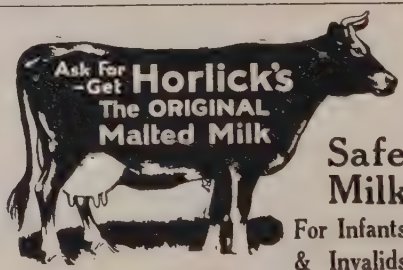
A winter-blooming newcomer from the Philippines. Bears beautiful orange salmon flowers in clusters of 3 to 5 on strong upright stalks. Flowers 4 to 5 inches in diameter, are of great substance and very lasting. Home grown bulbs, bound to bloom for you, **75c each, 3 for $2. Dozen $7.50 postpaid.**

If you love flowers you should write for our
FALL GARDEN GUIDE—FREE

Let its pages acquaint you with what should be planted now for flowers indoors all winter or to bloom outdoors next spring. Besides bulbs it offers a collection of Iris, Peonies, and other flowers. If you are not a recent customer, write for copy TODAY —mention this magazine.

John Lewis Childs Inc.
Floral Park
New York



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The "Food-Drink" for All Ages. Quick Lunch at Home, Office, and Fountains. *Ask for HORLICK'S.*
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Clark's 3rd Cruise, January 23, 1923
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Superb SS "EMPRESS of FRANCE"
18481 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered
4 MONTHS CRUISE, $1000 and up
Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.
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The business man wants a regular or self-filling type in a larger size because of great ink capacity.

Mother's social correspondence or housekeeping notes suggest the selection of a safety type that may be carried in the purse or handbag or on a ribbon around the neck.

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that suits you best.

$2.50 *and up*

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When You Select a Reproducing Piano—

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Those who buy carefully will select a reproducing piano containing the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action. Look for the octagonal trade-mark. For nearly half a century it has symbolized perfection in piano action building. Today, when the modern reproducing piano demands of a piano action *greater durability* in addition to artistic capability, the supremacy of the Wessell, Nickel & Gross product is doubly emphasized.

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Established 1874 New York City

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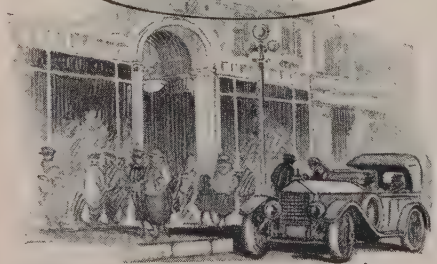

In the shopping districts

where the smart establishments cater to men of exclusive taste, there you always find Krementz Correct Jewelry for Men.

Whether it be the jeweler or the haberdasher, the more particular their clientele, the more there are who appreciate Krementz quality and correctness.

Collar buttons 25c—$1.50; links $2.00—$7.00; full dress sets $7.50—$17.50

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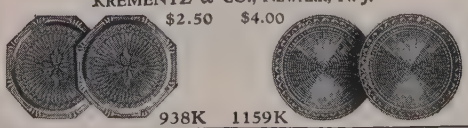

Ralston

THE shoe that is nationally known for its quality, style and workmanship. More than 3,000 dealers sell the Ralston. We believe that no shoe made in this country today gives better value for the price.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
Brockton (Campello), Mass.

This model is the Ralston patent grain leather oxford.

Made in two grades
Prices: $7 to $10

Afraid to Smile

She dare not unmask her smile lest others learn the secret she shares only with her mirror.

Her teeth, once so firm and white and beautiful, are paying the penalty of her own neglect.

Pyorrhea, the thief of beauty, is at its work.

Watch your gums!

They flash the first sign of warning when Pyorrhea threatens.

If your gums are tender and sore, if they bleed easily when brushed, beware! That is how Pyorrhea starts.

If neglected, Pyorrhea may do its worst. It loosens teeth until they drop out or must be pulled.

Its germs seep throughout the system, often causing serious ills and disorders of the body.

At the first hint of trouble see your dentist. Then buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums and use regularly.

Forhan's For the Gums is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

It will not only check the progress of Pyorrhea, if used in time, but it will prevent the start of this disease.

Use it as a dentifrice whether you have Pyorrhea or not. It keeps the teeth white and clean, the gums firm and healthy.

All druggists sell Forhan's For the Gums. Start using it today.

35c and 60c, in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

Formula of *R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.*

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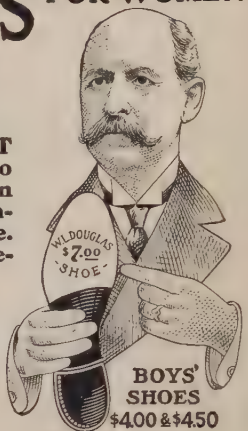

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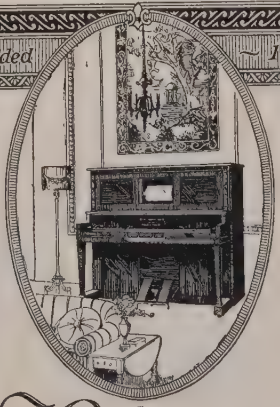
Founded — *1869*



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PRIDE of possession, in a piano, is measured by distinctive tone, delightful touch, faultless appearance and durability. The Krakauer is designed and built to embody in the highest degree every one of these qualities.

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An after-shaving application of diluted Absorbine, Jr. leaves the skin cool, soothed and refreshed. It is the liniment with the clean, pleasant odor.

It is an effective antiseptic for razor cuts and scratches. It is cleansing, healing and prevents infection.

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After brushing the teeth, use Absorbine, Jr. as a mouth wash. It keeps the mouth and breath sweet and clean; and destroys crevice hidden germs that cause decay.

This guardian of health is obtained at most druggist's, $1.25, or postpaid. A liberal trial bottle, 10c, postpaid.

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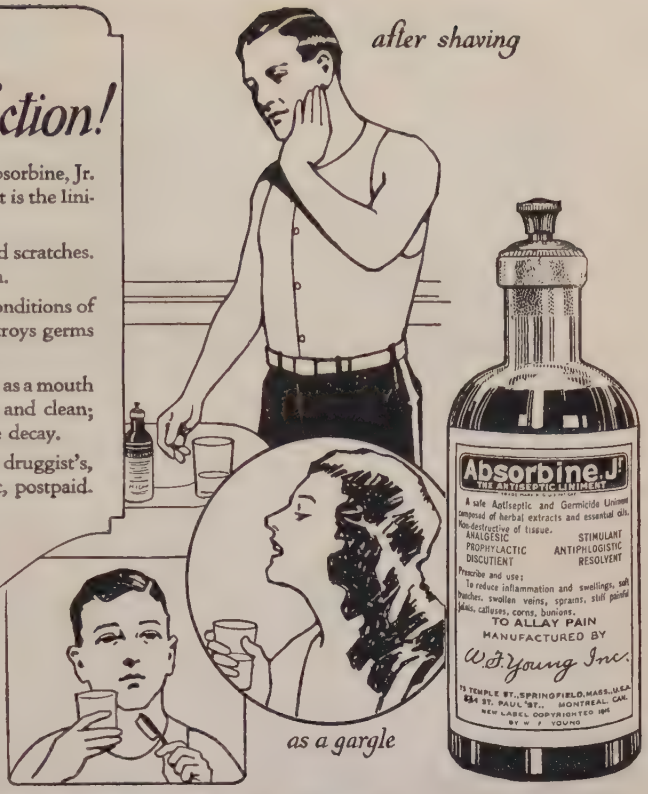

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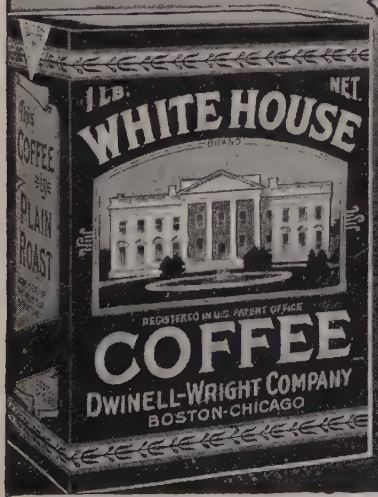
Reputation
is what others say we are.
Character is what we are.
The enviable reputation of

WHITE HOUSE *Coffee*



is the result of character, or as we usually say—*quality*. It is the finest possible blend of upland-grown coffees roasted to a turn and packed in our double sealed square package bearing the picture of the White House. Sold in every State.

"None Better At Any Price"

For any occasion requiring teas, serve White House Teas. They give supreme satisfaction. Five favorite varieties. Always in 1-4 and 1-2 lb. sealed canisters.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY
Principal Coffee Roasters BOSTON – CHICAGO

Turn your old house into a new home

REDECORATE! Do away with dingy walls. Remove figures and patterns that have become tiresome. Modernize the rooms whose appearance has become so familiar to all who enter them that they no longer make an impression. It can be done easily, quickly, economically — without much fuss or trouble, if you use

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Alabastine comes in powdered form, in five-pound packages. It mixes with cold water and can then be applied with a suitable brush to any interior surface — plaster, wall-board, paint, burlap or canvas. The many standard colors of Alabastine intermix perfectly to form numberless others matching or harmonizing perfectly with rugs or draperies. All these colors may be used for making Alabastine-Opaline walls.

See page facing this for exact effect of ALABASTINE - OPALINE PROCESS

Alabastine is for sale at all good stores selling paints, and will be used by decorators if you request it. Ask to see sample cards of plain Alabastine and the Alabastine-Opaline Process. Send for literature showing the most up-to-date and popular coloring of interior walls.

ALABASTINE COMPANY
661 Grandville Avenue Grand Rapids, Mich.

LOOK FOR THE CROSS AND CIRCLE PRINTED IN RED

The Reverse Side Shows

Another of the Many Wondertul New Effects Which Can Be Made With

Alabastine Opaline Process

Any decorator—any one—can adorn your walls with the striking and unusual beauty of this tasteful craftsmanship and at a cost that will surprise you with its moderation.

Have your walls and ceilings done with plain Alabastine; extend the ceiling color, if you prefer, down to the picture moulding. The plain surface above the picture moulding may be stenciled if desired.

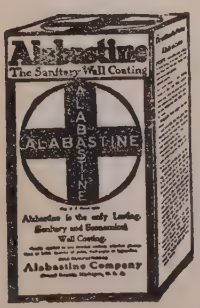
Then decorate the side walls in unbroken Alabastine-Opaline Process or with panelled effects and you will have a room that will delight you and bring exclamations of approval from every visitor to your home.

Every interior, from the stately public buildings or mansion to the modest cottage, may find in the literally endless combinations possible to produce just the Alabastine-Opaline effect that will harmoniously blend with the surroundings, yet stand forth in a unique beauty that will please every beholder.

The colors to produce the Opaline effect, are applied with a coarse sponge, cut across the grain to present a flat surface. This sponge is dipped into the desired color, squeezed out to remove surplus material dabbed on a piece of tin or glass to distribute the material evenly, over the surface of the sponge. The sponge is then dabbed on the wall to produce the Opaline effect.

The ceiling is usually left plain coated in a tint that harmonizes with the finished wall.

We have a variety of samples of Opaline Work, containing many combinations of colors, with more complete directions, which you may have without cost, by writing us that you are interested.



This Opaline process of decorating, refers to a method of applying regular Alabastine, is not in the nature of paper or fabric pasted to the wall. If your hardware, druggist or dealer in paints does not handle Alabastine, write us direct.

Every genuine package of Alabastine has the Cross and Circle printed in Red.

ALABASTINE COMPANY

660 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

PYORRHOCIDE
POWDER

keeps the gums healthy

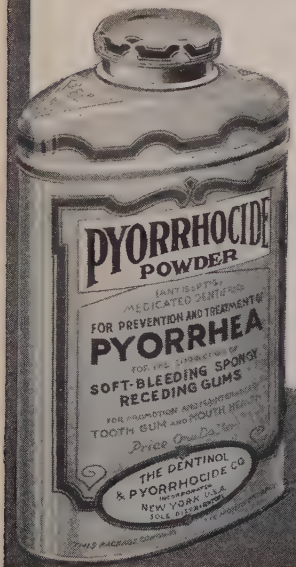
Tender Gums
made firm and healthy

PYORRHOCIDE Powder is the one dentifrice that contains the elements which exhaustive clinical research and tests have proved necessary for keeping the gums healthy as well as the teeth white and clean.

It cleans the teeth scientifically by removing the mucoid deposits and daily accretions before they become hard, gum-irritating tartar formations which are the principal cause of pyorrhea.

Pyorrhocide Powder strengthens tender gums; corrects bleeding gums; hardens soft, spongy gums.

See your dentist regularly—use Pyorrhocide Powder daily—and you can avoid loss of teeth from pyorrhea. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists and dental supply houses.



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Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co.
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Tell me the cost of equipping my building with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips (check whether home, factory, office building, church, school).

Give number of outside doors .....
windows .....

Name .....

Address .....

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Save Fuel Keep Warm End Draughts

You will be surprised at the small cost of equipping your home or business building with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips.

And they add so much to comfort, cleanliness and good household economy. They save 25% to 40% of fuel costs. Keep dirt, dust, soot and smoke from sifting in. That ends one of the most tedious tasks of housework.

At 12,000,000 windows and doors Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips permanently end fuel waste and discomforts resulting from draughts.

Healthier Homes Result. Children are safe from cold air currents. No cold spots. You are not driven from the bright, cheerful window by chill draughts.

FREE They are guaranteed to last as long as the building. Any need for service or attention, no matter how many years hence, is cheerfully done free, by Chamberlin experts. An estimate by our engineering department, on the cost of your equipment, is free. Just send the coupon.

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"SINCE 1893-THE STANDARD"

HER MAJESTY'S BLEND
TEA MERCHANTS TO THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA by Special Appointment
Ridgways Tea
½ lb. Net EIGHT OUNCES
AWARDED GOLD MEDAL SAN FRANCISCO 1915 GRAND PRIZE SAN DIEGO 1915
"H.M.B."

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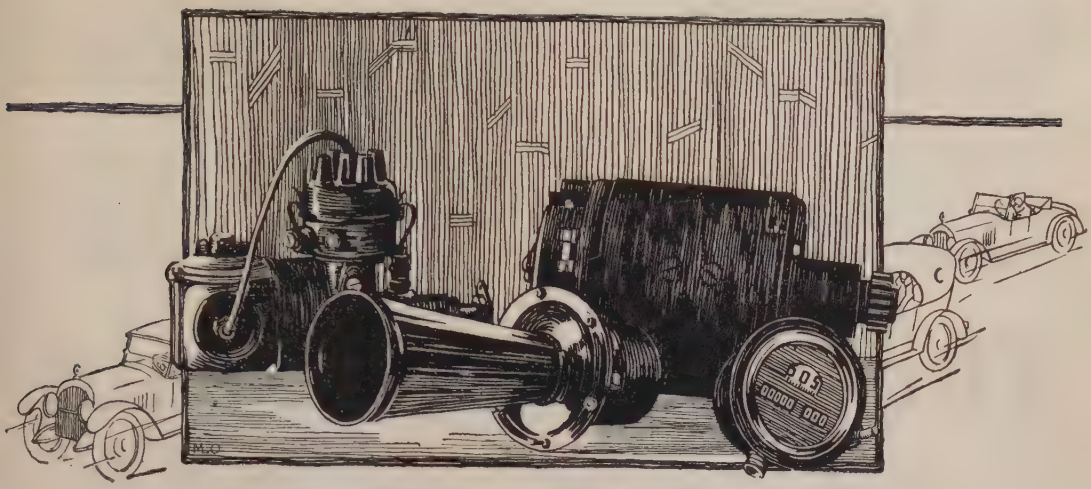

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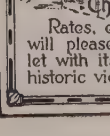

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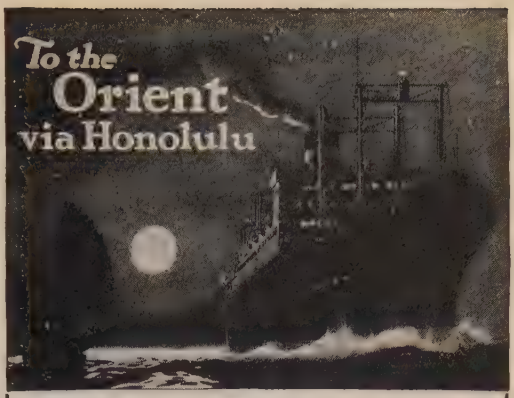

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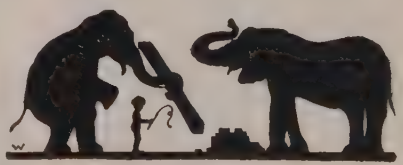

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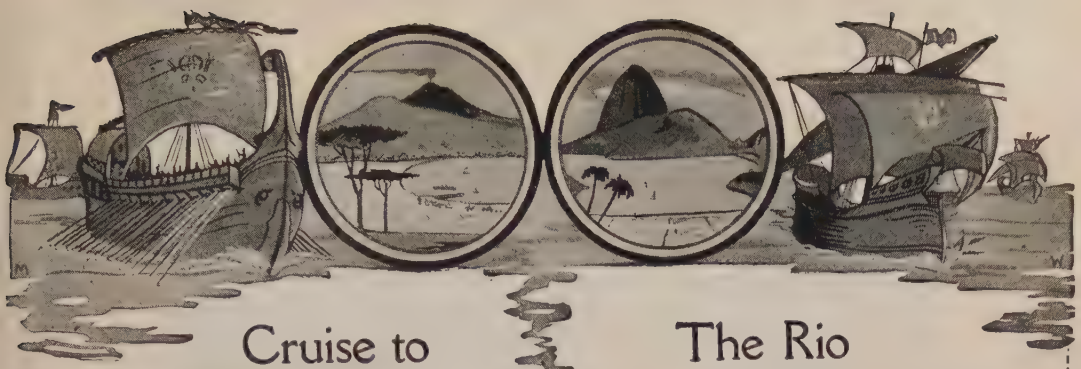

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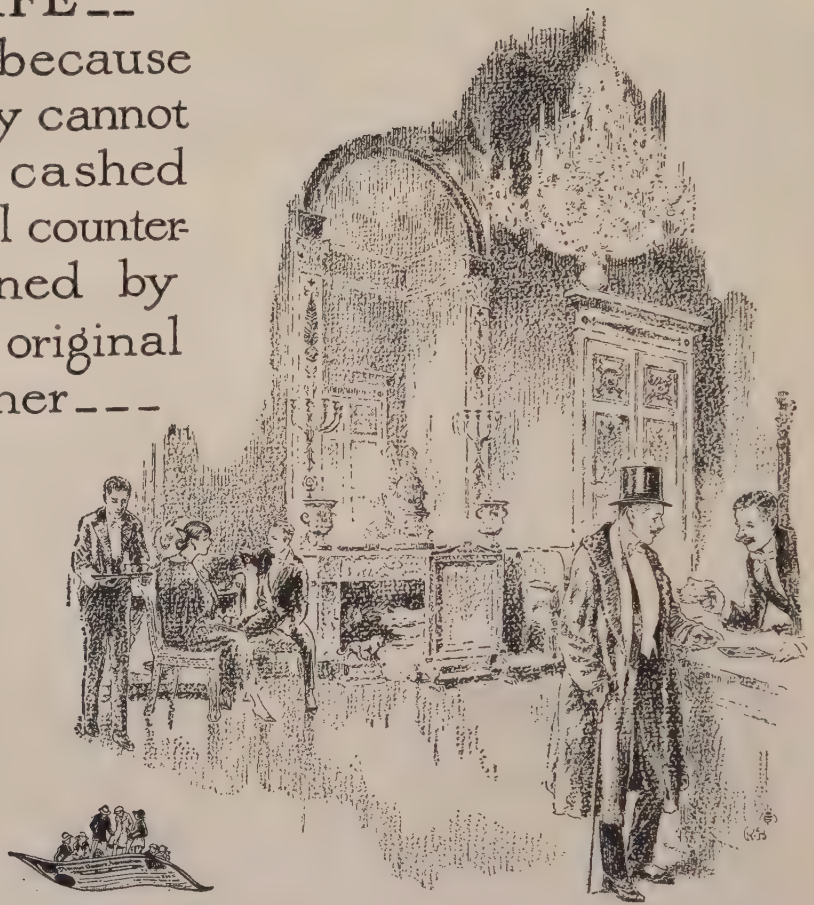

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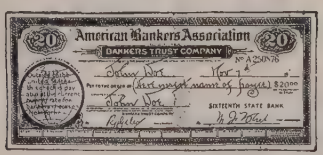

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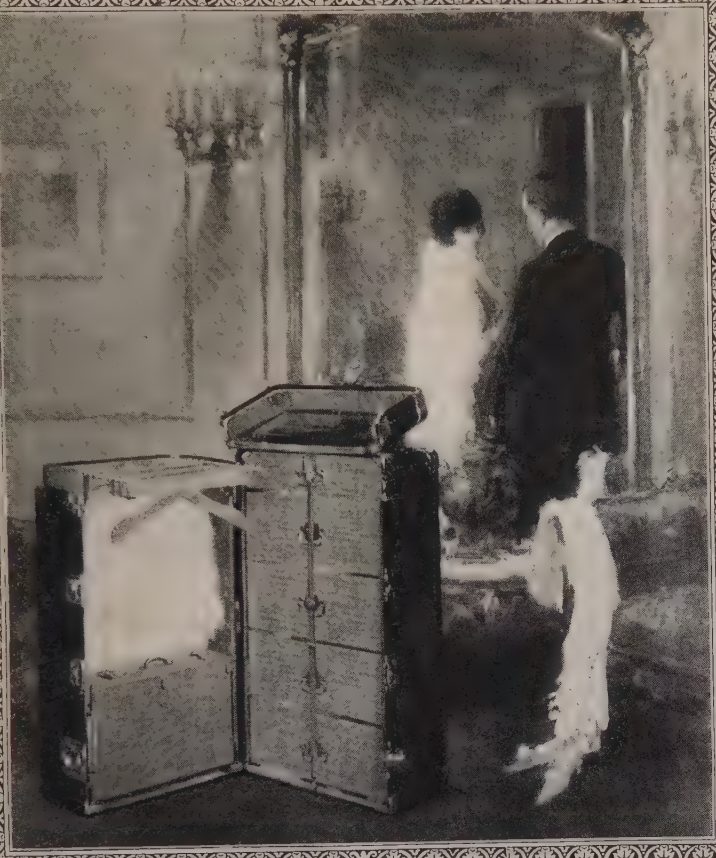

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